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NATURE & LIFE

NICHOLAS MICHELL

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Nicholas Mitchell

THE LANSDOWNE POETS.

NATURE AND LIFE:

INCLUDING ALL THE

Miscellaneous Poems, with many Original Pieces:

BY

NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF

"RUINS OF MANY LANDS," "THE POETRY OF CREATION," "THE IMMORTALS, &c.

With Portrait and Original Illustrations.

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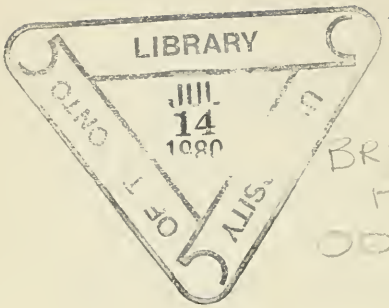
LONDON:

FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.,

BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

1878.



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LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, DUKE STREET
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

PREFACE.

THIS volume comprises all the Author's Miscellaneous Poems, many of which have recently been written, and several pieces are now published for the first time. He has carefully Revised his earlier compositions, and classified and arranged the whole under certain heads, that seem appropriate to their nature.

The Series of Poems, "London in Light and Darkness," has also been much extended.

The full-page Illustrations, one sketch excepted, "King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel," are from original Drawings by the Author, the smaller Wood Engravings, distributed through the volume, being from other sources.

Falmouth, Cornwall, 1878.

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NATURE AND LIFE.

POEMS,

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Nature, the beautiful, doth bid us bow
In worship at her footstool; hill and vale,
The sounding ocean, and the eternal stars,
Preach sermons eloquent to listening soul.—
Life springing out of Nature, yet apart;
Oh, great, unsolved, abiding mystery!
The life of man 'tis ours to study here,
His longings, passions, sufferings—Thus we join
NATURE AND LIFE, and scan their varied forms.

N. M.

POEMS

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

Julie's Search after the Battle.

THE great mad fight was o'er;
The crimson sword had ceased to flash,
Foe against foe with shouts to dash,
Hushed the gun's thunder-roar:
The smoke, that canopy from hell,
Had cleared away; the whizzing shell
Burst scattering death no more.

The moon walked, robed in light;
That scene might well make pale her ray—
Scene ghastlier than when viewed by day,
While raged the stormy fight—
The dead stretched silent, and the dying
Mingling low moanings with the sighing
Of the weird winds of night.

War's wrecks were scattered round;
She sat bareheaded 'neath the skies,
Anguish, though speechless, filled her eyes,
Bent weeping on the ground:
Her hair in masses veiled her breast,
Her hands together tightly prest,
Grief all her senses bound.

Chilly the night-gusts blew;
Her dress with blood was sprinkled o'er,
Her little feet, fatigued and sore,
Were blood-bespattered too:
'Mong countless forms that strewed the plain,
She searched for one; her toil was vain;
Strange faces met her view.

Where lay the dear one's head?
Lights frequent gleamed by torches cast,
Men sought the wounded, but they passed
Heedless all soldiers dead;
And he in front brave-battling fell,
Pierced thro' with wounds; ye red heaps! tell
Where is his gory bed?

A sigh now caught her ear;
Was it the wind thro' some moss'd stone?
Some fallen stranger's dying groan?
Or was the loved one near?
Upright she leaped, back flung her hair,
Her eyes flashed out with eager stare;
She thrilled, that sound to hear.

A name—her own, her own!
Her blood-streaked feet were hurrying now,
Impatience on her burning brow;
Again that low, sad moan:
Ah! life was wrestling there with death;
He called instinctive, as his breath
Ebbed with that hopeless groan.

She rushed with piteous cry;
She knelt beside the expiring man,
Life's smouldering embers love would fan;
Glazed was the once bright eye;
She gently raised his feeble head,
O'er his still face a pallor spread,
Cold as the moon's on high.

His life-blood steeped the ground;
They passed him, thought him dead—but no,
A woman ne'er will hope forego;
His bleeding breast she bound,
Poured through parched lips the cooling draught,
Which, in wild eagerness, he quaffed;
Revived, he gazed around.

"Thou here?" he cried, "thou here?"
With last weak effort, up he sprung,
And madly to the maiden clung,
Closer as fate drew near:
She wound her arms around him there;
Death, couldst thou not thy victim spare,
Melted by love's warm tear?

But Death is stern and grim;
His cruel arrow layeth low
The child of bliss, the waif of woe,
Love's pleadings nought to him:
Those clasping arms grew feebler now,
His voice more faint, more cold his brow,
His eye half closed and dim.

No more he could embrace;
He sank to earth; all strength was spent;
And Julie o'er the dear one bent,
Kissing his hair, his face,
And moaning, weeping, as in vain
She strove to rouse him, soothe his pain,
And death's last faintness chase.

She wiped the crimson tide;
For still his lance-gored bosom bled;
Upon her lap she laid his head,
Still kissed, and sobbed, and sighed;
She held his hand, so weak, so cold,
And wrapt him in her mantle's fold—
And thus the soldier died.

The two at dawn were found;
She did not move, or weep, or speak,
Or heed the rain that chilled her cheek,
Calm mid the horrors round:
Her young sweet face was white as his,
Lips pressed his brow, as if to kiss,
And yet no word, no sound.

The faithful two were dead;
Locked heart to heart, the lovers lay,
Their mated souls had passed away,
That field their dying bed:
Oh, woman's love, how strong, how true!
Yet what but die could woman do,
Heart-broken, and hope fled?

What is Beauty?

SAY, what is beauty? It is something beaming,
A glory and a charm to mind and eye,
Delighting taste, and setting hearts a-dreaming,
Perfection sweet, and golden harmony.

We see it in the dappled sky of morning,
Those pale rose-tints, and that vermilion deep;
And in the flaming clouds the West adorning,
When Eve sows rubies on the glowing steep.

We see it in the long-drawn winding river,
Its sloping banks where ivory lilies grow,
In oval lakes o'er which, with whispering quiver,
The tassel'd willows bend, soft glassed below.

We mark it in each flower that Nature painteth,
With brush more cunning than the artist boasts;
The eye is charmed, the sense for fragrance fainteth,
Eden not lost while bloom the floral hosts.

We read it in the cascade arched and flashing,
In heaven's bright bridge pleased sylphids flutter o'er,
And in broad ocean, not storm-tossed and dashing,
But when with kisses soft he prints the shore.

We view it in the stars, those isles of glory,
Those flowers that nightly prank the fields of sky—
Stars, where blest seraphs sing their golden story,
In lofty anthems through eternity.

We find it in the works of tasteful mortals;
Beauty is pillar'd in the Grecian shrine,
Breathes through cathedral aisles, in Moorish portals,
And in the statue deathless and divine.

But more we read it, and with tenderer feeling,
In the soft pencill'd lines of human grace,
Beauty its charm entrancingly revealing,
In woman's form, and soul-lit, speaking face.

Then we behold this beauty in the dreaming
Of lofty mind, and all its power conceives;
In noble deeds with light immortal beaming,
And every web of good that Virtue weaves.

O yes, this world, in spite of hearts denying,
Teems with fair things, breathes beauty's spell around;
Through realms of matter, mind, one truth is crying—
A glorious truth as precious as profound:

That earth is full of beauty, though at times
'Tis darkened by calamity and ill;
And did not man spread misery by his crimes,
'Twould be a smiling, blessèd Eden still.

THE MAID OF THE ISLES.—P 7

Then seeing round us love, and light, and beauty,
Let us joy's flowers, not weeds of sadness cull;
And journeying onward, be it still our duty
To choose the good, and bless the beautiful.

The Maid of the Isles.

[The Scilly Islands, the Cassiterides of the Greeks, form an interesting group, lying about thirty miles from the Land's End. Though very numerous, six islands only are inhabited, the largest, St. Mary's, being about eight miles in circumference. The bold rocks are of the same class of granite as the rocks at the Land's End. The climate is considered the mildest in England, yet storms of a very violent character are of frequent occurrence. There is a tradition that the Scilly Islands were formerly connected with the mainland of Cornwall, the intervening tract being called by Camden, "Lionesse." There can be little doubt that such connection did once exist, but the tempestuous disrupting ocean must have severed them long ages before the historic period, for the Phœnicians found them, according to Strabo's description, just as they appear to us at the present hour.]

THE Scilly Isles were softly burning,
As day's red chariot westward rolled;
The wave its dashing spray was turning
To powdered rubies, dust of gold.

Wild, heathy Isles, rock-bound, romantic,
Seas rent long since from Cornwall's shore!
There smile they, lashed by storms Atlantic,
And billows, as to whelm them, roar.

Now beauty on these rocks was beaming,
Brighter than loveliest Eve could be;
Such vision fancy, sweetly dreaming,
In fairyland will sometimes see.

Around her, broad-wing'd seabirds sweeping,
She climbed to gather samphire there;
The sun, on gold-fringed pillow sleeping,
Woke up to view a form so fair;

And lingered, smiling warmly, brightly,
On peach-soft cheek and rounded arms;
And as she tripp'd o'er rocks so lightly,
He bathed in richest beams her charms.

Back from her brow dishevell'd, glowing,
In wild abundance streamed her hair;
The breeze aside her garment blowing,
Her tiny feet glanced white and bare.

Her eyes now rested on the ocean—
Great eyes that let out all the soul;
Her breast was like the wave in motion,
As sweetest thoughts upon her stole.

And still she mounted, nimbly springing
Up rocks where green-leaved samphire grew,
And, like a summer joy-bird, singing,
As if a grief she never knew.

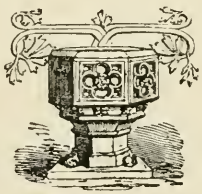
Her goat, a brave friend, near her keeping,
Climbed with sure foot, that dangerous way,
From rock to rock undaunted leaping,
Both high o'er thundering wave and spray.

Here Elsie's childhood passed, the glory
Of English cities—palace, tower,
A vague report, a dreamy story;
Nought to her heart birth, pride, or power.

The vales that boasted scanty tillage,
The venturous fisher's sail unfurled,
The browsing sheep, the humble village,
Seemed to her untaught soul—the world.

Thus grew she, nurtured mid the roaring
Of that great ocean, never still—
Free as the eagle sunward soaring,
Wild as the wild-flower on the hill.

O Island Beauty! would the splendour,
Wealth, pomp, by distant lands possessed,
Thy simple life more lovely render,
Or make thy gentle heart more blest?



A Vision of Niagara.

I.

FAMED in many an Indian story,
Onward, like a shining glory,
Pours the deep-green, mighty river,
Rapid with a growing shiver;
Plunging, hurrying, drawn by spells
Tow'rd the gulf where terror dwells;
Till to the curving brink it sweeps,
Then out it flashes,
And down it dashes,
As from Alps an avalanche leaps:
Oh, grandest ode in Nature's pages,
Writ by her God in long-past ages!

II.

The waters, turned to madness,
Disport in fierce, wild gladness,
Falling, till waves below
Seem changed to wreathing snow;
Falling, in thunder falling,
As giant fiends were calling

From out the whirlpools there,
In torture and despair:
Falling, in fury falling,
Our shrinking sense appalling;
Sparkling, as million stars
Had left their silver cars,
And down, one bright mass, shot,
Till all the gulf grew hot,
The cataract shimmering, gleaming,
White fire, not water, seeming.
Fear stands aghast to see
Those billows wild and free,
Tossing and resting never,
Mad with one fierce endeavour,
The solid rocks to tear,
And fill with sound the air.
And thus that awful cataract rages,
Rushing down for sumless ages.

III.

O scene of loveliness and dreadful glory,
When, playing round the mists and spray so hoary,
The fearless sunbeams revel, weaving there,
With angel fingers, foam-bows rich and rare—
Those bridges built of skyey amber,
Up whose bright filmy sides may clamber
Aerial forms, to gaze
In rapturous, dumb amaze,
On this proud work of God;
And still the sounding wonder
Doth shake, with weight and thunder,
The ancient rock-piled sod;

And still launched waves descend,
And iris-glories bend,
And Beauty war with Horror wages,
Through the long mysterious ages.

IV.

The moon smiles down her cold, peace-giving ray,
And turns to silvery fountains tossing spray,
Steeps the tall crags in baths of tenderest light,
And, in the vast cathedral of the night,
Makes all, late fearful, holy; see! arise
White clouds of mist, like incense, up the skies,
And the hoarse roar seems softened, and to flow,
Like some grand organ-strain, from gulfs below.
Here could I sit, and gaze, and dream,
Forget the world, and each proud scheme,
Yon beautiful, majestic vision
Bearing the thoughts to scenes Elysian.
Not dread, not sadness, but deep calm
Soothes the full heart, like holy balm.
Whelmed, yet exalted and spell-bound,
Soul feeds upon each sight and sound—
Sights, sounds, that poets and grave sages
Will laud through all the coming ages.

V.

Clouds, night and tempest—view the cataract now!
Terror doth hover there; we quail and bow—
Terror, dark twin of Power, and in his hand
He holds the red-forked lightning brand!
He lifts his voice—his words are thunder!
We hear, with spirit wrought to wonder,

The bursting and the crashing,
The roaring and the dashing,
The madden'd din of waves,
While huge, wet rocks are shaken,
By sounds that might awaken
The dead within their graves.—
Oh, cataract! midst the fire,
The lambent lightning's ire,
And thunders that wide rattle,
Like guns in some great battle,
How fearful dost thou seem,
A weird and awful dream!
Whate'er the change may be,
Strong Time shall bring to thee,
Slow-wearing back the rocks,
Grinding the hardest blocks,
We only view, this hour,
Thy fury, pomp, and power,
Thy waves of old renown,
Seething and plunging down,
A wondrous force that sweeps and rages,
A glory through admiring ages.

VI.

But, mighty Falls! beheld by day,
When rosy sunbeams gild your spray,
Or seen at night in peaceful June,
A silvered splendour 'neath the moon,
Or midst heaven's turbulence and rage,
When lightnings and storm-fiends engage,
Ye awe and charm us through all time,
Humbling, while fearful and sublime.

The Pharaohs long have ceased their sway,
Empires have passed, like mists, away,
Rock-towers to ruin have been hurled,
And change has oft convulsed the world,
But still from yon wide curving height,
Ye thunder down in pride and might;
Your unmatched power Heaven's power doth show,
Your roar Heaven's solemn voice below.
Oh, grandest ode in Nature's pages,
Writ by her God in long-past ages.

Sunrise from the Rigi.

(Written after a Tour through Switzerland in the Summer of ——.)

ON Rigi's top the early traveller stands,
Waiting with eager heart the birth of day;
No Alp beside, when flash Morn's crimson brands,
Towers mid such scene of pomp and rich display:
Still o'er heaven's blue, in groups and silver bands,
The white stars hold their dumb, eternal way,
Shivering and trembling, till their spectral hosts
Must fly from Morning's fire, like frighted ghosts.

Dim, grey, and cold, the circling landscape sleeps,
Black, toppling crags, with spires of crystal snow,
From Eastern hills to Oberland's vast steeps,
Tossed widly round, far-stretching row on row:
A pulseless hush the dense pine forest keeps,
The world, a prostrate corpse, lies dark below,
The world is dead above—no voice or breath,
Dun skies and icy hills, all death, all death!

So man's cold clay lies waiting in the tomb,
Till from cloud-depths shall Judgment's trumpet sound
So will the sun, while scattering earth's chill gloom,
Bring resurrection from Night's gulf profound:
Anxious we gaze, no powdery pearls, no bloom,
Morn's lily fingers yet have sprinkled round;
The world seems dead above, no voice or breath,
The solemn hills and skies, all death, all death!

A faint blush, quivering, warms the horizon's line,
Yon soft-dyed peak a great unfolding rose,
Half pink, half white, whose leaves yet broader shine;
Life seems to thrill the mournful, torpid snows:
Along sharp ridges deepening colours twine,
Amber the glittering glacier slowly grows;
Forth, as from some vast wheel, slant rays are sent,
Pierce the floss clouds, and tinge the firmament.

Illumined by the East's long, reddening rim,
See Oberland's God-builded, mighty wall!
Those ice-capped hills, late desolate and dim,
Beneath Night's sable, melancholy pall,
Catch glory, as if fire-wing'd cherubim
Stood on their tops with clarion-voice to call—
"Hills! light your lamps! robe, robe, in richest dyes!
To hail the coming bridegroom of the skies!"

Slow, one by one, the stars, pale nuns, retire,
Back to their cells in Nature's convent—heaven;
As breaks and spreads the palpitating fire,
The clouds, all tints, that angels weave, are given:
Thin mists to opal turn; as hues expire,
Others flash out, and broader waves are driven
Of unimagined colour on the world,
The crags red-crusted, and the skies impearled.

Straight up, like rockets, now long beams are flashing,
From the East's store of unexhausted gold;
As changed to ruby wine, cascades are dashing;
The loose wild av'lanche, down in thunder rolled,
Looks like a ball of flame through forests crashing;
The sloping glaciers, crystal seas, unfold
Their sparkling bosoms to the scarlet ray;
Earth, thus made gorgeous, waits the king of Day.

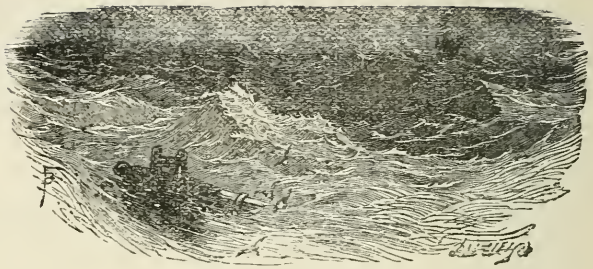
He comes! his forehead scorching all heaven's blue,
Thick beams like some immortal's dazzling hair;
We bow before the splendour; each rose hue
Faints into death amid the wide-shot glare;
He comes! the glory comes! as formed anew,
Fresh glowing, rounded, on God's anvil there;
The far-thrown sparks chill shadows will disperse,
And light, and warm, the gladden'd universe.

Now cones and ice-peaks, late tall burning pyres,
Around, in shining groups, where'er we gaze,
Put quickly out their crimson, quivering fires,
And, like white brilliants, scintillate and blaze;
Each, a colossal diamond, high aspires,
Down flashing blinding, yet pure, stainless rays,—
Grand jewels, in a moment cut in heaven,
A diadem for earth by Godhead given.

He mounts the sky; from lower rocks and woods,
Pale shades, like evil spirits, float away;
Torrents and crags, in those strong splendour-floods,
Lie steeped, and glow with many a silver ray;
And curling mists that late, dark-clinging hoods,
On towering heads of rugged mountains lay,
Lift off, and surge aside, and slowly fly,
Till all things burn in Morn's wide-opened eye.

See blue Lucerne, a lustrous mirror, shine!
Peeps forth Tell's Chapel in its grey renown;
See distant Zurich's pearl-soft, gleaming line!
And many a mossy tower and quaint old town;
Red spots on meadows, roam the happy kine,
Fir-girded hills on poplar'd vales look down,
While, in her gemmed, white robe, triumphant Morn
Sits on her throne—cloud-piercing Wetterhorn.

From out the heart of things there seems to rise,
By mountain-spirits voiced, an ode of praise;
The foam-lipped cataract sounds it to the skies,
Each wood sends forth a sudden gush of lays:
Bells from far towers sow music, while glad cries
Thrill from high eagles down the solar blaze;
All, all, from peopled dell, to glittering height,
Pour thanks to heaven, and welcome glorious light.



Far at Sea.

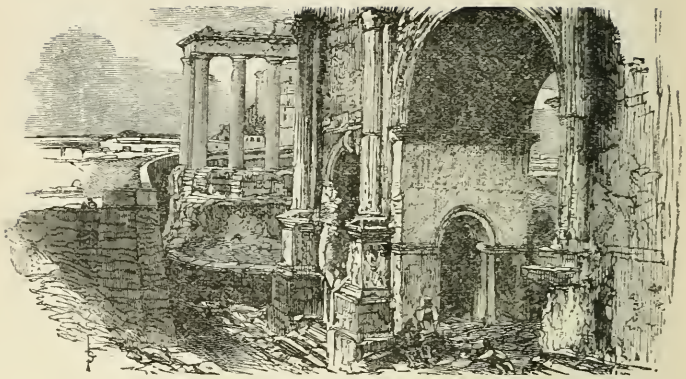
FAR away upon the sea,
On the deck my watch I keep;
Ocean, like eternity,
Doth around me grandly sweep;
Night is striving to be dark,
But the throbbing stars, bright shining,
Make each broken wave a spark,
And our sails with pearls are lining;
Softly breezes die and swell,
Like strange murmurs in the shell.

Far away upon the sea,
As my soul is lost in dreaming,
Thought I turn, loved home, to thee,
Sun upon fond memory beaming.
What a waste of water lies
'Twixt me and my native bowers!
O'er its path I waft my sighs,
Musing on dear vanished hours:
Slow I sail, yet not in gladness,
Every league but deepens sadness.

Far away upon the sea,
  Hastening south, but looking north,
All the world seems flood to me,
  And my thoughts, like doves, go forth:
Yes they fly, and now alight
  On old elm trees in a valley;
There I see—dear, touching sight—
  House, moss'd pond, and garden alley,
And the clock-tower, with its bell,
And the dog I loved so well.

Far away upon the sea—
  Hush! it is not fancy all;
O'er the waves' immensity
  Murmurs float, and rise, and fall;
'Tis the village bells I hear,
  Charming once our Evening skies,
Sounds to happy childhood dear,
  Ringing as from paradise:
Oh, that music o'er the deep!
Let me listen—let me weep.

Far away upon the sea—
  Hush! it is not fancy all;
O'er the waves' immensity
  Silvery voices seem to call:
'Tis my Sister's, as her tresses
  Float, gold-shining, in the sun:
'Tis my Mother's, as she blesses,
  Blesses me her wandering son!
Oh, those voices o'er the deep!
Let me listen – let me weep.



Rome from the Palatine Hill.

BE there a land high worship to awake
For Nature's witching face,
Where she walks robed in splendour, and doth shake
Beauty from locks of grace;
A land whose prowess once made Nations quake,
Her sons earth's foremost race,
Philosophy, art, letters, ne'er to die,
Starring her brow—'tis Heaven-loved Italy!

Beauteous Ausonia! at her fountains still
The soul, that burns with love
Of Nature and Art's wonders, drinks its fill;
She seems a mighty dove
Brooding o'er all things lovely; e'en on ill
Light trembles from above,
More beautiful her floating hair of gray,
Than ebon locks of countries young and gay.

O Rome! and dare we tread thy mouldering stones,
  Each a grand psalm of years?
To others' grief, how faint our lowly moans!
  How worthless our few tears!
For mightier harps have poured their weird, wild tones,
  Mid all that age endears;
We can but gaze with rapt, admiring eye,
We can but bend the knee, and muse, and sigh.

Yet let us climb, with humbled mien, the steep
  Where Rome's first glories flashed;
The scene spreads 'round us, like a troubled deep
  Tow'rd some dark coast-line dashed;
Ruin doth follow ruin, heap on heap,
  As Time his wrecks had lashed
To tempest-billows, then restrained his hand,
And left them frozen, beautifully grand.

The city of the universe is here,
  August, and yet how low!
Clasping arch, column, shrine, as mocked or dear,
  Rank weeds and ivies grow:
Power, mourning for tombed empire, sheds a tear,
  Leaning on marbled Woe,
And Glory shrieks, as grey Oblivion stalks
Along the once proud hills, and dazzling walks.

This is your work, ye surly, scythe-armed ages!
  Could ye not spare, alas!
The homes of mighty chiefs, and bards, and sages?
  By shrines ye joyed to pass,
Dashing down strength and beauty, your high wages
  But fallen stones and grass;
A wail against ye, too, ascends the sky,
From mouldered tombs where thousand heroes lie.

Crowding the Appian Way, those heroes sleep,
Dust, dust, the laurelled brow;
Their swords that forth, like sunbeams, wont to leap,
All broken—nothing now;
The sage that, labouring, climbed fame's skyey steep,
Must there, worm-humbled, bow;
The tuneful bard whom centuries from us sever,
And the loud orator, are dumb for ever.

There, too, the Roman lady whilom gave
Her beauty to cold clay;
Her dainty charms that scarce could zephyr brave,
Wrought conquests in her day;
The circus she made bright; by Tiber's wave
She sang sweet roundelay:
Look in that tomb—'tis empty; Ruin cries,
"This cell is mine; here nothing human lies!"

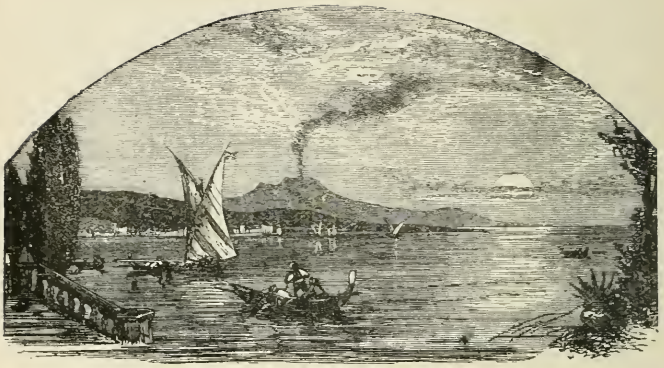
The moon walks heaven's blue wilderness, and throws
Silver on all things old;
Like a live thing, she shivers as she glows,
Naked and whitely cold:
Her nun-like face a patient sorrow shows;
Her beams, like arms, infold
Rome and her ruins, and she seems to keep
Her eyes on grandeur's corpse, and softly weep.

Her tears of icy light are falling, falling,
On column and mossed stone;
The broken cistern with no water brawling,
The palm that droops alone,
The Forum's pillars where some voice seems calling
Names once to myriads known,
The Colosseum's wreck—each thing appears
More calmly sad, beneath those icy tears.

Then Tiber's waters sobbing as they glide,
Like harper grey with woe;
And broad Campagna where, tho' death may hide,
The flowers of Eden blow;
And the green Alban Mount, whose brow of pride
Gods haunted long ago—
City and circling landscape—each appears
More calmly sad, beneath those icy tears.

Oh, never may Improvement's ruthless hand
Sweep glory's wrecks away!
Let Rome, a Nation's head, in splendour stand,
And wide Ausonia sway,
But spare her pleading relics! what so grand
Midst beauties of to-day?
Than pride's new seat, old Rome looks loftier far;
Thus distance hallows, and enthrones a star.

Now an undying interest closely clings
To arch and crumbling wall;
The ivy is a feeling, as its rings
'Round pillars greenly crawl;
Shrubs wave in temples, while the owlet sings
In grandeur's frescoed hall:
Romance drapes Ruin in a robe of light,
And moony memory maketh dark things bright.



Naples the Beautiful.

NOT marble Venice with her smooth wave-street,
Nor old Verona's bowers;
Not domey Florence, taste's delicious seat,
Nor Genoa's stately towers,
Enchant the heart like her, the bright, the sweet,
City where Pleasure showers
Her richest pearls, and young Love lolls at ease—
Naples, soft glory, washed by singing seas.

Oh, Naples sure was raised by Music's spell,
Itself a summer song;
A glowing poem Art hath written well,
Those winding slopes along;
Its very look hath melody's soft swell;
All happy dreams belong
To Beauty's empire; gods of land and sea!
Protect your famed, your loved Parthenope.

But the grand charm of this Elysian shore,
The matchless Bay, behold!
Well did Tiberius here heap luxury's store,
In his green Island-hold:
E'en he sweet Capri's beauties could adore,
Though crime his heart might fold—
Capri, mid kissing waves, bower'd isle of love,
All laughing to the skies that laugh above!

'Tis hushed, warm noon; we steer our fragile boat,
And, o'er the still sea-glass,
Idly and slow with balm-mouthed breezes float;
Green is the wave, like grass,
Fringing the coast, but seaward more remote,
Deep-blue the water's mass;
Ay, one vast turquoise, all the billows spread,
White clouds, like angel-wings, high poised o'erhead.

Peace lulls the world; across the languid tide
Life's murmurs faintly swell,
From sleepy shores; and ofttimes echoes wide
A convent's silver bell,
Rising and falling, soft as sounds that hide
In ocean's hollow shell:
The boat nears Capri's isle, till, o'er the sea,
Float odours rich and birds' wild minstrelsy.

Around the pinnace bright-scaled darters glance,
And dive, and shoot, and play;
They know no cares, and dream of no mischance,
Life one glad holiday;
And lo! a golden bee, o'er waves that dance,
Some spell hath lured away
From Capri's flowers; she hums and feels no fear,
Sunshine so grateful, waves so calm and clear.

Hark! o'er the tide entrancing music steals,
  Like Luxury's fainting soul;
And now a voice pours all the spirit feels,
  Beneath love's warm control;
More slow, as listening, the white sea-gull wheels,
  More hushed the billows roll;
The strain seems born of tears, then, wildly gay,
It gladdens heaven, and thrills across the bay.

Back in the stern we rest, with half-shut eyes,
  Veiled from the sultry beams,
And, spelled by murmurous seas, and sapphire skies,
  We yield to vague, sweet dreams;
All witching things before our fancy rise,
  Our brain, a full hive, teems
With tales of Orient cities, dells, and bowers,
That pleased our childhood's fond believing hours.

But all seem dim to Naples' coast and Bay;
  Travel of thousand miles
Were a glad task, to view this rich display,
  This Eden of God's smiles;
Was Paradise, when Adam sprang from clay,
  And Beauty's wondrous wiles
Turned Nature into glory, more divine?
O lovely world, where still such splendours shine!

Yes, favoured world! despite man's sin and woe,
  Methinks our eyes behold
No star in yon blue depths, though grand its glow,
  And swathed in beams of gold,
That boasts more lovely scene than this below—
  Scene warming heart most cold:
No curse can rest upon our God-watched sphere,
While earth displays such charms as ravish here.

The Ray of Light.

THE ray, the ruddy ray of morn!
It shoots from eastern hills,
With glory crowns the old church-tower;
It plays on moss-lipped rills,
And with a warm, soft, amber light,
Each dewy flower-cup fills.

The ray, the blithesome ray of morn!
Joy to the bee 'tis bringing;
It wakes the spotted butterfly,
A living pansy winging;
It pierces the brown gloom of woods,
And sets the birds a-singing.

The ray, the beauteous ray of morn!
It paints the ruin old,
Cheats the sad ivy into smiles,
And where Death loves to fold
His silent flock, it gilds the tombs,
Gilds them with softest gold.

The ray, the healthful ray of morn!
It calls the lusty swain,
And sends him forth to wield the scythe,
Or plough the daisied plain,
And prompts the fresh-cheeked peasant maid
To sing a joyous strain.

The ray, the bold, free ray of morn!
It steals, and slyly creeps
Through pane, and half-drawn curtain white,
Where high-born beauty sleeps,
And, kissing brow, and loose black curls,
The scene in richness steeps.

The ray, the merry ray of morn!
Calmly a babe reposes;
Light wakes it, like a flow'ret, up,
Its glad, blue eye uncloses;
To catch that beam, arms open wide,
While glow the cheek's bright roses.

The ray, the cheering ray of morn!
Through dismal bars it steals,
Where weeps the captive in his cell;
Light to his heart appeals;
It tells him of the far, free hills,
And joy awhile he feels.

The ray, the placid ray of morn!
It trembles down the skies,
And calm and hallowed makes the room,
Where a maid dying lies;
To greet that last beam—ah! the last,
She feebly opes her eyes.

NOON ON RAMSGATE SANDS.—P. 29

The ray, the holy ray of morn!
All gently as a dove,
It speeds, a messenger from God,
And tells her of His love,
That angels haste, on shining wings,
To bear her soul above.

Noon on Ramsgate Sands.

HOW gay the scene on this smooth, Summer shore,
Crowded by youth and age, who fly awhile
From smoky cities, life's turmoil and roar,
And woo dear Nature's smile!

See how the pale cheek glows, as breezes play
From off the cooling billow! languid eyes
Gaze all refreshed, and win back health's lost ray
From sparkling waves and skies.

The wearied penman fronts the grateful South,
Freed from his desk, and dull consuming care,
Inhaling heaven's sweet balm with eager mouth,
While salt winds lift his hair.

Hark to the bright-eyed children's merry voices,
As on the sand they build their fragile towers;
Brimming with bliss, each little heart rejoices;
O happy, reckless hours!

The mother, full of fond, delighted dreams,
Watches the games of those she holds so dear,
Shading her face from noon's warm, dazzling beams,
The father seated near.

He cons the "news," and oft his straining eyes
Will glance far seaward, as some stately bark
Moves, like a spirit, 'neath blue-doming skies—
Wealth's costly-freighted ark.

The maid is there, love's tale before her set,
Her jealous hat half screening her sweet face,
Her hair, from ocean's bath, uncurled and wet,
Hanging in loosened grace.

The enthralling story charms and sways her heart;
Age of romance, when fancy reigns a queen!
And now she looks around, and seems a part
Of that broad, lovely scene.

The boats that slowly sail, the waves that splash,
The dipping oar unpractised gallants plying,
The dog that joys in cooling seas to dash,
White gulls in circles flying:

The idly-sauntering forms that dot the shore,
The idly-lounging sailors—drowsy calls
Of vendors of rare shells, bright stones, and ore,
The music's swells and falls:

The air of happiness, the deep serene,
That wrap each quiet spirit, drawing here
Delight from nature—such the pleasant scene,
To jaded bosoms dear.

Yes, that prized spot by ocean, souls beguiling
From dull existence, city-toil, and strife,
Seems to each heart a fairy region, smiling
Mid the parched waste of life.

The Burial of a Young Officer at Sea.

SICKENING he died, far on the Tropic ocean,
Where skies seem flame,
Low whispering, as he quivered with emotion,
His mother's name.

The sun was dropping westward, slowly, slowly:
Winds lulled away;
Each wave caught heaven's rich splendour; something holy
On nature lay.

The nautilus his painted shell was guiding,
Dolphins gleamed past;
The vessel, on the burnished billow riding,
Long shadows cast.

We brought him upon deck, and placed him under
The flag hauled low;
Brave heart! no more he'd hear the cannon's thunder,
Or front the foe.

We looked upon his face that seemed to borrow
Beauty from death,
A dignity from calm; hushed scene of sorrow!
All held their breath.

There lay he ready—one late mirth and gladness—
For his cold grave;
And many a heart, ne'er touched before by sadness,
A deep sigh gave.

Then, like a wail, began its mournful tolling
The ship's low bell;
E'en billows seemed to sorrow, onward rolling
With softer swell.

We stood with folded hands and heads uncovered,
Before the dead;
The albatross above the vessel hovered,
As the priest read.

Oh! didst thou hear those solemn words, thou ocean,
Making faint moan?
Thou azure sepulchre, with murmuring motion,
Asking thine own!

The clay to thy wild keeping must be given,
The soul above;
But one had died to save him—pity, Heaven,
That heart of love!

How would she weep when told the mournful story!
Her darling brave,
Not slain in fight, nor giv'n a wreath of glory,
But this sad grave.

We lowered him slowly, gently to the billow;
We gazed once more;
Sleep, much-loved comrade, sleep on thy cold pillow!
One splash—'twas o'er.

Thus to the depths mysterious we committed
The mother's pride;
The waves above him swept, the sea-bird flitted,
And weird winds sighed.

On ocean's verge the broad, flush'd sun was resting,
Twilight brought balm,
Beauty, solemnity, the scene investing
With holiest calm.

There let him slumber far from gentle weepers,
In coral caves,
Till the last trumpet calls the long, long sleepers
From their sea-graves.

The Lily of Eden.

DEAR virgin lily, charming Spring's gay hours!
How old thy race! thine ancestors, bright flowers,
Decking before the flood Earth's vales and bowers.

Ages have altered not thy soft, pale cheek,
Thy drooping forehead, silky, fair, and meek,
Thy form of elegance, though slim and weak.

Did Eve esteem one flower above the rest
Blooming in Eden? Lily, whitely drest,
Sure it was thou—thee, thee, she loved the best!

Sweet lily! it is no fantastic dream—
She viewed thee mirrored in Euphrates' stream,
Thy lithe stem turned to gold in evening's beam.

Thy snowy bell she marked with curious eye,
Admired those petals, drank thine odorous sigh,
Then in her bosom bade thy beauty lie.

And since Eve loved thee for thy spotless white,
Flower! thou hast been, in each young maiden's sight,
A type of virtue, beaming chastest light.

Nature designed thee, boasting no rich dye,
Thy timid head ne'er proudly tossed on high,—
To image grace, and preach of modesty.

As now the quick, bronze bee around thee wings,
And, dallying near, the mated throstle sings,
And zephyr thy sweet censer gently swings:

I hail thee fairy-queen among the flowers,
Gay-brightening in the sun, or soft in showers,
The loveliest relic of lost Eden's bowers.

O that my soul were stainless, pure as thou,
Unmarr'd by time, no shadow on thy brow!
As Eve once bless'd thee, let us love thee now.

The Last Hours of an Affianced.

I SEE a gaunt, grim spectre, with hushed tread,
Steal among life's rich flowers;
He passes by, unharmed, the hoary head,
Pausing by Beauty's bowers;
His deadly shaft at youth is chiefly sped,
On youth his poison showers;
He loves to stop gay heart, and close bright eye,
O white Consumption! fiend of cruelty!

This scourge, this death, will spare weak want and pain
The poor deformed will spare,
The prison'd felon in his heavy chain,
Misery and wrinkled care,
But tramples with fierce heel—regrets all vain—
The good, the glad, the fair,
The lovely that love earth, and mourn to die—
O white Consumption! fiend of cruelty!

Morn's beam to Nature is a thing of bliss,
  Flying with wing of gold;
While Night steals ghostly to the black abyss,
  The beam its course will hold,
Turning the cloud to roses, and with kiss
  Warming seas, mountains cold,
Till, in the meadow-flowers, it nestling lies,
Painting their fairy halls with richest dyes.

One beam, wide-straggling from its fellows, came,
  A quiet, beauteous ray,
From Eastern hills, and, sobering its red flame,
  Passed through the woodbine-spray,
And, entering softly at a lattice-frame,
  On a pale forehead lay,
Glossed the fine silky hair, and, creeping o'er
Emaciate cheeks, gave tints health showed no more.

And there leant Mabel; pillows propped her head;
  She'd feast her dimming eyes
On long-loved beauties down the valley spread,
  'Neath Morn's rich dappled skies;
The light a pearly halo 'round her shed;
  O beam from paradise!
Didst thou not come to make the mortal fair,
And cheer the saint who shortly would be there?

Dear, precious landscape! sight could wander free
  Adown the bowery dell;
She saw the rustic stile, the beechen tree,
  She heard the stream's hoarse swell;
Oh, never more when day awoke the bee,
  Should she pluck fern and bell,
But other hands would seek them by the wave,
And carol songs, nor heed her in the grave.

Her lips moved slightly; to that worshipp'd scene
Her spirit bade adieu—
The splashy waterfall, the woods of green,
The heavens' wide arch of blue;
And oh, that trysting-spot where, blest, serene,
Oft Summer evenings flew,
When hope's bright pictures filled her mental eyes,
And love breathed all its soul in happy sighs.

She heard from out the blossom'd thickets swell
A jubilee of praise,
As if the bough-swung choir, she loved so well,
Poured all their sweetest lays,
To soothe her on her death-bed; yet a knell
They seemed of love's dear days,
When she would listen, charmed, at twilight dim,
Larks at heaven's door, invisible cherubim.

The mourning parent watched her fading child,
But vain maternal tears;
Sorrow its burden on her bosom piled;
Ah! cruel, death appears
To such fond Mother, by no hope beguiled;
The pitiless voice she hears
Of him, the angel, with the wings of gloom,
Who calls her sainted darling to the tomb.

Another stood beside the maiden's bed,
With anguished, anxious mien;
What had the world to give, his Mabel dead?
Dark all the late gay scene:
Love shed hot tears, while grief bowed low his head;
He strove, but could not lean
Resigned on Heaven's high will; his all below
Thus snatched away—hard trial, passing woe!

Alas! the kiss of love which hath no name,
That lip on lip impressed!
Feelings unutterable, pent-up flame,
Burned in each faithful breast;
Their love passed common bounds, nor couldst thou blame,
That beings, long so blest,
Now called to part, cast off all scruples, fears,
And to each other clung, with moans and tears.

A moment they seemed lost to all around,
Heaven's threshold that small room,
And on the silence broke no jarring sound;
That scene had nought of gloom,
But breathed exalted peace; O blessèd ground!
O hope to gild the tomb!
Life's sun was sinking, light dissolved away,
Yet lingering beauty crowned the dying day.

Thus in his arms she leant; a fluttering hue
Tinged her wan cheek; her hair
Fell in thick glossy curls, and hid from view
That breast so chaste, so fair;
Joy and affection orbed her eyes of blue,
Life's beam fast fading there;
One smile, one long, long kiss, one faint-drawn sigh,
And that true, loving spirit wing'd on high.

Pure soul! wherever her blest dwelling-place,
Mid glories far or near,
Would she not ofttimes turn her angel-face
To this dark, lower sphere?
Would she not come in dreams—a thing of grace,
And wipe the mourner's tear?
And whisper him with soft, celestial breath,
To wait and hope—to love, like her, till death?

Constantinople and its Shores.

O EARTH, sad Earth! made dark by woe,
And trampled by the demon Crime,
Dost thou no spot of beauty show
Where Nature laughs as in her prime?
Where suns a genial radiance throw,
And birds, unscared by winter, sing,
Through all the year sweet roses blow—
A land beneath some angel's wing,
Where, cheated for a moment, eyes
May deem they feast on paradise?

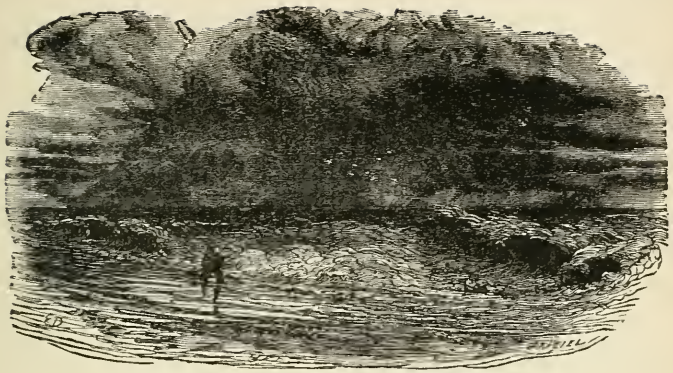
Yes, 'tis where guardian hills of Thrace
Gaze on Propontis' storied tide,
Where Beauty all unveils her face
In myrtled vale, on mountain's side;
Where many a crag fond flowers embrace,
And richest hues on hill-tops burn,
And groves are perfume's hiding-place,
Or each is changed to perfume's urn;
Here reigns enchantment; here rapt eyes
May deem they feast on paradise.

A queen upon her hills of glory,
A hundred minarets her crown,
Mother of emperors, famed in story,
Stambool upon the scene looks down:
The Othmans this charmed spot have swayed,
Since the last Greek* bowed low and died,
Yet earth, despite them, is arrayed
In freshest bloom, and robes of pride;
Play soft, ye gales! and laugh, ye skies!
On this voluptuous paradise.

Oh, come with me when Evening flushes
Each wavelet, till it looks a rose,
And their last songs pipe Asian thrushes,
From shores where twilight richly glows:
When in the West the red wine gushes,
Poured from the cup of bacchant Day,
Till that deep crimson faints to blushes,
As all the heavens would melt away;
Then trim thy bark, and scan the skies,
Confess that this is paradise.

Float, till from heaven's blue windows peep
The awakened stars—Night's bashful daughters,
Twinkling, well pleased, as forth they creep
To view their eyes in Stambool's waters:
Till, rounding large o'er Asia's steep,
The moon slow climbs heaven's sapphire stair,
And 'neath her glance flower, poplar, weep,
Sweet silence lulling earth and air;
Then, as thy musings heavenward rise,
Dream, dream that this is paradise.

* The Emperor Constantine Palæologus.



Ocean's Changes.

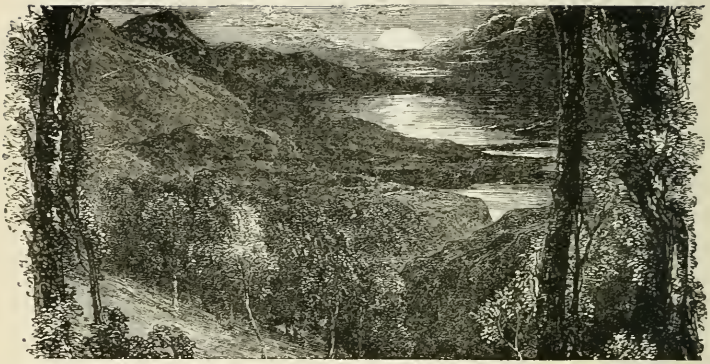
GENTLE deep!
With thy placid, shining breast,
Like an infant's taking rest,
In the cradle of the world;
When each tiny wave is curled,
Like the locks which, glossy-bright,
Deck that infant's brow of light.
When along the burnished tide,
White-winged vessels mirrored glide,
And the clouds, small fleeces, glow
On the green sea-field below,
Lambs of heaven, like softest snow.

Merry deep!
When morn's sparkle on thee lies,
Like the flash in beauty's eyes,
As all frolic, joy, she seems
Waking up from blissful dreams

When thy waves o'er pebbles bound,
With a running, silvery sound,
Bubbling, gurgling, at our feet,
Like young laughter soft and sweet.
When thou claspest white-shored isles,
With a thousand gleeful smiles,
Wreathing, sportive billows dancing,
Falling back and then advancing,
While the great sun sends his beams,
In rejoicing golden streams,
Cheering up thy visage hoary,
Brightening all thy depths with glory.

Mournful deep!
With night's shadows coming down,
Nature's wide-spread, silent frown,
Stars upon thee coldly shining;
Mighty monster, still repining,
In thy pain and dark unrest,
Something locked in thy proud breast,
Something breathing of deep sadness,
Something banishing our gladness;
Moaning on the glimmering shore,
In a sullen, under roar;
Waves still heaving, ever breaking,
A mysterious language speaking.
Oh, melancholy-sounding sea!
A hollow voice from gone eternity,
Telling us of the years for ever fled,
As if a bell deep-tolled within thy bed—
A passing-bell far-swinging, booming, sighing,
For mighty Nature slowly dying;
We know she dies not, yet unto our souls
Sadly that fancied bell for ever tolls.

Cruel deep!
When the storm his vengeance takes,
Thy mad passion too awakes;
Then no Fury from below,
Bent on spreading death and woe,
Fiery scorpions round her brow,
Looks more terrible than thou.
See! thy waves are raging, roaring,
Eager round the vessel pouring;
Now upswelling like a mountain,
Boiling now like some vast fountain,
Opening then as if to swallow,
In that foaming, ghastly hollow,
Poor humanity that shivers,
As the doomed ship rocks and quivers—
Quivers, trembling, plunging, reeling,
Quivers as instinct with feeling.
Prayers to thee are no avail,
Nought thou heed'st the victim's wail;
Down to gulfs, down whirling, where
Death is sitting with despair;
Down from daylight into dark,
Watched by horror, sinks the bark;
Swells one thrilling, drowning cry,
Then the billows leap on high,
Fierce exulting as they boom
O'er the seaman's stormy tomb—
Such man's weakness, tossed on thee,
Such thy changes, wondrous sea!



Old Storied Rhine.

OLD storied Rhine! though viewed by million eyes,
And lauded endless days,
The fresh, blue wave, the mountains' purple dyes,
Still charm the traveller's gaze;
He blesses earth's Creator, that there lies,
Midst all that Taste surveys,
Such spot for soul to muse in, and to draw
From beauty transport, and from wildness awe.

Yea, beauty, wildness; where doth river glide
Bright, picturesque, as this?
Hills, topp'd with ruins, speak gone power and pride,
Catching Eve's last warm kiss;
Below, trees cradle birds, flowers sip the tide,
All trembling in their bliss,
And steeples gleam, and cities marge the waters,
And sport on mossy banks love's laughing daughters.

Germania's children yearn to their famed stream,
With ardour deep and strong;
Teeming with tales, 'tis woven with each dream,
And charms them like a song;
Dear to their souls, half parent it doth seem,
Blest as it shines along;
Fired by the past, they guard their classic flood,
Proud for its glorious waves to shed their blood.

The very air doth waft thy breath, Romance!
The rocks that breast the wave,
The castles that decay, the rills that glance,
The shrine, the hero's grave—
All cry that ages, in their slow advance,
Devour, yet give and save,
While golden clouds of memories shade the strand,
And rain down interest on the hoary land.

The soul of burning Fancy broodeth here,
In dell, on crag and steep;
The earth is poetry, and, far and near,
Invisible fingers sweep
Thy lyre, melodious Nature! while a tear
The guarding genii weep—
Tear, not of sorrow, but of glowing feeling,
At all exhaustless beauty is revealing.

River of ancient fame! do yon weird towers,
That ivy-jewels crown,
No dwellers hold? from once gay-peopled bowers,
Do only owls look down?
Methinks when stars throb cold, and midnight lowers,
And hills in darkness frown,
Those ruins send forth ghosts to mourn and pine,
And haunt thee still, loved, unforgotten Rhine!

Sweet stream that flowest, as in calm delight,
  Past viny banks and isles,
Thy glancing waves of living chrysolite,
  All set in silver smiles—
Shall man alone enjoy such feast of sight—
  Banquet that nought defiles?
Nay, drawn by beauty, when rose-mornings shine,
Pleased angels o'er thee flit, thou lovely Rhine!

Hark! in the woods the jubilant birds are singing,
  Cascades weep crystal tears,
In spires, age-hallowed, mellow bells are ringing,
  Like voices of gone years;
Schaffhausen's roar the pulsing gales are bringing;
  O'er all sweet Eve appears,
Hanging the crescent moon's thin silvery line,
And one pale star to watch thee, glorious Rhine!

The Luxury of Summer.

SUMMER is come; her eye is glowing
  From out heaven's depths of cloudless blue;
In music sun-kissed streams are flowing,
  And winds are warm, but fragrant too.
Loud pipes the thrush, a rapture feeling
  In Nature's joy; upsprings more high
The russet lark, in circles wheeling,
  To cool his pinions in the sky.

Summer is come; on plain and mountain,
I see her walk with rosy feet;
She sleeks her bright locks in the fountain,
Her purple zone unbound for heat;
All swathed in sunbeams, flowers are springing,
Of richest breath, and loveliest dyes,
Delighted bees around them winging,
While fairies drink their odorous sighs.

Summer is come; I see her flushing
On garden wall, in poppied dale;
The cherry 'neath green leaves is blushing,
Like some coy maid behind her veil.
Down in the dell where brooks are brawling,
To lave their hoofs the cattle stray;
The cuckoo from the wood is calling,
And blithely maidens toss the hay.

Summer is come; the heart rejoices,
With livelier bound the pulses beat;
From Nature's haunts a thousand voices
The flower-crowned, laughing goddess greet.
Oh, say not lovelier worlds are glowing
Among yon stars, than our bright sphere;
Summer around us glory throwing,
All worlds their charms are mingling here.

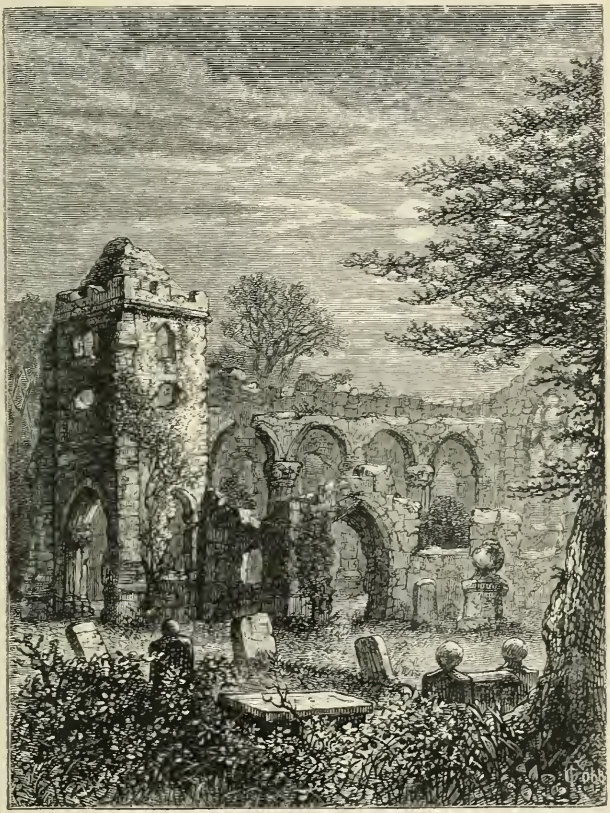
The Ruined Country Church.

'TIS old, 'tis passing old; in truth none know
When piety first raised these mouldering stones;
Close by the altar trees of ages grow,
And dust, all dust, are men's long buried bones.

Column and arch stand open to the sky;
Where saints once smiled, owls sit with ghastly stare;
The peasant shuns the spot when night-winds sigh,
Believing baleful ghosts are flitting there.

Brown, patchy ivies each worn pillar fold,
Like rags want's limbs; the porch rough thistles choke;
Up in the tower where bells melodious tolled,
Hoarse-throated ravens, birds of evil, croak.

The font is broken down; its fragments lie
Blackening 'mong nettles on the pooly ground;
For the sweet christen'd infant's feeble cry,
The hum and whir of stinging insects sound.



THE RUINED COUNTRY CHURCH.—P. 48

Ah, me! along yon aisle, where, years ago,
The young bride walked in loveliness and grace,
Steals the brown fox, the timid hare limps slow;
Nothing they fear in this still, desert place.

Sweet maid, I see her burning blushes now,
Beneath the cloud-like veil of spotless white;
I hear her tremulous sigh, her whispered vow;
Hour of full rapture! scene of soft delight!

Where stood that altar with its guarding rail,
To-day, in mock'ry, surly brambles spread,
And the squat toad looks up, and many a snail
Creeps on its oozy way, with horny head.

Hard by the porch, once grouped, each Sabbath morn,
The garrulous peasants as the bell chimed loud;
They talked and smiled; their cares were lightly borne;
Naught the great world to that pleased, simple crowd.

Rough, honest hearts, they touched their hats, as slow
The priest passed by; now view the tomb-lined spot!
Rains have effaced their names; they sleep below,
Unknown, unwept, and all their toils forgot.

High rose the pulpit whence the good man sent
Warm streams of rustic eloquence around;
Dear sainted place! on which all eyes were bent,
So loved he was, so holy seemed the ground.

A heap of stones is all that moulders there;
Between their mossy chinks the mouse will play,
And on their top—a trill like calm despair,
The bead-eyed redbreast tunes his evening lay.

From pillar's shaft to shaft, at Christmas-time,
Once swung gay holly-wreaths, while, loud and strong,
Flute, viol, pipe, breathed tones they deemed sublime;
O happy hearts! O joyous Christmas song!

Now the wild leek on wall and arch appears,
And spiders hang their webs in dust and gloom;
For jocund carols, shuddering fancy hears
Sighs from each grass-o'ergrown and mouldered tomb.

Thus stands that church as years slow ruin bring,
But no rude hand will injure one poor stone;
An awe protects it like some holy thing,
Time's crushing power wears down the walls alone.

E'en Time seems reverential, pausing long
Ere levelling with his scythe the pillar'd aisle;
Nor think that gloom and sadness but belong
To this lorn home of shades, this tottering pile.

When Summer's gorgeous sunsets, hot with gold,
Shoot thro' the boles of trees, and burn around,
And gild the desolation, we behold
Sternness and gloom, by sweetest beauty, crowned.

Then on the lines of fire, will fancy see
Angels glide in, with pinions ruby-bright,
Making all lovely grim antiquity,
Coarse stones soft pearls, and brambles threads of light.

Yes, the old Church no longer looks a dwelling
For bats and owls, but glory walks the aisles,
The priest's calm voice, and joyous song, seem swelling,
Ages flash back, and dreary ruin smiles.

The English Lakes.

A DREAM OF BEAUTY.

HAIL to the lakes, whose Summer waters bear
Heaven's impress like a glory,
Each white cascade, green nook and valley fair,
A memory or a story!
Where the huge hills stand up, with brows all bare,
Like gods, august and hoary;
They guard the scene, and cry to earth and skies—
Profane not, hurt not, yon sweet paradise!

Who skimmeth Windermere at scarlet Eve,
Or when Morn winnows balm,
Resolved all anxious thought behind to leave,
Drinking the nectar'd calm,
Will own the spells these scenes delicious weave,
Earth voicing forth one psalm—
A song of praise, that, midst the dark and drear,
A spot so bright still glows as Windermere.

To rest upon the oar, no ruder sound
  Than church-bells, winds' low sighs;
On Nature's sweet, rich banquet heaped around,
  To feast the hungry eyes;
To trace the pebbly beach, the hills' wide bound,
  Clouds dappling bluest skies;
To feel the world far off, its cares, distress;
To muse, to dream—Oh this is happiness!

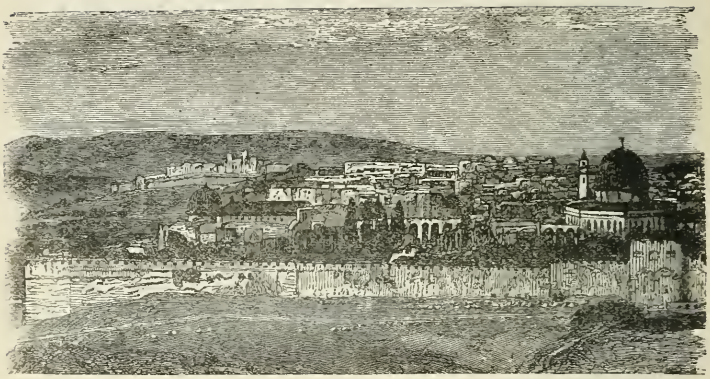
'Twas a sweet eve, as calm as ever fell
  On that wild land of lakes;
From mossy tower the chiming old church-bell
  Swung over streams and brakes,
Echoing from rocks, and clanging down the dell,
  Music sad thought that wakes—
Echoing and sinking, loth to pass away,
Soothing the death-bed of slow fainting Day.

Helvellyn's top flushed deep as Summer's rose,
  Soft flame, burned smooth Grasmere;
The cascade fell, red-glittering, Nature's woes
  Shedding a ruby tear;
The leaves scarce twinkled at that day's warm close,
  Crimson, though none were sere;
All robbed a glory from the gorgeous West,
Piled with hot clouds, with burning opals drest.

Quiet, like some great angel's downy wing,
  Spread wide o'er lake and land,
As Heaven this region loved, and so would fling
  Rich charms with lavish hand;
Eve's hallowed spirit hushed each earthly thing,
  Beauty's lips kissed the strand,
And Love, in saffron robe, from Skiddaw's height,
Looked o'er the Southern world, and smiled—good night!

Peace to the ashes of the sons of song,
  Who harped to Nature here!
Fancy beholds their shades slow glide along
  The shores in life so dear:
They make this classic ground; to them belong
  Thoughts noble, chaste, severe;
We own their influence mid the deep serene,
Their spirits crown with light, and fill the scene.

Oh, spot more rich in memories, dreams, than this,
  Pilgrim hath rarely trod!
Beauty doth brim the heart with love and bliss,
  And genius walk the sod,
While mountains seem with stony lips to kiss
  The footstool e'en of God;
And wingèd Fame on rock-piled peaks will stand,
Blowing her trumpet o'er the haunted land.



Jerusalem.

WHAT loom in hazy distance? rugged hills,
With scorched and naked brows;
There no young plant at morn sweet dew distils,
Nor rustle tufted boughs;
Her arms with sheaves sad Autumn never fills;
Lorn Nature hath no spouse;
No grape, red-ripen'd, weeps its purple tears;
Sterility broods there, through changeless years.

Those mountains circle Salem; gaze below!
Is this the world's great eye?
The sacred fount whence true religions flow?
The favourite of the sky?
Look on the Moslem's prey—O woe! O woe!
Anger will choke thy sigh;
Look on the trembling Jew, once master here,
And indignation swallows up thy tear.

Where is the Temple, rough with gems and gold,
  Dazzling while charming sight—
Shrine Saba's queen once fainted to behold?
  Long whelmed in Ruin's night:
The Roman ploughed its courts; no stone of old
  Keeps its proud ancient site;
Lips mutter sullen there Mohammed's name,
The Koran dark, for God's grand page of flame.

Masses of shattered and disjointed stones,
  Where once frowned towers of pride;
Old tombs fast crumbling with the crumbled bones,
  Choking slow Kedron's tide;
Crushed aqueducts, mossed cisterns no one owns,
  Want, squalor, far and wide—
Such is fall'n Salem: angels, passing by,
Droop their closed plumes, and breathe a pitying sigh.

Proud city of all cities! boast of kings!
  How bitter is thy doom,
'Neath the black shade of desolation's wings,
  Prostrate in utter gloom!
Birthplace of holy lore, to which faith clings!
  What art thou now? a tomb,
A sepulchre of memory and dead power,
On which we place sad Glory's broken flower.

Jerusalem! cold winter with no sun,
  Where Woe sits queen of all:
City of prophets! sunk, enslaved, undone,
  Earth's tears for thee should fall.
O spot, where blood was shed, and life was won!
  Spot all men holy call;
Jerusalem! despite thy age-long curse,
Hailed, loved, and reverenced, thro' the universe!

The Orkney Islands.

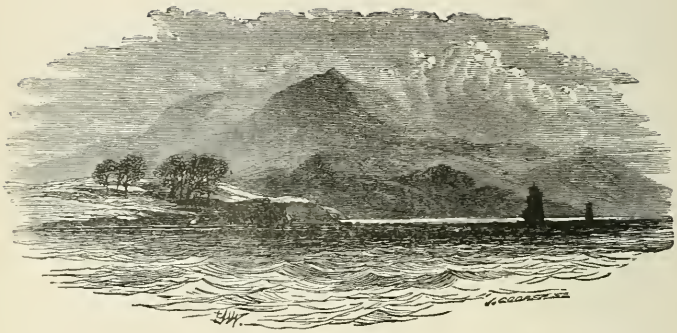
HOW came ye here, small Isles?
Did some strong earthquake heave you from below?
Did mighty Ocean, with his hungry flow,
Through the long ages dashing, foaming, sweeping,
Dispart you from old Scotia? and, now weeping,
Ye stand, like cast-off children, in the main,
Beaten by winds and rain.

How came ye here, lone Isles?
Did some great Saint, in far, far distant day,
When miracles were wrought, as legends say,
Summon you from the deep, that good men here,
In spot so wild, and girt by scenes of fear,
Might hide them from the world, and pass their days
In ceaseless prayer and praise?

Rocky, romantic Isles!
Ye may not liken those green Edens placed
In calm South Seas, with all things lovely graced,
Where fruits hang luscious, flowers are ever gay,
And bright-plumed birds, like jewels, deck each spray;
Love mid the shades, soft music on the air,
And luxury everywhere.

Yet, rough, tempestuous Isles!
Not always the mad tempest 'round you roars,
Not always mist and rain make sad your shores;
Beauty's white angel crowns your rocks at times,
When mellowing Summer cheers those northern climes;
Then heavens arch blue, and laugh the pastures green,
And short-lived flowers are seen.

Then, gladden'd, busy Isles!
The fisher casts his net, the maiden seeks
The samphire on the cliff, where sunshine breaks—
Warm, golden gleams, like rapture come to bless
The stricken heart of suffering and distress;
Then man is gay of mood, and woman smiles,
E'en in wild Orkney Isles.



Hymn to the Midland-Sea.

COUNTLESS the seas that dash around,
Fresh, joyous, this fair world of ours;
Northward their odes they wildly sound,
By Indian caves they foam and bound,
Soft-kissing South-Sea coral bowers;
But all in beauty yield to thee,
Melodious-lipped, blue Midland-Sea!

From Calpè's straits to Syria's shore,
Thy billows seem as walked by Glory;
They murmur of proud days of yore;
Thou seem'st a book of deathless lore,
Printed with many a classic story,
Or a grand poem, wild and free,
Thou mind-bright, memoried, Midland-Sea!

Isles of old Greece, yet ever young!
Lifting green hills o'er sunny waters—
Isles that with Bacchic songs have rung,
Where woman richest spells hath flung,
Fairest of Eve's bright Southern daughters;
All yield a warm romance to thee,
Classic, luxurious, Midland-Sea!

O'er Scio's grots, Leucadia's steep,
Genius on every gale is sighing;
Sappho's sweet spirit skims the deep,
Homer his mighty harp doth sweep—
Music transcendent, as undying;
The very air that breathes o'er thee,
Seems wafting soul, charmed Midland-Sea!

'Twas here the gold-haired goddess rose,
Whom pierced and trembling hearts adore;
In Cyprian bowers Love's vision glows,
But haunts life's wave where'er it flows,
Ruling the world for evermore;
Her fetters, roses flung in glee,
Still deck thine Isles, sweet Midland-Sea!

Hail, favoured waves! your sparkling plains
Winter scarce brushes with its wing;
While Boreal storms, and sleety rains,
Rage far away, your soft domains
Lie in the arms of happy Spring;
The voyager's heart still clings to thee,
Boast of the South, loved Midland-Sea!

Among the Alps.

I GAZE upon those masses, lifting high
Their brows like an eternity in stone,
To hold communion with the bending sky—
Those speakers in the infinite alone,
Whose words are tempests, and whose glances fire,
Darting from clouds electric round each spire:
Sure mountains breathe, like ocean's solemn roll,
Nature's sublime religion o'er the soul.

Lo! Rosa standeth with his shield of snow,
His giant breast all mailed with iron frost;
Tempests may rave, and lightnings flash below,
Defying all, his spear on high is tost;
And Matterhorn his cloud-flag too unfurls,
And wrathful Jungfrau his fierce av'lanche hurls,
While glacier'd steeps, beneath the eastern star,
Their cannon-voice of cataracts raise afar.

The king above his subjects calmly sits,
  Majestic as stupendous and alone;
The wandering cloud, like some small insect flits
  Around the pillars of his steadfast throne:
Mont Blanc looks forth in mightiness, his eye
Claims nothing worthy of him save the sky,
His sparkling crown the age-enduring snow,
His humble footstool—rounded hills below.

Have mountains language? Yes, they speak to man
  With tongues ne'er mute thro' everlasting time;
They preach of Nature's force when earth began—
  Creation's sermons, eloquent, sublime.
Mountains to teach humility were given,
Mountains are spirits' stepping-stones to heaven;
They rose mid dread convulsions, storms, and thunder,
A pride, a fear, a beauty, and a wonder.

The South-Sea Islands.

YE South-Sea Isles! where musky breezes blow,
And the soft wave-lyre pours
For ever and for ever music low,
'Round rose-hued coral shores;
Where sharp-edged winds ne'er wither, falls no snow,
Nor ravening wild beast roars;
Sure favouring angels watch, and dearly prize
Each lone retreat, each small, bright paradise.

Ye South-Sea Isles! where red-lipped Summer plays
In ever-blooming bowers,
Laughs in the shade, and ripens in the blaze
All luscious fruits and flowers—
Clustering bananas, guavas drinking rays,
Dates, cast in honey-showers,
And melons large, in emerald moss uprolled,
Tempting and rich, Pomona's melting gold.

O simple Isles! where man is never found
  Scorched by ambition's fire;
Where woman oft is lovely; see her bound
  With limbs that never tire!
Or dive in crystal seas! her life's small round
  Doth smaller wants require;
Her robe is scant, her jewels berries bright,
Her breast soft passion, and her eyes kind light.

She meets her lover 'neath the palm-tree's shade,
  Trained woman's arts unknown;
No thoughts are hidden, no deep plots are laid,
  Frank Nature rules alone,
All her wild fondness in her smiles conveyed,
  Love gushing in each tone;
Her highest dream, for him she loves, to live,
Her sweetest joy, what earth and love can give.

O say, will greater bliss embrace these Isles,
  When Europe shall bestow
Science and art? will cheeks beam sunnier smiles,
  Or tears less frequent flow?
Pure teaching may sweep far what now defiles,
  Learning lay error low,
But gay simplicity will fly each shore,
And vice and luxury spring, unknown before.

Ye South-Sea Isles! where musky breezes blow,
  And the soft wave-lyre pours
For ever and for ever music low,
  'Round rose-hued, coral shores;
Where sharp-edged winds ne'er wither, falls no snow,
  Nor ravening wild beast roars;
Sure favouring angels watch, and dearly prize
Each lone retreat, each small, bright paradise.

Evening at Hastings.

BOAST not of long-drawn vales and flowery plains,
Of sounding cataracts and forests lone;
Behold this ocean where soft beauty reigns,
And awful grandeur to no landscape known!
The soul floats o'er yon vast expanse of sea,
And feels thy meaning, dread eternity!

The sun hath touched with flame the western billow,
And every tremulous wave his mirror seems;
He rests upon a cloud, his crimson pillow,
And there, as travel-worn, awhile he dreams;
The ships like floating gems—yon headland bold,*
Far stretching o'er the deep, a bar of gold.

* Beachy Head.

And bright along the horizon's level brim,
A rich red path is paved; the seamew's wing
Burns as it winnows ether; nought is dim,
Save the far East where cliffs soft shadows fling,
Shadows still edged with fire; and high in air
Yon castle hangs, a ruin rent and bare.*

How silent all this mighty ocean lies!
Hushed as an infant rocked to sleep by love,
His cradle the round world, the bending skies
A canopy; as if great Nature's dove,
Or some calm angel brooded o'er the wave,
And its own peace to Ocean's quiet gave.

There is an odour fraught with health and life,
Wafted on shore from off the purple brine—
An odour with more grateful freshness rife,
Than sweets from banks of summer eglantine;
Drinking the spirit of the breeze-swept main,
The body and the soul new vigour gain.

Along the shingle and the yellow sand,
Groups, idly happy, saunter, some with eyes
Cast on the deep, so lovely yet so grand,
And others watch the West's oft-changing dyes;
And there young lovers wander, slow, apart,
That scene of beauty melting each fond heart.

The little trim-sail'd barks are outward gliding,
Beauteous as rosy dreams; the noiseless oar
Breaks the tinged sapphire; anchored ships are riding;
Waves fret and die in sparkles on the shore;
At times soft singing from afar is borne,
Or floats upon the air the mellow horn.

* Hastings Castle.

How spirit yields to thought, and heart to feeling!
Sorrow might dry her tears while wandering here;
The world another aspect is revealing,
Earth seems transformed into a calmer sphere;
Sunset, shore, ocean, Nature's glorious whole
May well, in dreams Elysian, lap the soul.

POEMS OF CHARACTER.

"Two human faces in a crowded street
Ye shall not find alike. Two characters,
In each fine point the same, will mock your search.
How varied too the offices and fates
Of us, poor players on life's shifting stage!"

MOZART'S REQUIEM.—P. 69

POEMS OF CHARACTER.

Mozart's Requiem.

[Mozart, a few days before his death, disc'osed to his wife the object he had in view in composing the now famous *Requiem*. "I am writing it," he said, "for myself." On the night of the 5th of December, 1791, the score of the *Requiem* lay upon his bed; his wife and her sister, Sophie Weber, watched near him. His mind seemed busy with some thought connected with his art; his lips moved audibly; he was endeavouring to show "the peculiar effect of kettledrums in the music." This was the last effort of dying genius; exhausted by the mental exertion, he sank back, and, the *Requiem* still lying before him, he shortly breathed his last.—See *Mozart's Biography.*]

HE who had lived for glorious sound
Giv'n to enchant poor earthly ground,
And chase dark sorrow's sighing;
Whose soul was like a goblet brimmed
With music's wine, a bird that skimmed
Art's skies, triumphant flying;
He in whose breast, through life's charmed hour,
Sweet melody had built her bower,
Now on his couch lay dying.

His gentle wife stood watchful near,
And with strong effort checked her tear,
To see her loved one sinking;
His eyes were fixed, his large smooth brow
Was flushed with mind's high fancies now,
He seemed all lost in thinking;
Some dream of sound—a music-chain
In the bright workshop of his brain,
The child of Art was linking.

Yes, on his bed before him lay
The master-piece, that many a day
Had edged with light dark sadness:
'Twas his own dirge, the matchless hymn,
Meet to be sung by Seraphim,
And charm to rest wild madness;
A last slight touch would close that strain,
The "Requiem," born of thought and pain,
Then would he die in gladness.

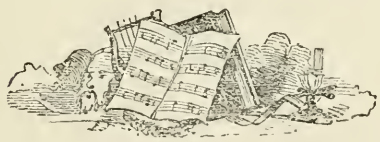
The great Composer stretched his hand,
Slowly as tow'rd some music-band,
Soul in his eye was burning;
Faintly he whispered—"Yes, 'tis well;
Here must the drum's deep surges swell:"
And then, death's weakness spurning,
Upright he sat, and raised his head,
The music-score before him spread—
O heart! how strong thy yearning!

See! trembling, slow, the pale hand writes!
Still, with grim death, his spirit fights;
The wondrous dirge was ended!
Backward he sank, life ebbing fast,
Fond glances on his wife he cast,

And dying arms extended:
His last grand work was done, was done!
And with that joy, that triumph won,
To heaven the soul ascended.

Mozart! though brief his course, a tower
His genius built, time's stormy power
Shall crush not, as it rages;
His works e'en strength from years shall gain,
The sweetness, grandeur, of each strain,
Enrapturing saints and sages;
Honour, applause, will crown his name,
The river of his broad, deep fame,
Flowing down all the ages.

Yes, he had worshipped music here—
And doth he drink, in loftier sphere,
Tones fraught with holier fire?
Oh, he who could such sounds combine,
And make them in our world divine,
Shall he not still aspire?
And plume the notes to float and burn,
That lips in paradise might learn,
And angels e'en admire?



French and English Beauties.

TRIPPING quickly, tripping lightly,
With small foot that wakes no sound;
Glancing keenly, glancing brightly,
On each dear-loved object round.

Figure slender, jetty tresses
Fillets might be proud to bind;
Eye that sparkles and expresses
All the active, joyous mind.

At the shrine of pleasure kneeling,
Reckless of the future years,
For the moment deeply feeling,
But soon dashing off her tears.

Pleased with all things, talking, smiling,
Cheerful star mid sorrow's night,
From her bosom care exiling,
Mere existence a delight.

With no deep thoughts spirit-laden,
Yet most rich in fancy's fire;
Such is Gallia's light-souled maiden;
Praise her, love her, and admire.

Saxon beauty! on my dreaming,
Pensive, radiant vision, rise!
Moving proudly, yet still seeming
Mild of mien, with love-soft eyes.

There she leans—faint-blushing roses,
Softest hues from morning caught,
Tint her cheek, where calm reposes;
High that brow—sweet throne of thought.

Plainly classic, richly shining,
Back is drawn the dark-brown hair;
As the moon, with silver lining,
Makes at eve fair clouds more fair;

So the soul doth fling more brightness
On the form already bright;
Beauty, graceful in its lightness,
Winning, growing on the sight.

With the statue's fine ideal,
Carved by matchless Grecian skill,
She doth blend the warmer real,
Perfect as the statue still.

Sunny as the heavens above her,
Looking virtue, shine her eyes,
Coldest hearts might surely love her,
And that English beauty prize.

Truth, affection, and deep feeling,
Nestle, dove-like, in her breast;
Guardian angels! round her stealing,
Watch her, guide her, make her blest!

The Oriental Beauty.

DARK as starless, midnight hour,
Fall her glossy, ebon curls—
Loosely fall, a wave, a shower,
Reaching to her zone of pearls.

Warm as hues to Nature given,
When the sun in ocean dips—
Hues that burn on blushing heaven—
Glow her cheeks and smiling lips.

Black and large as the gazelle's,
Soft as April's melting skies,
Home where Orient passion dwells,
Beam her sleepy, oval eyes.

Supple as the streamlet's willow,
All too weak to front the storm,
Pressing the rich silken pillow,
Slothful leans her graceful form.

Nursed in luxury, taught to think
Little of the worth of mind,
Caring not to rise or sink,
To her narrow sphere resigned;

See her wreathing emblem-flowers,
  Sporting with her prison'd dove,
While her slave, to charm the hours,
  Sings sweet Hafiz' lays of love.

Oh, let Western maidens climb
  Hard Improvement's toilsome steep,
Soar on fancy's wing sublime,
  And thy harvest, Learning, reap;

But give Asians all they ask,
  Odours, jewels, gaudy dress—
Nought to them each mental task,
  Lapp'd in downy idleness.

Such is woman in those climes
  Where a warmer summer laughs,
And the spirit, through all times,
  Luxury's sweetest poison quaffs.

Such that beauty, like a dream
  Each voluptuous, aimless day,
Idling in the rich hareem,
  Careless smiling life away.

The French Officer's Daughter.

[After the battle of Woerth, one of the most sanguinary actions during the Franco-Prussian war, a French captain was found among the dead with a letter crumpled up in his hand ; it was from his daughter, a child it expressed deep affection, and great sorrow at his absence, and hoped that he would soon return and embrace her, and console her mother.—*Account of the Battle of Woerth.*]

HE held it in his hand;
He just had plucked it from his bleeding breast,
As dying on the crimson field he lay,
And the small missive to his lips he pressed,
Calling up thoughts of dear ones far away.

He held it in his hand;
And though the fight raged on—a tumult dire—
The rush of squadrons—volleys—shouts and cries,
The boom of cannon, whizzing balls, and fire,
Still on the lines he fixed his glazing eyes.

He held it in his hand;
His child's fond letter from her distant home;
It breathed of warm remembrance, purest love,
And grief that asked him back—up yon blue dome,
There only should they meet—in lands above.

He held it in his hand;
Blood flowed from mortal wounds—he felt them not;
Thought from that field of horror flew away;
He saw a tranquil picture—one dear spot,
And his unconscious child at blithesome play.

It trembled in his hand;
She too was there, his young, loved, faithful wife,
Who sent him forth to glory, hoping soon
To hail him back, victorious from the strife—
Alas! how all was changed in one brief moon!

It trembled in his hand;
He viewed no ghastly heaps of dead around,
But only those loved forms; the cannon's roar
Was lost in their dear voices' gentle sound,
And happy fancy clasped them both once more.

He crushed it in his hand;
The brave who faced stern death; who shook his sword
In danger's crimson front, and mocked at fears,
That vision all unnerved; the blood which poured
Down his scarr'd cheeks, was mingled now with tears.

His hand sank slowly down;
He felt his end approaching; France! loved France!
But what to him lost glory that sad hour?
He saw a small, sweet face, a sunny glance—
Farewell, poor innocent!—his pearl, his flower!

He grasped it feebly now ;
He sank upon his elbow, low, more low ;
Death came in faintness, and his white lips sighed—
" Heaven shield the fatherless, and soothe her woe !"
Once more he fondly kissed it—kissed, and died.

The Student of Heidelberg:

OR, THE STAR-WORSHIPPER.

THE Student in his room passed long, long hours
Bent o'er the learnèd page ;
Nature's grand marvels, and mind's subtile powers,
Would all his dreams engage.
One passion swayed his being ; Pleasure's bowers,
And life's gay, busy stage—
How dim they seemed to glorious things that lie,
Enthralling spirit, in wide earth and sky !

Young zealot ! in life's flush and opening bloom,
To spurn each soft delight,
To study, think, and labour, through the gloom
Of many a weary night,
Feeling it still his mission—ay, his doom,
To press up learning's height—
It might be madness, yet 'twas madness given
By the great lord of souls, and came from heaven.

This fervour seized his thirsting, restless mind,
Its one grand aim—to know!
Oh, the strong wish the golden key to find,
Unlocking truths below!
To trace the wonders in deep darkness shrined,
And see light's rivers flow!
All that is known seemed worthless, to the things
Which sable mystery covers with her wings.

The world's beginning—if from mists outspread,
Rotating fiery-bright,
Condensing to a globe; or if God said—
"Be!" and Earth sprang from Night,
With thundering oceans, laughing sunbeams shed
On vale and broomy height;
With tree and flower, winds subtile odours bringing,
And, grateful for existence, birds all singing.

Man, next the angels, what a being he,
Placed amid marvels here!
How rose he first to life, by Heaven's decree
The monarch of our sphere
Do modern thinkers err, who darkly see
Man the base worm's compeer,
Springing from meanest forms, and, stage by stage,
Mounting improvement's ladder to our age?

Or is that high and holy story true?
Man, at God's bidding, came
Finished from dust, as bursts from Evening's blue
The star of golden flame;
And woman shone, pure as Morn's crystal dew,
Beauty or love her name—
A bright perfection mid melodious hours,
Till crime and woe trailed night o'er Eden's bowers.

These questions harassed mind, and broke his rest,
Maelstroms of whirling thought;
Others arose, and still his burdened breast
Vainly an answer sought—
Why unto world so beautiful, so blest,
Should plague, fire, storm, be brought?
Why, from the fount of good, should evil flow?
Why was sin ever born, or death, or woe?

And must the wail from man surge forth for ever,
A cry winds heavenward bear?
Idle his hopes, and weak each proud endeavour,
Fruitless his tear and prayer:
Or comes a time when pain shall end, and never
Hearts know again despair?
When truth shall triumph, fadeless joy shall bloom,
And life inter grim death—the world's last tomb!

These questions harassed mind, and broke his rest,
Haunting him day and night;
Such rarely trouble youth's gay, buoyant breast,
But pass unrecked and light;
Yet his they all absorbed, and e'en distressed,
While yielding strange delight.
He lived for learning, and his soul, o'erwrought,
Warmed to a thing of fire, all dreams, all thought.

But now a placid study came, to throw
On his soul's fever, balm;
A study meet for angels, grand below
As a most holy psalm;
It raised him high o'er passing scenes of woe,
And brought him blessèd calm;
A study pointing man, from earth's dim sod,
Up heaven's bright star-slope, to the throne of God.

Far-flaming beacons on the eternal hills!
Life-teeming, mighty spheres!
That burn unchanged in spite of earth's dire ills,
And human joys and fears;
The scene with sober thought e'en folly fills,
Yet hope her brow uprears;
No child of clay can view those world-hung skies,
Without ennobling dreams, and longing sighs.

Night covered Heidelberg with ebon plume,
Dark as she folds a grave;
Flowed on in dreamy peace, but not in gloom,
Neckar's famed, ancient wave:
Stars lit its depths, and oft a rich perfume
Some bordering garden gave,
And down the stream the boat dim, noiseless stole,
Like some old student's silent, haunting soul.

The mountains frowned afar; in shadow lay
Learning's immortal seat;
Some genius seemed to watch those towers of gray,
And mystic words repeat,
The ages, with their dreams long past away,
Tombed at the fabric's feet;
But grand old Heidelberg still woos and calls—
"Souls! come and learn, muse, soar, within my walls!"

The student's small, bare couch was all unpressed,
Musing more prized than sleep:
The stars for his companions, he was blest;
Here watch he loved to keep;
Here were the books that starry charms possessed,
Rich harvests mind might reap;
And here the tube thro' which his raptured eyes
Gazed, with his soul, along the burning skies.

To him those heavens spake language, strange and new;
Fancy, from pole to pole,
Heard in God's vast cathedral's holy blue,
Nature's grand anthem roll:
Or the bright vault to something living grew,
Worshipped and loved by soul;
A glorious seraph each star-wanderer shone,
Winging around the footstool of God's throne.

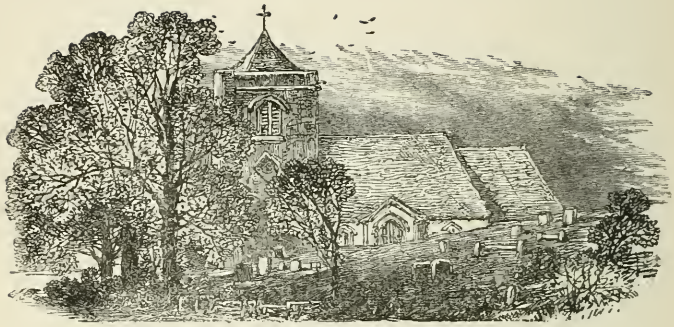
Now as he sat and mused, an anxious sadness
Made pale his wasted face;
His passion for the stars had grown half madness;
Thought would all heaven embrace;
And yet his mind was sane, and bursts of gladness
Oft in his heart found place:
He only longed to solve, and read more nigh,
The starry histories of the wondrous sky.

"Are yonder sparks," he cried, "grand suns like ours,
Each with its planet-train,
Worlds valley'd, mountain'd, ocean'd; worlds, bright showers,
Nature's thick silvery rain?
Do mortals there dream, love, in fading bowers,
And sigh for truths in vain?
Or do they walk in light, draw painless breath,
All knowledge theirs, no fall, no crime, no death?

"Will the vast works of God, so perfect made,
Shine on for ever there?
Or must they, like doomed man, decay and fade,
And pass, as ne'er they were?
Yon gorgeous vault, with sparkling fires o'erlaid,
Blank darkness and despair:
Creator! Father! wilt thou thus destroy
All thou dost love, out-stamping life and joy?"

He raised his form—"Such wreck, such ruin? no!
God Nature's bark doth guide:"
His eyes flashed soul, his features seemed to glow,
As with an angel's pride.
"Ye worlds of glory! mortals must not know
The secrets that ye hide!
But never shall go out those fires above,
That God hath lit, and angels watch in love."

And thus he gazed, and gazed, until his eyes
Grew spiritually bright;
His soul but asked for wings to reach the skies,
Oh, rapture in such flight!
But soon he drooped his head, his fruitless sighs
Low murmuring through the night;
Alas! poor student! ardour, such as thine,
Chased all thy peace, and yet 'twas half divine.



The Old Country Sexton.

THE funeral bell is tolling, tolling,
Down the vale deep echoes rolling;
The stout old digger of so many graves,
Asks now himself a bed beneath the tree;
His soul hasslipped its cable on life's waves,
And gone a-drifting to eternity:
The churchyard was his kingdom; grudge him not,
Within its hushed, dark bounds, one narrow spot.

He tolled the bell for many years,
The mournful strokes woke others' tears,
But his own tears ne'er weakly fell;
So he had strength to pull the bell,
And ply the spade, he nothing cared
How went the world, or mortals fared;
Towns might be burned,
Or thrones o'erturned,
That stoic man, so calm and brave,
Sang as he toiled within the grave.

The funeral bell is tolling, tolling,
Down the vale deep echoes rolling;
The churchyard was death's open Inn;
Tired on life's road of cark and sin,
Travellers would come; the old man still was there,
A practised servant with a pleasant air,
To welcome them, and lead them to their room—
Their last small cell of quiet gloom;
To welcome them, and make their bed,
Where the broad silent yew-tree spread,
And screen them in still places from the cold,
And for a coverlet, with ample fold,
He'd gently smooth the turf above them,
As if his yearning heart did love them,
Leaving them there—no fruitless grief, or words—
To early daisies, and the songs of birds.

The bell for him is tolling now,
Labour no more will bead his brow;
Loud from the tower the hoarse notes swell,
A solemn sermon in that knell;
The mournful sounds pierce woods and caves,
And o'er far hills sweep on like waves.
Alas! yon ancient, populous town,
Where he would wander up and down;
For all the streets he knew between the dead;
In mouldering groups their sombre houses spread,
Below, below,
Where suns can never glow,
But peace, not known above them, grants its rest;
And all that pains the human breast—
Wrongs, disappointments dire,
Passion's consuming fire,
Shall ne'er again their weary hearts molest.

His busy feet will tread no more
This silent town he proudly ruled of yore ;
He was its Mayor, and law and order gave,
The village urchins must not harm the grave ;
The trees, too widely, must not toss theirspray,
And thorns of vice must all be swept away,
But quiet virtue-flowers might bloom,
Breathing sweet scents, and smiling by each tomb.

And nowye hear the funeral strains ;
The comrades of old times,
Bare-headed, follow his remains,
Singing those mournful rhymes.
The old bluff Sexton hath no more to do,
His oft-plied mattock resteth too :
He who had buried others,
Wives, husbands, sisters, brothers,
In Summer's sunshine and in Winter's snow,
Will now himself lie down, his labours o'er,
Where death's meek watchers, pensile flowers, will blow,
And thrushes requiems pour.

Then bear the patriarch gently to his rest,
Nor let pride spurn, but welcome the new guest.
He did his duty honestly and well,
Ringing for long, long years, the Sabbath-bell :
Ah ! who again like him,
That Sexton strong of limb,
Will dig such ample rooms in Mother earth,
For lodging those that wait life's second birth
Who teach, with prouder hand and tenderer care,
Spring's early blooms to warm the cold ground there ?

Peasants will miss him at the dawn of day,
Slow trudging church-ward, whistling on his way,
And housewives, when old tales the winter cheer,
Will speak his name, and drop kind memory's tear.

The Squire's Daughter.

'TWAS far from town—a tranquil, beauteous scene,
Long valleys, reed-roofed cottages, and brooks,
Hills white with sheep, flowers, rustling woods of green—
These Nature's eloquent books:
Here, like a lily shining by the water,
Lovely as modest, lived the Squire's young Daughter.

Though no gay city-lady versed in art,
Her air was playful, and her smile could win;
Feelings, like fountains, bubbled from her heart—
Pure waves that showed how chaste the thoughts within;
Her buoyant breast felt rarely grief or fears,
Laughter far oft'ner in her eyes than tears.

When stooping in the morning midst her flowers,
A fresher flower she seemed, all bloom, all light;
When birds piped Day farewell from crimson'd bowers,
Her rosy lips as sweetly sang—good-night!
And when she looked on Evening's glittering skies,
Grew brighter than the stars her wondering eyes.

To her, unschooled in thought, unused to sorrow,
Nature seemed one great rapture; all things smiled;
The winds chimed music, and the scene could borrow,
From her own soul, an aspect fair or wild;
Full of sweet dreams of brooks, and skies, and flowers,
She nothing knew of love's sad, passionate hours.

Yet soft affection, in her yearning breast,
Tow'rd all things living, kindly, warmly glowed;
The silk-wing'd dove within her arms would rest,
And at the tale of woe her eyes o'erflowed;
Laughter turned whispers by the sick and weak;
She smoothed the head of age, or kissed his cheek.

Down in the hamlet where lean penury sighs,
What shineth daily at the poor man's door?
A spirit good, as come from paradise,
And children round her group and blessings pour:
She fills their little homes with joy and cheer;
Ah! what to them so beautiful, so dear?

The Squire's old faded pew, where long-gone races,
Now lapp'd in earth, once whispered humble prayer,
Doth hold, each Sabbath, a sweet form that chases
The mournful memories darkly gathered there;
Her face illumes the spot, and shadows flee,
The jewel on her breast less bright than she.

Hark to the rustic choir! each rude note tells
Of warm devotion—music loud and strong;
But through its harshness, one rich strain upswells,
Higher and sweeter, like a seraph's song;
'Tis the Squire's Daughter singing, and all ears
Are captive held, while rough eyes fill with tears.

And thus she lives in this calm, rural scene,
Not lost in yonder city's brilliant maze;
'Mong simple spirits here she shines a queen,
Her loveliness still dazzling each charmed gaze;
And thus she reigns, her empire hearts alone,
Beauty, and worth, and truth, her gentle throne.

Nelson's Last Fight.

UPSPRINGS the welcome sun,
Long lines of brilliance run
Across the level ocean;
The great sea-Captain's eyes
Flash bright as radiant skies,
The crews are all in motion:
From the proud chief to him,
The gunner rough and grim,
Each heart is warm devotion.

Sweeps on that fleet so bold,
A glory to behold,
A terror and a wonder!
There ploughs the *Temeraire*,
Dreadnought, to "do and dare,"
Neptune broad topsails under;
And walks upon the sea
The great black *Victory*,
Bearing brave Nelson's thunder.

Why flash that Captain's eyes
Bright as the sunny skies?
He sees "them" in the Bay!
The French, the Spanish lines,
As Morning on them shines—
A gorgeous, grand display!
All eager on the deep,
The lion longs to sweep,
And bound upon his prey.

Aloft the signal flies,
Cheers from each war-ship rise—
Huge gods that rule the sea;
England's proud colours stream,
Like glories in the beam,
Prouder that day to be:
Down on the foe they sweep;
Ships! your close columns keep!
Lead on, brave *Victory*.*

"Duty!" that word which best
Stirs, fires the patriot's breast,
Floats high at Nelson's mast:
The boastful foe they near;
A Briton knows no fear—
They cleave the waves more fast:
Prepare! each seaman strips,
But silence seals their lips—
This fight—to some their last.

* The combined French and Spanish Fleet, when first discovered by Nelson, at daybreak on the 21st October, 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, extended its front some ten miles distant. Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, led the port line, the *Temeraire* following, the former thus bearing the brunt of the fight. The *Royal Sovereign* led the starboard line.

Each ship with shotted guns,
As eager on she runs,
A mighty monster seems;
The cannon's iron jaws
Will rend the foe, nor pause,
Till victory's bright sun beams:
Each guiding helm is steady,
The cutlasses are ready,
Of death no hero dreams.

With front drawn out for fight,
The French stretch left and right;
Hark to their guns now sounding!
They cannot check their ire,
But Britons hold their fire,
Though each mad heart is bounding;
On! Nelson ploughs his way,
Right through their vast array,
The foemen all astounding.

On! Nelson, on! he speaks,
And forth a tempest breaks—
Old *Victory's* deadly prattle;
Burst from her sides the shot,
Heavy, unceasing, hot,
With smoke, flame, deafening rattle:
She sounds destruction's knell,
She seems a thing of hell,
In that wild, maddening battle.

The chief of Gaul's proud ship,*
Doth stand with quivering lip—

* The *Bucentaure*, the French Admiral's flag-ship, into whose cabin windows the *Victory*, while passing close under her stern, poured all her port guns in succession. This one terrible broadside at once disabled her.

Woe! woe! that iron shower!
Shattering his cabin-room,
It makes his ship a tomb;
Well may the Frenchman cower:
Nelson's great heart is calm,
The thunderings but a psalm,
In conflict's dreadful hour.

See other ships—war-stars,
Great *Neptune, Ajax, Mars,*
Their guns, fire-fountains, flashing;
They reach the waiting foe,
Thick, fast, their balls they throw,
And masts are toppling, crashing;
Yet bravely Frenchmen fight
Their stout-ribbed ships of might,
Their hearts to fury lashing.

Oh, the dread scene of battle!
The blaze, the ceaseless rattle,
The sharp-edged cutlass bare,
The whizzing shot, the blood
Flowing, a scarlet flood,
Loud shouts that rend the air,
The smoke enwrapping all,
A ghastly, funeral pall—
Fiends sure might revel there.

Fish, in the waters near,
Plunge, in affright and fear,
Down to the gulfs below;
The sea-bird darts on high,
Her refuge the far sky;
More loud those thunders grow;

Startling the distant shore,
Rolls on that fearful roar
Of glory, death, and woe.

The *Victory's* wounded, see!
Oh, sons of bravery,
Below the red decks lying;
And one—war's brightest light,
The heart of all that fight,
Is slowly sinking, dying:
Though tortured be the frame,
Spirit is still all flame,
Mind's flag aloft is flying.

'Gainst the ship's side he leans,
The passing, fearful scenes,
He knows, though half in death;
He hears the bursting thunder,
Above, around, and under,
Eager, with panting breath;
Slow comes fate's chilly night,
But soul still guides the fight,
Burning for victory's wreath.

"Duty!" was on his tongue,
As pangs his body wrung;
But weaker now he grew;
Again fierce raged the fight;
On whom would victory light?
The ship quaked through and through,
As her great guns, each side,
Belched terror far and wide,
And red-hot iron threw.

Gaul's flags came down—'twas o'er!
And shouts, a lengthened roar,
Went deafening up the sky;
The truth then Nelson caught,
The truth that rapture brought;
Last lightnings filled his eye.
Thus triumphed England's power,
And thus in victory's hour,
Did England's hero die.

The Victim of Solitary Confinement.

YE who gaze on God's blue sky,
Walk the meadows, scent the flowers,
Cannot grasp the agony,
E'en in thought, of my past hours—
Lonely, lonely, all alone,
With no human voice, no sound,
Pent within damp walls of stone,
All my world that narrow bound—
Oh, the horror who can tell,
Of the solitary cell?

Night might fall, or day might waken,
Day and night the same to me;
Were my cell by earthquake shaken,
That at least some change would be:

But my lot was changeless ever,
Nought to mark slow time I knew—
One Dead Sea where breezes never
O'er the poisoned waters blew:
Oh, the sadness who may tell,
Of the lonely, silent cell?

How I've longed to see the features
Of home's darlings, none may know;
E'en one word from human creatures
Would have soothed my pining woe;
But no face—no voice—no greeting—
Silent, lonely, still alone;
Souls were made for social meeting,
Hearts, though erring, are not stone;
Oh, the misery who may tell,
Of the dismal, silent cell?

Pacing, pacing, to and fro,
Now across and back again;
Gazing upward, then below,
Like a tiger in his den;
With no book to please or cheer me,
Feeding on my own sad heart,
Sometimes fancying people near me,
Weeping as their shades depart:
Oh, the horror who may tell,
Of the dark-walled, silent cell?

When, out-worn, deep sleep has bound me,
Free again I've roved in dreams,
Hills, and vales, and flowers around me,
Basking in the sun's glad beams;

Friends, wife, children! tarry longer!
But the happy dream would flee,
And I woke, my anguish stronger,
No one there, save grief and me:
Oh, the torment who may tell,
Of that lifeless, silent cell?

Let me labour, crushed and weary;
Give me stripes—I'll calmly bear;
But the long hours, dark and dreary,
And the stillness—torture there!
Memory's burden, brooding sadness—
Living inly, and yet dead—
Thoughts that pierce and turn to madness,
Days of languor, nights of dread:
Oh, the horror who may tell,
Of the lonely, silent cell?

The Early Plighted Lovers.

FIRST love is beautiful as Eve's first star
Of pure and growing gold,
When Western chambers, amber-hung afar,
Only that planet hold;
Planet that glows and trembles, while Night's car
Up the world's slope is rolled;
Soft orb that speaks in passion-tones above—
Mortal! behold a type of sweet, first love!

O early love, strengthening with hurrying years!
Love ne'er to tire or die!
Unchilled by trial's frost, while sorrow's tears
Deepen thy faithful sigh;
Oasis in time's waste! thy green appears
Dropped earthward from the sky;
O early love, that mak'st young life—one "now"
Of beamy joy, how beautiful art thou!

He who hath never known love's gentle spell,
His nature hard and cold,
No finer feelings in his heart can dwell,
Blind self that heart must fold;
For him no music of the soul can swell,
Romance ne'er spreads its gold;
He sees in beauty no sweet proof to show
God formed that image—dream of grace below.

They loved from childhood; like two buds that bloom,
Adorning the same spray,
Giving and taking beauty and perfume;
Like young twin-streams that stray,
Close side by side; like stars that from the gloom
Shine out with wedded ray,
And ne'er part company across the sky—
So smiled the two, as days went lightly by.

Time that will sap the edifice, and bring
Downfall to common love,
But strengthened theirs; Time, with the withering wing,
Passed harmless as a dove.
Then Nature's charms—the bursting blooms of Spring,
Bright tints below, above,
Mountains and vales, whose glories never tire,
Fed, like rich incense, passion's rising fire.

They roved and loved as children; mellowing days
To fruit transformed the flower;
Their love intenser grew, as Morn's mild rays
Burn with the advancing hour:
Not yet fame's trump, or hope of glory's bays
Lured him from love's sweet bower;
Each, rapt in visions, lived for each apart,
Their study Nature, and their world—the heart.

This was a life of primal joy and peace,
Such as hearts passed of old
In bowery Arcady, when favoured Greece
Boasted her age of gold:
Still with each day did pleasure's store increase;
The world's far billows rolled;
They heard them not; life's storms let others stem,
Flowers, lore, bright skies, and love, enough for them.

The Dying Flower Girl.

O BRING me flowers! I long once more
To view their dear-loved, sunny bloom,
Kiss their bright leaves ere life be o'er,
And die upon their rich perfume;
Man shapes his gems, God made the flowers,
Wafted to earth from heaven's own bowers.

O give me flowers! my childhood's day
Passed mid their sweets, but ne'er again
My hand shall pluck them, decking gay
The lane, the wood, or mossy glen,
No more shall bear the fragrant spoil,
Death ending now my happy toil.

O give me flowers! their beauteous dyes
Of innocence and virtue speak;
Methinks the angels in yon skies,
Like taintless flowers, are pure and meek;
Bright things, they sure might bloom above,
Symbols of peace and holy love.

O give me flowers! as I depart
My lips would drink their honeyed breath,
Their odours, while they glad my heart,
Will chase the faintness e'en of death:
Place them before my closing eye,
I'll bless them, think of God, and die.

I hold them now, sweet, precious things,
Dear lowly glories of the field;
As musing memory backward wings,
These flowers a farewell rapture yield;
They speak to me of blissful years,
Unmark'd by pain, undimmed by tears.

The love I've read of, burning strong
In woman's breast, through youth's warm hours;
The love that bards have given to song,
I've lavished on these idol-flowers;
The passion, like a deepening stream,
Strengthens with life's fast-closing dream.

And when this heart shall cease to beat,
Let flowers beside me breathe perfume;
O let me take them, fresh and sweet,
Types of life's morning, to the tomb;
And on the turf, in after hours,
Spring up! spring up! dear worshipp'd flowers.

The Blind Girl.

THEY tell her of an azure, arching sky,
And a great sun which floods that heaven with light;
Their words are meaningless; she lifts her eye,
But all is empty night;
And so she droops the lids with bitter sigh,
Praying to God for sight.

They tell her of the forest-rustling hills,
And the green vales where wander sedgy streams,
And the vast sea which man with wonder fills;
Such pictures are but dreams:
No beauty-image her veiled spirit thrills,
Black, black, Creation seems.

They tell her of the countless flowers that bloom,
And preach of God, in meadow and on plain;
She feels their petals, drinks their choice perfume,
But oh! their hues are vain!
To her the laughing garden is a tomb,
Flower-glories yield a pain.

Dear heaven, while lifting up that brow so bright,
How oft the fair young girl hath heaved a sigh,
That mercy one brief hour would grant her sight,
To feast on earth and sky,
To know the meaning of that wonder—light;
Then happy would she die.

Turning her forehead to the warming sun,
Her flow'rets to her pallid lips she pressed,
Then bent her head and sighed, liked one undone,
Hopeless, uncheered, unblest;
Bent her head low and sighed, while tears begun
To drop upon her breast.

But now a blackbird sang; his flutings came
From neighbouring thickets; quickly you might trace
A change in those pale features; pleasure's flame
Lit up her eager face,
And, as she blest the tuneful songster's name,
Tears to glad smiles gave place.

Yes, Nature's simplest music breathed a spell,
Charming, when nothing else could charm her woe;
On those sweet notes heart, fancy, seemed to dwell—
Notes poured with golden flow;
Let not e'en blindness say to joy farewell,
While music thrills below.

The Sister of Mercy.

A HOSPITAL SCENE DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

SOFTLY, softly treading;
As if a common footstep ill would suit
A place of so much suffering; mid the moans
Of racking pain that cannot all be mute,
She speaks in low, sweet tones.

Gently, gently gliding,
From couch to couch, and plying woman's skill;
Braving the sight of wounds, a woman's eye
And tender heart might shrink from; yielding still
Comfort to agony.

Kindly, kindly holding
The hand once strong in battle, now so frail,
It cannot move to intimate a want;
Wiping the clammy brow, and lips so pale—
Nothing her heart can daunt.

Mildly, mildly calming
The young man grieving at his early fate,
  His dreams of glory phantasms of the brain;
Blessing his mother, father, loved too late,
  And one now loved in vain.

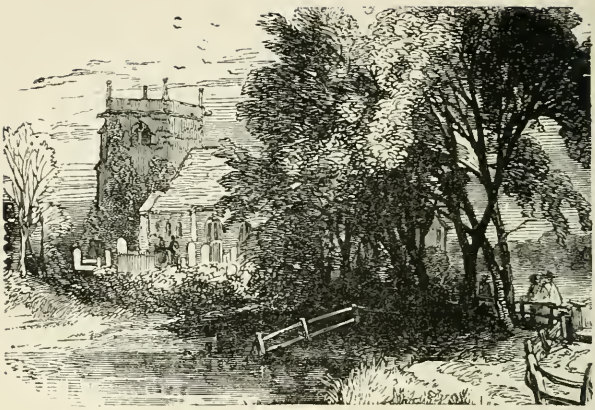
Sweetly, sweetly smiling
On the sad brave who would some token give
  To dear-loved wife and child on Rhone's green shore;
She cheers him with the hope he yet may live,
  And clasp his babes once more.

Gently, gently soothing
The dying one's last anguish, speaking balm
  To tost and weary souls, and in God's page
Reading of that blest place of endless calm,
  Where wars no more shall rage.

Thus loving, loving spirit!
To these sad tasks thou dost soft nature bend,
  Leaving perchance home, friends, and all things dear,
To walk the house of agony, and tend
  War's hapless victims here.

Yes, noble, generous soul!
If ever angel moved in human guise,
  With kindly-beaming, yet undaunted brow,
Shedding around her light from paradise,
  'Tis thou, brave heart, 'tis thou!

O woman, passing heroes!
Compassionate sister, bearing Mercy's name,
  Urging thy gracious labours, God pour down
All blessings on thee! not poor mortal fame,
  Be thine Heaven's fadeless crown!



The Young Irish Priest.

THE white-walled chapel stood by Shannon's stream—
Waves fondling flags and rushes;
The small gilt cross flashed out, when Morning's beam
Spread the hill's side with blushes;
And still the tide all day—a happy dream—
Slid by with silvery gushes:
The peasant paddling down, in grief or glee,
Crossed his rough breast, that holy shrine to see.

'Twas sweet to hear the early Matin song
Blend with the river's flow,
Birds outside warbling, for the birds belong
To God's one choir below:
'Twas sad to list the bell when, deep and strong,
It wailed—a voice of woe,
Calling one more to death's dark home—the grave,
While still swept on, the never-resting wave.

'Twas joyous, gladdening hearts and pleasing ears,
When, bride and bridegroom gay
Forth issuing from the porch, there rose loud cheers,
To hail a marriage-day;
What unto them hard trials, future tears?
Hope decked with flowers life's way;
They danced on Shannon's banks, as waves danced by,
A star of flashing mirth each jovial eye.

Devout and learn'd, the good Priest loved his shrine;
Young he, that chapel old;
His face was like a statue's, chisell'd fine,
Gentle his air yet bold:
His eye gave entrance to the soul's deep mine,
Where wisdom stored its gold:
His eloquence awed listeners, while it drew
And softened hearts, like heaven's sweet-dropping dew.

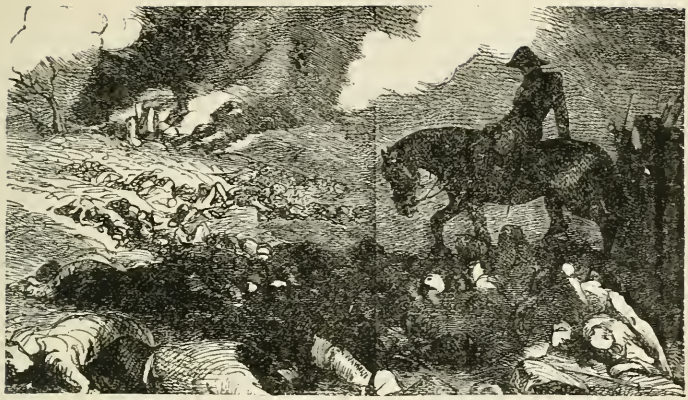
The Pastor kindly led his lowly flock,
Soothed their small griefs and fears;
When heavy sorrows fell, he eased the shock,
And wiped the widow's tears:
He saw domestic bliss, and what a rock
Love, mid life's tempest, rears;
He only, as Rome's Priest, come weal or woe,
Must Hymen's tender joys renounce below.

Ah! never on his dull, schooled heart, must creep
Love's soft, delicious pain;
In iron fetters feeling he would keep,
And each fond wish restrain;
All love a sin, its generous warmth must sleep;
Beauty would shine in vain;
Or if she shone, he must, by strong endeavour,
Mail his firm heart, cold, blind to her for ever.

And thus he trod life's stony, flowerless way,
Religion his sole guide;
The will mind's lordly dictates would obey,
Learning his only pride;
No eye to brighten, and no pulse to play,
He'd make the church his bride,
His frigid bosom hard as unwarmed glass,
While, calm as Dead-Sea waves, the years would pass.

Yes, he had sworn to fly love's baneful spells,
And brave its tyrant power!
Black crime for him—for others virtue dwells
In Hymen's bloomy bower.
Birds, savage beasts, will mate—God's law impels,
And joys on them will shower;
The Priest alone must drag his curbing chain,
And what Heaven grants low creatures, ask in vain.

O Rome! O Rome! what misery hast thou brought
To many a young, fond breast,
That battles against Nature! heav'n ne'er taught
The law thou deem'st the best:
"Thy Priests must wed not, love not!" error fraught
With all that's dark, unblest!
Hearts mourn that edict thro' all Christian climes,
On that stern edict wait a thousand crimes.



The Military Hero.

WHAT is it, War! that lights thy haggard brow
With captivating glory? Through all years
Why has youth panted at thy feet to bow,
And felt a joy in danger, mocking fears?
Loud swells thy stirring trump; his eager eye
Burns with new flame to see thy banner fly;
And to be called a hero, he will brave
The chance of suffering, peril, and the grave.

Say, what are laurels? sighed-for, dazzling prize,
Worthless, yet precious; man would fain appear
Daring and valiant in his fellows' eyes,
Laurels to base, as noble spirits, dear:
They crowned Miltiades with solemn glory,
They sat on Timur's brow all dark and gory,
They wove for Cæsar everlasting fame,
But many a forehead have they seared with flame.

What now remains of ancient fields of strife,
Great, famous in their day, where heroes fought,
And man won honour as he took man's life?
Ask the weird, passing winds—they answer nought;
Ask the wild flowers that deck the shrunken graves,
Ask Cannæ's plain and red Granicus' waves;
Nature forgets them, fear hath ceased to bow—
Their agony and glory nothing now.

Thou mighty shaker of the moral world!
Dark cause of half the woes of suffering man!
Let thy proud standard joyous be unfurled,
Let crimson-handed slaughter lead the van;
Burn and destroy! rise, plume-crowned terror! rise!
Alluring honour flashing in thine eyes;
Thou eldest born of passion! mount thy car
By furies drawn, O hydra-headed War!

Ambition still will follow thee, and pride
Behold but glory in thy ghastly mien;
Pomp and excitement still thy horrors hide,
And throw a magic o'er each bloody scene:
What are bereavements, widows', orphans' sighs?
For victory won, men's thanks to heaven arise;
To heal a feud, when words might healers be,
The sword sweeps thousands to eternity.

The Birthday of Shakspeare.

AN ODE.

[Written on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebration of the Poet's Birth].

APRIL, with sun and shower,
Chequered the meadows, and the lanes were gay
With purple bells, and many a honeyed flower,
While mated birds piped joyous roundelay:
Nature had dashed off Winter's chilly tear,
And put on laughter for a look severe;
She decked her brow with wreaths of freshest bloom,
And, from her locks, dew-sprinkled, shook perfume.
'Twas at this season, though no dreaming sage
Foretold his coming in Heaven's starry page,
When warmer suns kissed earth, and winds reposed,
That Genius smiled, and SHAKSPEARE's eyes unclosed.*

The infant in its cradle lay,
With lily brow and peachy cheek,
Like other infants, frail as they,
And if we should resemblance seek,

* Born the 23rd of April, 1564.

'Twas like a half-blown rose, the bee
Loves more for its sweet privacy;
Thin, silky locks, of curly grace,
The cheeks all dimples and all laughter,
Tear-drops one moment on that face—
A cloud, and instant sunshine after;
You saw but Nature's happy child,
A thing of beauty, helpless, mild,
Evincing slowly human feeling,
And opening sense, and thought, revealing;
And, as its infant weakness past,
More soul seemed, sun-like, on it cast,
And days evolved its little powers,
As Spring calls forth earth's hidden flowers.

O favoured Mother of the embryo great!
The Titan to o'ertop Mind's lesser throng,
On whom, one day, pride, rank, like slaves, would wait,
The drama's lord, the lofty king of song!
Little she dreamt, while straining to her breast
The helpless babe, or singing it to rest,
The tiny object of her anxious care,
So sweetly frail, and innocently fair,
Would from oblivion snatch her lowly name,
And on his father's cast an envied fame,
Weave 'round his own a halo, brighter far
Than circles lordly heads, or chiefs of war,
Live in the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Bringing to Drama's night refulgent morn,
And charm wherever mind its standard rears,
His country's glory for all coming years.

Obscuring mists wrap Shakspeare's early hours,
But many a Spring fringed Avon's banks with flowers,

And still he roamed where those calm waters glide,
Hiving men's lore, yet Nature for his guide;
He wandered cowslipp'd meads and woods of green,
Drinking, through soul, rich nectar from the scene,
Gazed on the skies, and nursed bright golden dreams,
That turned to deathless song in after day,
And saw the Elfin tribes of vales and streams,
Now glowing in his gorgeous fairy lay.*
Here, too, he felt love's witchery and might,
And thought Anne Hathaway's enthralling eyes
More beauteous than the violet's dainty dyes,
Her brow than Avon's lily all more white.†

But not entranced at joyous Nature's feet,
Nor at love's myrtle-shaded shrine,
Nor in domestic pleasure's quiet seat,
Was Shakspeare doomed to sit supine.
He left calm Avon for the city's strife,
To join a battle there—the fight of life,
Feeling a strength of soul that mocked at fear,
Like some great hero of old time,
Assurance of a coming high career—
Strength drawn from source sublime;
An inward power to scale fame's mountains hoary,
And crown his name with world-enduring glory.

He toiled mid crowds, caught life's most varied hues;
No flower unto the bee did sweets refuse;
Through mazy tracts of soul 'twas his to wind,
His own, his own, the mighty world of Mind!

* *The Midsummer Night's Dream.*

† Shakspeare married Anne Hathaway at the close of 1582, being then in his nineteenth year.

There every land he roamed, untrod before—
Each passion-wilderness, thought's shadowy dell,
Each nook of character, each ruin hoar
Where ghosts of kings and heroes darkly dwell;
And beauty was to him the boundless deep,
O'er whose bright paths his genius loved to sweep:
All passions, feelings, unto mortals known,
He grasped, portrayed, expounding life's great dream
Yes, the wide world of Mind was Shakspeare's own,
And there he reigned supreme.

A long procession dazzles fancy's eye,
Born of the poet's teeming brain!
Hamlet, the sad, deep thinker, wanders by,
Mourning a father slain.
Othello, jealous madness in his breast,
Comes like a blast of terror, while he hears
Sweet Desdemona praying midst her tears,
Ere his wrath sends her to eternal rest.
See hunchback Richard, full of guile,
Wooing "the lady" with his crafty smile,
And black-soul'd Shylock, and his lovely daughter,
A star soft-mirrored in night's Stygian water:
Macbeth, pale, conscience-stricken, mute and still,
As rushes by that tempter fair,
Hers the ambition, daring, and stern will—
Rushes with blood-stained hand, and streaming hair.
Hark to Ophelia's sigh of fruitless love!
And Juliet, tender as a new-fledged dove,
Wailing o'er perished Romeo, ere she dies,
Burning to reach, and love him in the skies.

Thus Shakspeare, painting as with living beams,
Gave strong reality to gorgeous dreams,

Merged his own self in beings fancy drew,
Till nought seems fancy, but each picture true.
His humour, wit, like sunrise, render bright
The saddest life-clouds, with their mellow light;
While sage reflection casts a guiding ray,
Moon of the soul, on Error's midnight way.

Thou Greece, where Sophocles could melt to tears!
Thou Rome, where Plautus filled the heart with mirth;
Match me with England's bard!—O procreant years!
Many flash forth, the glorious sons of earth;
Mark brilliant Calderon, and sweet Racine,
Lofty Corneille, who glows all tragic fire,
And Kotzebue with a pathos deep and keen,
And earnest Schiller with his passionate lyre—
Gaze on these lights, true stars in letters' sky,
Then view the rising of the elder sphere!
The mighty sun of genius bursts on high!
How pale, how dim, the younger orbs appear!
He blazes on the world,
His glory-flag unfurled;
And with one flood of wondrous light,
He charms, o'erpowers mind's dazzled sight.

Now Earth, in green array,
Untired, exultant, 'round the sun,
Has thrice a hundred years her journey run,
Since Shakspeare saw the day.—
A Nation rises, holding genius dear,
To honour him whose great career,
And whose time-hallowed, brilliant name,
Shed lustre that can never die,

And add a fame to Britain's fame,
And through the ages, like a flame,
  Gleam out on every eye.
A million glowing hearts this day
  Will hail the mighty Poet's birth,
And, soul's rich incense, tribute pay
  To genius charming earth.
Hark! festive joy-bells merrily ring,
And gaiety spreads wide her wing;
In Thespis' courts applauses sound—
His own peculiar, magic ground;
In the great city throngs have met,
  In halls of learning, busy mart;
Never was bard so worshipp'd yet,
  Extoll'd by mind, and loved by heart.

But see where storied Avon laves
  Its aldered banks by Stratford town,
The pilgrim-thousands pour their waves;
  There Shakspeare claims his laurel-crown—
A wreath more bright than bays which shone
  On Petrarch's or on Tasso's head;
Yet spirit must they crown alone,
  And sound their pæans o'er the dead.
Rank, talent, worth, unite to pay
Honour to him long past away;
The wood, the stream, the old mossed tower,
That change not with the passing hour,
Recall the great one; all is full
  Of Shakspeare, and gone glorious years;
His image makes more beautiful
  The scenes where beauty's self appears.

Along the meads fair forms are straying,
Rich dresses float, and bright eyes gleam ;
And children mid the flowers are playing,
Like fairies in the Poet's dream ;
Proud flags wave high o'er branchy trees,
Glad voices sound on every breeze;
While music softening influence brings,
Opening all memory's gushing springs,
And sweetly down the valley swells
The silvery peal of ancient bells.

But not alone shall Britain hail the day
Of Shakspeare's birth—far shines his glory's ray;
Where'er our Saxon race, like light, hath spread
Knowledge and mental culture through the world;
Where many a Western city lifts its head,
And white Niagara is downward hurled;
Where o'er the Cape vine-ripening Summer smiles,
And musky winds fan India's spicy Isles;
Where proud Bengal lies basking in the beam,
And Ganges pours his long, long, palmy stream ;
And where that sea-girt Continent extends,
Whose wealth the thews of power to England lends,
Where corn-fields rustle, shepherds pen the fold,
And ancient valleys burn with hoarded gold:
This day shall countless spirits boast the fame
Of laurel'd Shakspeare, and extol his name,
Millions confess the spell that genius throws
O'er life's dull paths, to charm our cares and woes.—
The vision closes; yet once more we give
Homage to him who, dead, will ever live—
Live in his own great heroes, seeming still
Weird fancy's halls with gorgeous forms to fill.

Raise him a monument that long shall last!
Yet time in dust the column's strength will cast;
There is a prouder monument which soul
  Builds with the granite of enduring thought;
Vainly around its base time's torrents roll;
  'Tis of an adamant eternal wrought:
His wondrous works this nobler pile shall be,
It stones all laid by immortality;
His wondrous works, that ne'er shall know decay,
But gather strength as ages surge away,
Live till our language dies, and Taste be o'er,
His mighty monument for evermore.

POEMS OF THE HEART.

"The heart's a mystery—the seat of pain,
Of ecstasy, of virtue, and black crime,
Of withering hate—of tenderness, and love."

POEMS OF THE HEART.

The History of the Heart.

BOUNDING,
Through buoyant childhood's days too blest to last,
When earth seems Eden, clad with fadeless flowers,
Grief spreads no cloud, care brings no cutting blast,
But sunny hope makes joyful all the hours.

Throbbing,
When first into its secret, thrilling cells,
Love enters tremulous, and all things seem
In that strong passion lost, and rapture dwells
Around, above, bright-filling every dream.

Panting,
In life's proud morn, when high ambition longs
To battle in the world, and win a name;
To tower a patriot, righting others' wrongs,
Or, as a statesman, force a path to fame.

Burning,
In manhood's noon for wisdom, and to reach
The sky-robed tops of Learning's mighty hills;
To understand what sun and star would teach,
And all that with amaze the spirit fills.

Bleeding,
For loss of dear ones on life's thorny road,
Who with love's gentle smiles will bless no more;
Weighed down by great misfortune's heavy load,
And weeping hopes interred, and pleasures o'er.

Sighing,
In the mild, mellow autumn of our days,
For calm retirement in some nook of peace,
Where the vexed city's tumult, and the blaze
Lit up by worldly passions, all shall cease.

Swelling,
With gratitude at having lived so long,
And glowed with joy mid all that charms us here,
And for the hope, made beautiful and strong,
Of life and bliss in yon celestial sphere.

In mirth, pain, rapture, taking thus thy part,
Such is thy history, oh, thou throbbing heart!

The Convalescent.

'TWAS a calm morn in Spring; the sun, warm-glancing,
Shot life to earth;
The air was soft, and silvery rills ran dancing,
In light and mirth.

She wandered forth, though feeble still, and whiteness
Thin cheeks o'erspread;
But oh, once more dear health's long absent brightness
Her large eyes shed.

Slowly she trod the garden-walks; deep pleasure
Her senses thrilled;
Each flower seemed grown more lovely—a rich treasure
Which beauty filled.

The lark, high up, his joy to morning telling,
On winnowing wing,
Likened her heart, where happiness was swelling,
And yearned to sing.

After long drooping in a close, dull room,
With feeble breath,
Racked by keen pain, and curtain'd in still gloom,
Expecting death:

How blest, delightful, down the lane to ramble,
And pluck the May!
There was a beauty in the fern and bramble,
Veiled till that day.

Ne'er did the village to the Pastor's daughter
Look half so bright;
The ragged children, playing by the water,
E'en charmed her sight.

The drowsy bell's low chimings, from the tower,
Like voices, stole;
More sweet, more touching, than in health's gay hour,
They soothed her soul.

She reached the cliffs; waves far beneath were flowing,
With hollow roar;
Never so grand as now, so fresh, so glowing,
They dashed on shore.

Oh, that loved sea! to view again its splendour,
And hear its voice,
Bade soul deep thanks to her Creator render,
And heart rejoice.

She raised her eyes to heaven—soft blue to blue—
Then lowly kneeling,
To tears she yielded, while thought upward flew,
On wings of feeling.

Woman's Love.

AS Spring, blithe goddess, tripping soft and light,
In green-hued vestments clad,
Doth cold and sullen Winter put to flight,
Making wide Nature glad;
So woman's love will warm man's frigid heart,
Till all his moody dreams and gloom depart.

As summer sports in rich, luxurious bowers,
Her cheeks all rosy mirth,
Drops on each bee-loved bank delicious flowers,
Imparadising earth;
So woman's smile our brightened homes will bless,
Making life gay with flowers of happiness.

As teeming Autumn yields her precious store,
Ripe fruits and golden corn,
Heaping abundance, till, for flowing o'er,
She scarce can hold her horn;
So woman's love a wealth of joy will yield,
All heart-fruits gathered from that fertile field.

Without yon sun—kind source of heat and light,
What were the earth we boast?
An orphan thing, close-bound in frost and night;
A sad world's wandering ghost;

So man, cold, dark, all cheerlessly would move
Along life's path, bereft of woman's love.

As the chaste maiden moon, with brow serene,
Climbing the stormy sky,
Soon spreads her calming silver o'er the scene,
And bids the dark clouds fly;
So woman's love sweet influence sheds on life,
Dispels its gloom, and stills the storms of strife.

As mosses weave a beauty 'round decay,
Hiding the rents of years,
Till on the mournful ruin, worn and gray,
A gentle smile appears;
So woman's love gives beauty and a grace
To poverty's poor, shattered dwelling-place.

The purest fount of joy, the tenderest light
Cheering the heart of woe;
Softening rough strength, to weakness lending might,
Heaven's choicest gift below;
The comforter in sickness, still above
Owning its source—such, such is woman's love.

The Loved and Lost.

WHERE are they now, the loved but long departed,
The gentle, true, and kind,
Who left us on life's road, foot-worn, sad-hearted,
With wounds time scarce may bind?

Where are they now? abroad when we may wander,
Do they beside us move,
Mourn when we mourn, reflect, too, when we ponder,
Answering, unmarked, our love?

When, bowed by sickness, we are helpless lying,
Stand they about our bed?
Soothe they our pain? and when our hearts are sighing,
Hope's comfort do they shed?

Haunt they the valley once so loved, adoring
Earth's Maker in sweet flowers,
Listening to rills, and birds joy-anthems pouring,
Charmed as in mortal hours?

Wander their spirits by the sounding oceân,
Reading in storms heaven's might,
Feeling mid glorious scenes sublime devotion,
Raised to thought's loftiest height?

Or on the clouds of Evening are they floating,
When splendour fires the skies,
The opal gates, and golden paths, denoting
The way to paradise?

Or have they ris'n to yonder star, whose whiteness
Of purity doth tell?
Walk they in loveliness its hills of brightness—
Land where no sorrows dwell?

Where are they now? oh, where? the lost, the vanished,
Love's cords of silver riven?
Near or afar, on earth or ever banished,
Enough, they've entered heaven.

And where that region? if in skies above us,
Depths of eternal rest,
Or in some orb which, shining, seems to love us;
Enough, they now are blest.

Passion for Wealth.

O WEALTH, men sigh for, as a thing to bless!
Thou art an engine strong,
Drawing the cars of swift and proud success
The road of life along:
Thou spreadest feasts—the crumbs for lean distress;
Flatterers around thee throng.
Wealth, which the few obtain, the millions crave,
Wealth makes the lord, and poverty the slave.

O gold! since thy bright ore a power became,
How men have toiled for thee!
Next love of life, the love of gold, a flame
Nursed in most breasts will be:
Our coffers full, whate'er our rank or name,
We give our hearts to glee;
Boldly we front a king, proud parts we play,
And think each form of misery far away.

Yet riches bind us to the scene below,
With ever-strengthening chain;
Wealth mourns to quit his place of power and show,
Grand mansion, wide domain;

Wealth mourns from pleasure's rosy bowers to go,
And luxury's brilliant reign,
To that far home, where eyes no more behold
Dear earthly splendour, lands, or precious gold.

Passion for gathering wealth—store heaped on store,
Not to use gold as power,
But hoard it from deep love, and more and more
Grasping to life's last hour—
Man, with this passion, doth mere dust adore,
Cares, woes, his heart devour,
His very rapture an excess of pain,
The more he heaps, still sighing more to gain.

Happier the peasant winning scanty bread,
Whose purse doth little hold,
Who seeks, unracked by care, contentment's bed,
No nightmare-hunt for gold,
Than he with worried heart, and busy head,
To torturing Mammon sold,
Who studies, talks of nought, but wealth's great themes,
Lives mid his coin, and counts them in his dreams.

Passion for Fame.

PASSION for fame—a longing planted deep
In the heart's hungry ground;
Few would a darkling path obscurely keep,
A joy to be renowned;
High spirits burn to climb fame's templed steep,
Toil a rich pleasure found:
To shine amidst his fellows, eager man
Hath battled, struggled, schemed, since time began.

Sages this passion scorn, yet 'tis no crime,
So hearts its strength control;
To dare forgetfulness, to cope with time,
Is valour of the soul;
Oh, passion linked to greatness!—'tis sublime
To say—Ye ages roll!
We will not perish with our perished dust,
Our names out-lasting tomb, or marble bust.

Men live, in whom these longings rage and burn,
Consuming, ravening flame;
Life's common aims despised, their spirits yearn
For one great guerdon—fame:
'Tis the bright sun to which, like flowers, they turn,
Their cry—a name! a name!
To vanish from men's minds with parted breath—
The thought were anguish—ay, a double death!

But how shall they survive the wrecking years?
How stand from out the crowd?
Thousands lead sparkling lives—august careers,
The wealthy, great, and proud;
They boast, guide others, bustle, know no fears,
Their tongues are ever loud;
But when they die, oblivion's pall drops o'er
Their noisy deeds—their names are heard no more.

Thus toils, grasps joy, and falls our busy race;
No mark the masses leave;
Myriads to anxious myriads still give place;
Lethe's black billows heave;
Men sink, and nowhere yield a glimmering trace,
Hopes, that once buoyed, deceive:
Roll on, swift River! warriors, kings are cast
In thy hushed depths, thou dark engulfing Past!

Oh, hard the task to grave a name on Time!
Yet none would wholly die:
Yea, some so crave renown that e'en by crime
They'd draw the world's great eye;
They'd cast down thrones above the wreck to climb,
Spreading wide misery:
He who the Ephesian Temple wrapt in flame,
Sought, by such deed of ill, eternal fame.

Passion for Knowledge.

PASSION for knowledge—'tis a wondrous earth
That round about us lies;
Strange things perplex us in an insect's birth;
Each day new mysteries rise;
We view God's works, and own their passing worth,
From flowers to world-hung skies;
We study, search, conjecture, but o'er all,
Save a few glimmerings, doubt and darkness fall.

O jealous hider, Nature! loving Heaven!
Why do ye keep us blind?
Strong longing and deep passion to us given,
To see, to know, to find.
Tost voyagers over seas at midnight driven,
Heavy the clouds of mind,
When shall we pierce their misty, sombre bars,
And scan truth's beauteous blue, and guiding stars?

Men think they catch the wide eternal light,
  But faint the lamps they trim;
Bound and confined their struggling mental sight,
  They grope through labyrinths dim:
And yet some long to grasp the infinite,
  And soar with seraphim.
Man is a creature burning to aspire,
And onward, upward sweep, with wing of fire.

Yes, nobler 'tis to soar, although we gain
  Rough heights and slowly creep,
Than idly sport on some smooth, flow'ry plain,
  While joys our senses steep;
Better to find one isle in truth's vast main,
  Though tempests 'round us sweep,
Than loll in grottos, singing by the shore,
Lapp'd in sweet calm and ease for evermore.

A Plato and a Newton—one who passed
  Deep into mystic soul,
And one his heaven-embracing eyes that cast
  Where suns and planets roll,
Their long-kept secrets drawing out at last—
  The laws that sway the whole—
A zeal for knowledge raised them o'er their kind,
And gave them light, the millions groping blind.

Passion for knowledge—can a flame upspring
  More glorious in the breast?
'Tis next religion's fervour—'tis a thing
  That makes e'en angels blest;
Gathering exhaustless knowledge, on they wing,
  No vacant hour, no rest,
The stars their God-writ books, whose wondrous pages
They read, enrapt, through everlasting ages.

Spare her, Death.

BY her youth's exultant spring,
When hope's flowers are blossoming;
By her beauty's sunny light,
Not yet ready for the night;
By her eye's pure liquid ray,
Not yet meant to fade away;
Spare her, Death!

By her love for Nature's face—
Glory she delights to trace;
By her love of flowers, whose bloom
Cannot smile within the tomb;
By her joy in music's spell
Ne'er in silent vaults to swell;
Spare her, Death!

By her tender, yearning heart,
Grieving with each friend to part;
Wishing still to pass life's hours
In a world so fair as ours;
By her shrinking from the cold,
And the dark beneath the mould;
Spare her, Death!

By her mother, sadly weeping,
In her own that thin hand keeping,
Looking in her face so white,
And her eyes so strangely bright;
By her father's anxious fears,
By her sister's sobs and tears;
Spare her, Death!

By her love for one who seems
Making golden all her dreams;
He who taught her heart to beat,
Filling it with visions sweet;
He who folds her, and whose tear
Would gush wildly on her bier;
Spare her, Death!

Go, and hurl thy poisoned dart
At bowed sorrow's hopeless heart!
Strike at those by age oppressed,
Fading, asking earth's calm rest;
Here youth loves, adorns the scene,
Here the plant is fresh and green;
Spare her, Death!

Spare her, in her beauty, spare her!
From the warm world do not tear her;
Pity her, if thy hard heart
Ever felt keen pity's smart;
Turn thy cruel shaft away
From the youthful, lovely prey;
Spare her, Death!

Love's Wide Empire.

HOW widely spread is love! its mighty fire
Never goes out below;
Love is an incense Nature's lips respire;
Its magic all things show;
The West winds kiss the rose-bud on the brier,
And warm 'round mountains blow:
The stream her love-song singeth to the banks,
And charms gold lilies, and green willow-ranks.

Mild rains descend in love, and dews distil
Softly on earth's soft breast,
And earth pays back that fondness, vale and hill
In flowers and herbage drest:
The Seasons preach God's love, and God's good will;
Birds love in every nest;
Morn's eyes unclose in kindness on yon steep,
And night folds earth in love, to give us sleep.

See how the lady moon sways ocean's tide,
Drawing him tow'rds her sphere!
And he, to his white-breasted, heavenly bride,
Still strives to rise more near:
The sun's broad blaze is love that doth provide
Warmth, light, all mercies here,
Attraction's force but love, that nought can sever,
Binding in music planet-worlds for ever.

Oh, in man's heart a blest, a glorious thing,
This wide-spread love can be,
An influence issuing from some heavenly spring,
Pure fount of ecstasy!
Yet love may pierce with blistering, poison-sting,
Joy turned to misery;
This Protean passion can each form assume,
An angel-shape of peace, or fiend of gloom.

Love is the greediest passion, checked by soul,
Born in a woman's breast;
It craves and still requires; its warm control
Makes her most sad or blest;
It asks not part of worship, but the whole
From him she loveth best;
Her heart will seem an empty, golden cup,
Till love's bright wine, rich-beaded, brims it up.

Love makes man oft a slave, a happy slave;
Ah! fine the Greek's old tale
Of huge-limbed Hercules, the stern, the brave,
Strong as a stormy gale,
Conquered by her who woman's distaff gave,
And held, with fingers frail,
The champion of the world!—Such Beauty's power
In ages gone, and such her might this hour.

But oft fond woman, loving true and well,
Doth only find at last
Love built on falsehood's quicksand, and the swell
Of waves to earth will cast
Its fairy palace, while it sighs farewell
To raptures ever past:
Yet some wronged hearts gain strength from proud disdain,
Defy their fate, and chase regret and pain.

But hearts of gentle mould, and fervid feeling,
In many bosoms beat,
That, crushed, deceived, love on, time never healing
The wounds in memory's seat;
Such victims feed on poison, lowly kneeling
At hopeless Sorrow's feet:
They cannot hate, nor lay strong passion low,
Still loving on, though love be only woe.

The Cry of the Unresigned.

COME back! my child, come back! my lost, my own!
Too soon hath cruel death
Stopt my young darling's breath,
Too soon her heavenly soul to heaven hath flown.
The flowers so prized by thee,
The softly-chiming sea,
The brook whose voice was dear,
The birds you loved to hear,
Singing in noon's white rays, to me now black—
Join with my soul, and cry—come back! come back!

Whether I sit alone at morn or night,
Praying to be resigned,
Strengthening with hope my mind,
Striving to chase thee from my inner sight;
'Tis vain; thought still will fly
To blissful days gone by;
Anguish doth pierce my soul,
The tempest mocks control;
I mourn thy fate, my spirit on a rack,
And still I cry—sweet saint! come back! come back!

To my fond heart thou wert a vernal sun;
I warmed in thee, loved child,
Thy beams so softly-mild;
My thoughts from thee, poor flowers, their fragrance won;
Now all is night, blind night,
Set my dear orb of light;
Friends strive in vain to cheer me,
Thou, thou no longer near me;
In darkness thick I grope,
Without my sun, my hope.
O Heaven, forgive this crime! my heart is black,
Thus, unresigned, to cry—come back! come back!

I loved thee stronger as time winged its flight,
Engrossingly and madly;
All graces seemed to clad thee;
Thy mother's voice, her eyes of sunniest light =
And thou didst also love me;
Now beautiful, above me,
As rainbow set on high,
Thou shinest in the sky;
And yet I pray, once more
To have thee on life's shore,
To hear thee, fold thee, kiss thee—down the track
Of yonder blue, descend! come back! come back!

The Sick Infant and the Angel.

THE Mother by her infant watch was keeping,
Through Night's slow, mournful hour,
Wan sickness, like an angry East wind, sweeping
O'er her dear cherished flower.

She heard its feeble moan, its piteous sighing,
Sharp pangs it seemed to bear;
Art could avail no more—they left it dying,
And her to cold despair.

The moonlight, thro' the window faintly beaming,
Showed her white anxious face;
Large tears of anguish in her eyes were gleaming—
Eyes where hope found no place.

Soothing it in her arms, its moanings hushing,
Bearing it to and fro,
Her wild affection in a torrent gushing,
Weeping in bitterest woe:

The Mother passed the hours so long and dreary,
Till Morn pale-streaked the sky,
Then laid the infant down, dejected, weary,
Slow laid it down to die.

But ere the fluttering soul had quite departed,
On trembling knees she fell;
Oh, that strong prayer from woman broken-hearted!
Its fervour who may tell?

She prayed to God to save—words mixed with weeping;
Poor heart—poor suffering brain!
Say not, though fate's relentless blast is sweeping,
That human prayers are vain.

A sudden beam, bright thro' the casement streaming,
Shone on the infant now,
Made gold the cradle, like a halo gleaming
Around the small white brow.

The face, late hueless, with warm life seemed flushing;
It opened its blue eyes:
On that swift beam sure joyous wings came rushing;
Health's angel from the skies!

The Mother thrilled, the quivering glory seeing,
Fancying some seraph there;
And who shall say God sent not such blest being,
In answer to her prayer?

Joy! joy! her infant to her bosom pressing,
She saw smiles faintly play;
And now its eye gained light 'neath that caressing;
Death's cloud had passed away.

The Evening of Life.

OFT, after storms, ere Nature drops to sleep,
What beauty sunset brings,
Crowning with saintly halos every steep,
Peace spreading wide her wings!

Such is life's closing hour; the tranquil scene,
After dark trials, bright—
An hour oft beautiful, and oft serene
With mind's pure, mellowing light.

Youth, with the airy step and frolic eye,
Smooth brow, and cheek of bloom!
Dread not the time when these prized charms must fly;
Think not calm age is gloom!

What though your glossy black or sunny hair
Be streaked ere long with white,
Think not the soul will shine with beams less fair;
For soul there comes no night.

Age—dear, expected haven of sweet rest,
Crossed the wild seas of life!
Close of a war, when passions in the breast
Lay down their arms of strife!

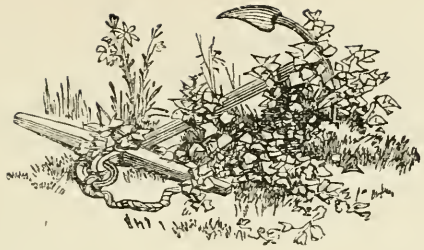
Blest season, when the soul mild thoughts will send,
Like doves, through earth and sky,
Action's strong flood subsided; when we end
Harsh thoughts in harmony.

Yes, farewell music from wide Nature peals,
Sweet to reflective hearts;
So richer glory o'er life's landscape steals,
As Day's hot beam departs.

Fond memories cast their moon-like, silvery haze
On hours of joy gone by;
The soul feels pleasure backward still to gaze,
Though she may pause to sigh.

Oh, many the delights that wait on age,
Unknown to earlier years!
Leisure to counsel youth, con wisdom's page,
And wipe pale Sorrow's tears.

In our still room by book-lore we can roam,
View earth with fancy's eyes;
And we can hear the songs of love and home,
Murmuring of paradise.



The Heart's Aspirations.

OH, whither would I flee,
When this clay garment, all worn out, shall lie
Useless within the grave, and soul will sigh
For scenes more glorious than here meet the eye?

Oh, whither would I flee?
Up thro' yon ethery space on spirit-wings,
To view more near Creation's golden springs,
Planets and suns where Order's angel sings.

What would I there behold?
The forms that people other worlds than ours;
Are they like us—woe's heirs, poor fragile flowers?
Or is pale death unknown in yon bright bowers?

What hope I there to learn?
The lore of God, whose book is the wide sky,
Revealing mysteries—truths sublime and high,
Pure food of Mind through all eternity.

What will the spirit be?
A thing self-conscious still, with memory, thought,
Stirring and burning; a quick essence caught
From God's life-fire, with powers immortal fraught.

What do I hope to keep?
Fond recollections of glad days past here,
A heart to love earth's friends, and feel them dear,
Till they too reach the blest celestial sphere.

Where do I think Heaven lies?
Not in vague, empty space, as some may deem,
Beyond the stars, where no more stars shall beam,
God's glorious works all vanished like a dream.

What then is Paradise?
A mighty world of purer mould than ours—
World lit by many suns, with fadeless flowers,
And jaspar hills, no night in those blest bowers.

Where placed is this grand sphere?
Midst God's wide universe, beneath His eyes;
The wondrous Central Sun rules all the skies;
There shines His throne—there spreads His paradise.*

How may soul reach that world?
Far distant is the land of primal light,
But soul may wing across the abyss of night,
Swift as a thought its beam-outstripping flight.

What forms Heaven's lofty bliss?
Worship of God—pure knowledge, high above
Man's wisdom here; one spirit, like a dove,
Brooding o'er all things—everlasting love.

* A little work by the Author, "The Immortals," treats of the subject of a Central Sun, in the Pleiades, as discovered by Professor Maedlar; and it submits that a strong probability exists that there, in the centre of the universe, as being the region of greatest importance and glory, may be situated the paradise of happy souls.

POEMS

ON CORNISH SCENERY.

Cornwall, the grand, the beautiful, the wild,
The land of tempests, and of granite peaks,
Of wealth, earth-stored, a hundred fathoms down,
Of legends and of heroes."

OLD MSS.

KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AT TINTAGEL.—P. 145

POEMS ON CORNISH SCENERY.

King Arthur's Castle, at Tintagel.

WRITTEN DURING A BRIEF VISIT IN THE AUTUMN OF 1873.

[Little remains, in the present day, of King Arthur's once famous castle at Tintagel, Cornwall. The immense rock on which a part of the fortress had been erected, and where some low walls still stand, is divided from the mainland by a deep chasm, across which formerly the drawbridge was thrown. The precipice towards the sea is grand and terrific, and all the rock scenery around is of a very wild and sublime character.]

NATURE to famed Tintagel yields a glory
In cliffs stupendous, breasting ocean's roar;
Cliffs, strong-arm'd Titans ages have made hoary,
Guarding wild Cornwall's shore.

History and legend make the spot around us
Immortal, though drear Solitude sits queen;
A chain of interest and deep awe hath bound us,
Enchantment fills the scene.

Here, while we listen to the billows' thunder,
Waves tossing, rolling, in their mad unrest,
Spray, like broad sheets of snow, a whitening wonder,
Flung up from ocean's breast:

Fancy will see King Arthur's ghost, lone standing
In misty outline on yon naked rock,
And cased in steel, as if some host commanding,
Waiting the battle's shock.

We see him now, his skeleton arms extending
Tow'rd yon hoar ruin time hath watched so long,
Back over days of splendour, memory sending—
Days of pomp, feast, and song.

He hears, upon the landward breezes swelling,
The shouts of heroes, woman's laughter sweet—
All of his once-loved Cornish kingdom telling:
His knights he seems to greet.

Poor ghost! he vanishes mid foam of ocean,
His glittering mail, sword, spear, have passed away;
The tufted sea-pink, with a tremulous motion,
Waves on his castle gray.

Bald stones his once grand fortress—let us listen!
For battle-shouts and songs of ladies fair,
We hear the gull's sad cry where wet rocks glisten,
And sea-weeds trail their hair.

In tilt-yard and grass'd keep, the dark mole burrows,
And hums at Morn the reckless, idle drone;
The waves below, in chasms and long furrows,
Wear rocks, and dash, and moan.

Grim Ruin folds her mantle, pensive sitting
By crumbled walls; she cries, "The scene is mine!"
There Desolation's shade is nightly flitting,
Wailing, as moonbeams shine.

Yes, as the wan, pure light around is falling,
Silvering the crags and ocean's wide-tost spray,
A voice from out the mouldered stones seems calling:
"Thus pomp, power, melt away!"

Yet down the ages, O ye rocks and Ocean!
When cold this heart, and dim this raptured eye,
Pilgrims will seek yon shore in warm devotion,
Pondering on years gone by.

When not a stone of Arthur's pile is frowning
Above the waste of thundering waves below,
Story's wild magic will these cliffs be crowning,
Brightening the long ago.

Tempests will rage, and billows will be dashing,
But fancy shall place forms on crag and hill,
And warm Romance, her bright eyes backward flashing,
Halo Tintagel still.

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

FAMED Mount, that risest from the western deep,
With granite shoulders and fern-waving hair,
Like some tall giant doomed sea-watch to keep,
Spoken to stone, and fixed for ever there!

Or thou dost look, so beautiful, while grand,
Wooing the gales, and towering o'er the foam,
An islet of enchantment, where a band—
Sweet ocean-nymphs, and mermaids, make their home.

I cross the pebbly ridge, where, long ago,
Ere Christ was born, the old Phœnicians trod,
Bearing their precious store;* wild ocean's flow
Sounds now, as then, loud anthems unto God.

The sun smiles out; I climb the massive rocks
Smoothed by the blasts of ages, and in dread
Hang o'er the billow-lashed, huge, granite blocks;
Soul feeds upon the grandeur round her spread.

* Twice a day, at low water, the visitor can pass to St. Michael's Mount dry-shod. Across this periodic isthmus, the Phœnicians transported the tin obtained from the Britons, making the Mount a kind of depôt for the metal. This renowned and romantic pile of rocks is nearly a mile in circumference, and has an elevation of more than 200 feet above the sand.

Yet here the lichen, creeping, loving, grows,
And in the chinks the heath-flower swings its bell;
The wandering bee her shrilly trumpet blows,
Heard in the pauses of blue ocean's swell.

Loneness doth kiss her sister Quiet's brow;
Mid sheltering grass the timid rabbit feeds,
And on the black-mouthed cannon, rusting now,
The linnet carols, nor my footstep heeds.

The craggy top I reach, all lost in gazing;
O shores of beauty! green encircling hills!
O sun upon the crystal waters blazing,
Each wave a cup that liquid emerald fills!

Capes stretch away, and woo the outer deep,
And one is wrapt in haze,* like memory dying,
And fading in the past; barks seaward sweep,
And some are idly at their anchors lying.

Boats too cut ocean's glass, where each white sail
Prints a white image; hark! the organ's sound!†
It mingles with the sea-mew's fitful wail,
And chime of bells from distant towers around.

Match me, ye Bays! where'er seas hollow caves,
With the bright Bay whose witcheries round me lie!
Far-sweeping shores, wild cliffs, and burnished waves,
Look all too lovely for reality.

* The Lizard Head.

† The chapel on the summit of the Mount contains a fine organ. At one of the angles of the tower, and very difficult to be reached, is the famous *St. Michael's chair*, the old legend attached to the latter being, that whichever of a newly-married couple first contrives to sit in this chair, he or she will maintain the mastery over the other for life.

Monks once sang anthems on this sacred steep,*
Their vespers landward floating, dying, swelling;
Here mid the beautiful their ashes sleep;
Nought of their story now the winds are telling.

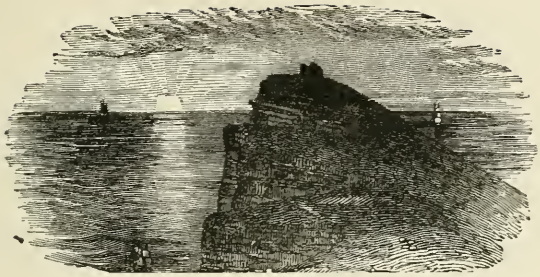
But waves beneath are sadly rolling, beating—
Great ocean's heart, why dost thou ever moan?—
Slow they advance, again in foam retreating,
Their ceaseless voice a mournful monotone.

St. Michael's Mount! who gazes from this height,
On loveliness, sublimity, and peace,
On Nature in a trance of full delight—
Nature whose splendours ne'er shall dim or cease;

Will feel an inward fire unfelt before.
The glow of admiration, and will muse
On Him who shaped far hills and winding shore,
The sea, the sky, with all their varied hues.

Oh, yes, our spirits to exalt and please,
God hath indulged choice dreams of beauty here,
And stamped them on creation; scenes like these
Reflect Heaven's love, and glorify our sphere.

* Edward the Confessor founded the priory of Benedictine monks on St. Michael's Mount. Many interesting objects of antiquity are preserved in the venerable building, and the old refectory of the monks has obtained the name of the Chevy-Chase room, from its singularly ornamented frieze.



The Land's End.

WHAT are Rome's ruins, moss-grown, rent, and gray?
What Baalbec's fanes majestic in decay?
What the huge Pyramids that stand sublime,
Defying earthquakes and the scythe of Time?
To Nature's ruins towering here—
Ruins in awful wildness hurled,
Great God-built pyramids that rear
Their crests through earth's eternal year,
Like relics of some darker world?

Bolerium!* cape of storms! strong buttress raised
By Britain's genius, as she sternly gazed
Tow'rd the blue distant West, resolved to wage
Unceasing battle with mad ocean's rage;
Pillars of granite! fanes of rock!
Braving the blasting lightning-shock,
Scowling in grimness o'er the sea,
And mocking tempests, as they sweep
Through wave-worn arch and gallery deep—
The tempests of eternity!

* The classic name of the Land's End.

Giants in stone, that cry aloud
To the first billow, first wild cloud,
Reaching Britannia's shore—
"This is the land where power is dwelling,
Where freedom smiles, and fame is telling
Her golden story evermore!"

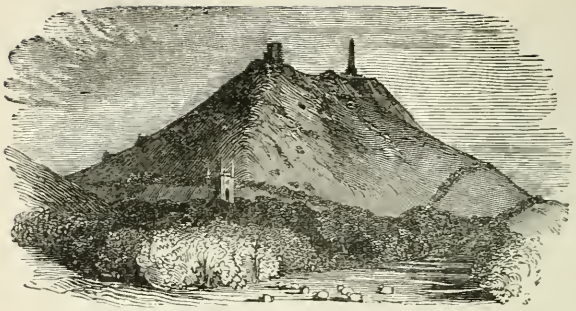
The soul is awed upon this granite tower;
Gazing from toppling crags so rude and lone,
Uppiled, methinks, by some enchanter's power,
Terror's storm-girded throne—
Gazing on seething, thundering waves below,
Till the heart quakes, the eyes all dizzy grow:
The waves that onward roll and flash,
Shaking the huge rocks with their dash,
From granite bounds again recoiling,
In broken masses, foaming, boiling—
The waves that, in those cavern-halls,
Sound like a thousand waterfalls,
Or deep-mouthed trumpets, pouring proud
Their boisterous music grand and loud—
Lashing those awful piles of stone,
Savage, majestic, and alone,
Traced o'er with lines that odes may be,
Not penned by children of the sod,
But poems of sublimity,
Writ by the hand of storms and God—
We well may yield to solemn, lofty thought;
How small the change long ages here have wrought!
We muse and sigh—how brief are mortal hours!
What dust is man! how puny all his powers!

But now a calm comes down, and lulls the roar,
And soothes the ocean-lion into sleep!

Billows in wrath no longer scourge the shore,
Or, like white chargers, sweep:
The sun hangs mellow in the burnished West,
And painted crags reflect his mild farewell;
The sea-mew, landward wheeling, seeks her nest,
And ocean's organ peals with gentler swell.
Wide-scattering surf looks grains of richest gold,
The Lady-Rock* is blushing ruby-red,
The little sea-pink, in her craggy hold,
Shuts her bright eye, and bows her sleepy head.
The last sweet odours from the heath arise,
Offerings from those wild altars to the skies:
The friendly Longships,† from its foam-bound site,
Smiles o'er the surge in that soft tranquil light,
And soon begins to trick its own red ray,
To warn from rocks, and point the seaman's way.
Peace walks the deep, and stills the purple air,
And Nature folds her hands as if in prayer;
Beauty heaven-sent, sublimity profound,
Fall, like an angel's mantle, gently round;
God's works, not man's, claim reverence, love, and fear,
His mighty presence only reigning here.

* The "Irish Lady," or the "Lady Rock," stands near the coast, and derives its singular name from a legend that the ghost of a lady, who was wrecked here on her passage from Ireland, is frequently seen on the summit of the crag during storms.

† The Longships Lighthouse crowns a rock about one mile and a half from the shore; and the lantern, though 127 feet above low water mark, is frequently in winter covered with waves and foam, while all communication with the land is cut off.



Daybreak from Carn-brea.

[Carn-brea, or Carn-brè, near the ancient town of Redruth, is one of the most celebrated hills in the West of England. It has a very singular appearance, bristling all over with granite boulders, and from the numerous monumental remains scattered here and there, it is supposed to have been a stronghold of the Druids. The hill, which rises about 700 feet above the sea-level, is crowned by the ruins of an old castle.]

RELUCTANT, slow, and one by one, the stars
Are putting out their lamps of silver light,
And filmy clouds stretch wide their sombre bars,
Not yet with glory bright.

The floating mists are sinking, earthward sinking,
Leaving the grey hill's castled summit bare,
The Druid stones, and wind-worn cairns, are drinking
The sharp, pure, vigorous air.

A glow scarce seen, so faint and tremulous, spreads
O'er the blue infinite of eastern sky,
Uncertain as the light which memory sheds
On joys long glided by.

But soon upon the horizon's far-off brim,
A blush comes up—a something there uncloses
Of faintest red, as if, amid the dim,
Bloomed million pale-leaved roses.

The delicate flowers are growing to an arch
Of living coral; in the widening light
The eye can trace the stream's slow, misty march,
Brown vale and distant height.

And see! upspringing from the hills, the sun
Lifts his hot forehead, blinding as I gaze;
Along the earth the slanting splendours run,
And heaven is all a-blaze.

Thick shades from Nature's face are quickly fleeting,
Dead night is burning on a funeral pyre;
Carn-brea, with all his rocks, returns Day's greeting
With a glad smile of fire.

Far to the West the level ocean lies,
A tesselated floor of blue and gold,
And eastward, long, long hills, like ramparts, rise—
Earth's map is wide unrolled.

I gaze from these high crags; the vales below
Seem all rejoicing. Hail! thou King of Day!
Thou comest with thy crown of rosy glow,
Health, life, in each warm ray.

Thou comest like an angel with broad wings,
Sprinkling sweet beams upon our darksome world;
Bounds the full heart of all created things,
Light's welcome flag unfurled.

Grand orb! with thine intolerable blaze,
Thou beauteous mystery! thou glorious fear!
Shining through an eternity of days,
Dazzling our vision here:

Thou art but shade to Him who hung thy globe,
Ponderous, engirt by fire, in lighted space;
Darkness is only shaken from thy robe,
Beside His dwelling-place.

Famed hill whereon I stand—blest sun that now
Fillest with lustre all that late was dim!
Expand my heart—exalt me while I bow—
Lift my rapt soul to Him.

Mylor Church and Falmouth Harbour.

'TIS not when jocund morning walks the hills,
Scattering dew-pearls, and laughing o'er the sea;
Or when broad noon the glen with sunshine fills,
And birds pipe jubilee,
That thou shouldst visit Mylor's pensive shades,
View creek and shore, and tread its leafy glades.

But when Eve paints the downy, glowing West,
With many a ruby line and orange ray,
Striving to make a gorgeous couch of rest
For sleepy, weary day;
And quiet lulls the hills and woods of green;
Then feels the heart the magic of the scene.

It is that hour; I gaze across the wave,
Burnished and glossy in the crimson light;
The pebbly beach the infant billows lave,
In thin-drawn lines of white,
Pulsing with faintest sounds the evening air,
As if the deep talked mystic secrets there.

Oh, beautiful the circling steeps that gird
Fal's sheltering harbour! mid wild storms of fear,
Safe in her nest as sits the brooding bird,
The great ship rideth here:
Fair-walled Trelissick decks the hill's green side,
And down yon bank woods sloping kiss the tide.

Old castles* guard the waters far away,
And oft their stirring thunders swell the breeze;
St. Just's smooth uplands catch the dying ray,
While gold bathes all the trees;
White cottages are sprinkled o'er each steep;
Like drifts of snow, the flocks of nibbling sheep.

But Mylor's ancient church and rugged tower,
Brave-battling with a thousand changeful years,
Attract my steps; how solemn, this calm hour,
The low grey pile appears,
Pointing us darkly to far epochs fled,
A something holy watching o'er the dead!

The tottering belfry thickest ivies hide,
Pall hung by that great Mute—funereal Time;
How often up the glen, across the tide,
Hath swung the bell's soft chime!

* Pendennis and St. Mawes Castles, built in the reign of Henry VIII. The former stands on an elevation upwards of 300 feet above the sea, and commands an extensive and beautiful prospect.

Yes, it hath tolled through ages; now you hear
A small sweet note; the redbreast warbles near.

Mylor, beneath thy famed and mighty yew,
That gives death's dwellings beauty, let me stand
The solemn and the lovely meet my view,
A charm on sea and land:
O Nature! thy sweet aspects soften gloom,
And kindly chase the terror of the tomb.

Here generations have renounced the dreams
That filled each busy brain in long-past day;
Here grief forgets its tears, and craft its schemes,
The gleesome child its play,
The village maid her conquests, here to close
Her love-bright, smiling eyes, in calm repose.

By yon rude stone where lengthening shadows fall,
No more to plough, the peasant finds a bed;
In that white tomb, once courted, loved by all,
The squire low rests his head;
Beneath where leaves faint whisper like a brook,
The priest for ever now hath closed his book.

Yew, venerable, sombre, stately tree!
Sure thou dost droop in grief, and vigil keep
Beside the mound where, victims of the sea,
A hundred warriors sleep:
For fields of blood, for cannon's thunder-boom,
Above their heads now white-ruffed daisies bloom.*

* In one grave near the great yew-tree, lie interred more than a hundred soldiers, who returning from Spain in the *Queen* transport-ship, at the close of the Peninsular war, were, during a strong gale, lamentably wrecked on Trefusis Point. The harbour is much safer now, than in past days.

Sweet resting-place, past mortal hopes and fears,
Old church that sanctifies and guards the graves,
Tall, patriarch yew, defying crushing years,
Wide, music-breathing waves!
Green-hanging wood, brown glen, and sloping hill—
Peace on them rest, and beauty haunt them still!

No Life-Boat There.

[Cornwall, thanks to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, is provided with many life-boats, yet a few exposed and dangerous parts of its rocky coast still ask for these boats of mercy.]

FAR stretched the lone and savage shore,
Bound by rough rocks; the sea-bird's cry,
The billow's everlasting roar,
The tempest's trumpet in the sky,
The only sounds—as though Despair
Sat throned, a gloomy monarch there.

The sun went down, black, threatening clouds
Quenching his wonted golden light,
And still they spread, like hanging shrouds,
Storm riding on the wings of night;
The madden'd waves the wild rocks lashed,
And, rolling answer, thunders crashed.

Above the thunder and the gale,
The minute-gun is booming now;
See, as the lightnings shimmer pale,
Yon vessel with half-buried bow!
Her cable snaps—all hope is o'er,
Her course is tow'rd that fatal shore.

She strikes! her deck white breakers sweep;
The hapless crew, so stoutly brave,
Are powerless now; the foaming deep
Must be their sad, unhonoured grave;
Hark to their anguish-cry—their last
Wild prayer to God that swells the blast!

No arm to save—no life-boat near;
Oh! had that boat—a thing of power,
Which fronts all dangers, mocks at fear,—
Come, angel-like, at that dread hour,
Haply no soul had darkly died,
No orphan wept, or widow sighed.

They struggled with the raging billow,
They shrieked, they sank—then all were still,
Laid on their dreary ocean-pillow,
The bleak winds o'er them whistling shrill!
They perished, asking aid in vain—
No life-boat on that stormy main.

A dog, strong swimmer, reached the strand;
He only baffled ruthless death;
He found his master, licked his hand,
And on him breathed his loving breath,
Looked on that form, stretched cold and low,
And e'en death's meaning seemed to know.

Fond, faithful brute, he stood and whined,
And would not quit the lifeless clay;
The drowned one had been gentle—kind;
He watched and howled till dawn of day;
Man's friend, true mourner of the dead,
Oft true when human friends have fled.

They came at last, and on that shore
Found the poor victim of the deep;
The dog, exhausted, howled no more,
But by his master seemed to sleep;
Waves beat the sands, their cold, lone bed,
Winds wailed their dirge—for both were dead.

Night on the Cornish Coast.

YE granite masses, heaved in ages past,
From earth's deep caves! stupendous walls of stone,
Which thundering billows buffet all in vain!
Sleep in the moon's soft silver!—Druid hills!
Tower up, and shimmer 'neath the throbbing stars,
That shine to-night, as long, long back they shone,
And lit the Priest to blood-stained sacrifice.
Thou drowsy Ocean! hush each curling wave,
Burnish its face, and make it glossy-bright,
That beauteous mermaids, in that magic glass,
May see their faces, and comb smooth their hair.
Rest in your cradle-caves, ye infant winds,
That else might grow to storms!—Steal, Silence! forth
From Night's dun chamber, and with finger laid
On Nature's lip, walk gently Ocean's plain.

Beauty! with ivory neck and arms all bare,
Glide now on slanting rays from heaven's starr'd height,
And breathe on sea, and rock, and granite cairn,
Your spell of grace and glory.—Night! O night!

The calmer and exalter! earth and man,
And all that's lovely, owe a debt to thee.
The conscious ocean from its stilled deep breast,
Through its fresh lips—the murmuring shelly shore—
Cries out—I love thee, night!—The mountain-tops,
Their ruggedness all smoothed by silver beams,
Exclaim—I love thee, night!—The haunted vale,
Half-sleeping, half-awake—delicious trance—
With all its freshened woods, and dew-hung flowers,
And lucent rills, cries soft—I love thee, night
Let, too, the soul of man that would in peace
Muse or aspire, and sweet communion hold
With God and nature, cry—I love thee, night!

The Cornish Village.

A PASTORAL.

THE sun peeps ruddy o'er the granite hills—
Ruddy and bashful as a hind in love;
He shoots his rays oblique on misty rills,
But, soon more bold, he climbs and burns above,
And gazes with broad face, and eyes of mirth,
On his sweet bride—the peaceful, modest earth.

The village clock strikes six; more bright the skies;
And now the humble tenants are astir;
Smoke-wreaths from each brown cottage bluely rise,
Where housewives kindle fires of peat or fir,
Sprinkle o'er rude stone-floors the yellow sand,
And spread the frugal meal with active hand.

Now Labour carries out God's first intent,
That each in busy tasks a part should bear;
The strong-necked oxen to the plough are bent,
The rustic whistles o'er the shining share;
The mower whets his scythe upon the hill,
And clatter, clatter, works the busy mill.

But see, who comes from yon low cottage-door,
In spreading hat, with sun-tanned arms all bare?
Light as her heart, feet tread the daisied moor;
She looks to eyes of peasants passing fair;
Her form is softly rounded, cheeks are roses,
And quiet archness on her lip reposes.

She calls the brindled cattle, and they know her,
The calf frisks round her with its sides of silk;
Love e'en the timid lambs, by bleating, show her;
Hark! in the shining pail the splashing milk:
The kingcups, looking on her, seem to smile,
The happy maid blithe singing all the while,

The sun is near mid heaven; luxurious heat
Faints o'er the landscape; flowers their heads bend low;
The birds, deep-nestled, cease their descant sweet;
Delicious 'tis to hear the cool stream flow,
Faint gurgling, tuning through the trembling reeds,
While the fish darts, the green-necked mallard feeds.

The lazy cart-wheels turn more slowly round,
And where the village sage his school doth keep,
You hear a buzzing and uncertain sound,
From master tired, and urchins half asleep;
The old dog panting in the door-way sits,
The dame her needle plies, and nods by fits.

But in the hay-field all is busy life;
They toss, and toss the flakes of clover sweet;
Richly it smells, with Nature's odours rife,
Refreshing sense beneath the withering heat;
Bared are men's arms, tucked short the maidens' dresses,
Kerchiefs untied, while loosely fall their tresses.

Go down, go down, thou hot-faced Summer sun!
Let freshness bless again the thirsty earth;
Come out, ye hiding birds, from coverts dun,
And pipe your evening songs of joy and mirth!
Lift your bowed heads, ye flowers! by brake and pool,
And drink the nectarous dew, enjoy the cool.

Day's labour done, the village folk are meeting;
Some saunter slowly, some on benches lean,
Wives telling tales, old men the old men greeting,
While noisy children gambol on the green;
The sleepy daws are cawing in the tower;
All seem a joy to feel, this idle hour.

Now down the elm-walk happy lovers rove,
Plighting their vows; but nought the lusty hind
Regards love's star pale hanging o'er the grove;
Gentle romance ne'er warmed his stolid mind;
He tells his honest tale in plainest style,
And she can blush acceptance, sigh, and smile.

Thus in that Cornish village life goes round,
Toil and repose—the hills, the vales, their home;
Their simple joys to narrowest circle bound,
Here were they born, nor ask their hearts to roam;
Heroes may fight, or thrones in dust be hurled,
Calm pass their years—this, this their little world.

Sabbath Day in the Village.

O WELCOME day which rest to labour brings!
A sabbath's calm upon the hamlet lies,
As if an angel came on noiseless wings,
And o'er it breathed the quiet of the skies;
No more is heard the clatter of the mill,
The blacksmith's forge is hushed, the plough is still.

The horse in yon green paddock seems to know
He too must rest; the brook that steals along
Doth surely lave its banks with gentler flow,
And birds greet heaven with softer, mellower song;
The very flowers look up, and seem to say
They'll breathe their sweetest on the sabbath day.

Breaking the stillness, hark! a solemn sound!
It swells across the hamlet like a wave,
Swings o'er the woods, the moorland's distant bound,
And dies in echo by the far sea-cave:
From yon grey tower those chimes the breezes bear,
Religion's silvery call to praise and prayer.

Now forth from cottage-doors, in trim array,
The rustics come; bowed age with thoughtful mien,
And youth with sobered spirits, wend their way
To old moss'd walls beside the poplar'd green;
And still the bell its music sprinkles round,
Something of heaven soft-murm'ring in the sound.

The men in groups stand near the low-arched door,
And bare their heads as moves the priest along;
His face doth wear the smiles it ever wore,
So courteous is he to the lowly throng;
Here did their fathers worship—there they sleep;
O humble graves that well their trust will keep!

Ye rich and proud who meet to worship God,
Scorn not the poor man's prayer, for He who rears
High mountain-tops, shapes daisies of the sod,
And simplest prayer of lowliest creature hears:
The orator's soul-shaking thunders rise
Not speedier, than meek whispers, to the skies.

Dear boon to man! a priceless blessing given!
This sabbath to the jaded and oppressed,
To hold commune with God, and think of heaven;
Mid leaden hours, oh! golden day of rest!
Mid discords, music to the good, the wise;
A sacred link between us and the skies.

The Churchyard by the Sea.

CORNWALL.

THEY sleep on Nature's lap of green,
And where might grief find lovelier scene,
More full of hallowed sadness?
Church, tombs, like mortals, seem at rest,
Thought chasing from the gayest breast
All levity and gladness;
Wild Riot here might cool her fire,
Ambition's towering dreams expire,
And Passion check her madness.

The gently-sloping, heathy hill,
The babbling of the tearful rill,
Babbling beneath the willow;
The whispers melancholy, deep,
The whispers that will never sleep,
The whispers of the billow;
The bending of the old yew trees,
Bending to talk unto the breeze—
Sounds that might soothe death's pillow:

The azure of the roofing sky,
God's palace of eternity;
Flowers shaded, yet still blowing;
The mavis that doth sing all day,
Like some lorn spirit, on the spray,
His song rich, flute-like, flowing—
Song, at Eve's coming, poured more deep,
Bidding the musing listener weep,
So sad, so plaintive growing:

All yield unto the sacred scene
A spell of sorrow, a serene,
Sweet beauty, never dying;
Who wanders mid the ancient tombs,
E'en where the thickest foliage glooms,
Past races round him lying,
Doth feel no dread, no chill, for woe
Spreads calm as angel-wings of snow,
O'er this lone place of sighing.

They sleep relieved from toil, and oft
The living come, with footsteps soft,
To mourn the friend departed;
To strew the humble grave with flowers,
And muse on long-gone cherished hours,
Ere death his shaft had darted;
But as they kneel upon the sod,
In spot so tranquil, full of God,
They ne'er grow broken-hearted.

SHORT POEMS,

DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

"The man that hath no music in himse
And is not moved with concord of swee sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Shakspeare.

SHORT POEMS, DESIGNED FOR MUSIC.

The Wreath of Glory.

HE left his Mother bathed in tears,
His cottage in the dell,
His Father bowed by weakening years,
The Maid he loved so well;
He turned from all once prized and dear,
Green vales and mountains hoary,
To seek on fields of death and fear,
The purple wreath of glory.

The armies met; fierce raged the fight;
Foe dashed 'gainst madden'd foe;
The bullets whistled, swords gleamed bright,
Laying brave thousands low:
The artillery drowned the dying groan,
The trampled plains were gory;
But on he rushed; he saw alone
The dazzling wreath of glory.

Years passed; within a quiet vale
Death's couch a soldier pressed;
His brow was scarr'd, his cheek was pale,
But medals decked his breast:
His only arm he raised on high,
Back streamed his locks so hoary,
And loud he cried, with brightening eye,
"I've won my wreath of glory!"

Does Love Dwell in Yonder Star.

DOES love dwell in yonder star,
Beaming with so mild a ray,
Angels watching it afar,
Singing on its radiant way?
Does the heart love's transports know,
Anxious hopes, in that sweet sphere,
All love's joy, and all its woe,
Such as swell the bosom here?

In yon planet bright and fair,
Are there balmy evening hours?
Has heaven made for lovers there
Whispering brooks, and blooming flowers?
Do they roam, in fragrant Spring,
Through green vales mid rustling trees?
Do glad birds to charm them sing?
Do bells murmur on the breeze?

Yes, sweet Nature smiles and glows,
All her beauties bless that sphere,
All we know that planet knows,
Save pain's sigh and sorrow's tear;

Yes, love dwells in yonder star,
Beaming with so mild a ray,
Angels watching it afar,
Singing on its radiant way.

Something we must Love.

SOMETHING, something, we must love;
Though the heart would fling
Warm affection to the winds,
Grown an icy thing;
Yet beneath the bosom's frost,
Feeling's snow-drops spring.

Something, something, we must love;
Friend may turn to foe,
We may spurn or loathe mankind,
Bitter made by woe;
Yet on something—bird or flower,
Love we must bestow.

Something, something, we must love:
So the man of pride,
Crime-stain'd, prison'd weary years,
Nought to love beside,
Loved the spider in its cell,
Weeping when it died.

Something, something, we must love;
Who can chain free will?
Hush for ever Nature's voice?
Some heart-chord must thrill;
Lone, forsaken, some poor thing
We must cling to still.

The Missing Maiden.

THE roses miss her, when the day
Flashes o'er Eastern hills;
She walked among them, fresh as they,
Blithe-singing, like the rills:
Where art thou gone? can fairies tell,
Rose of the Morn! sweet Isabel?

The poor in yonder hamlet miss
Their youthful, generous friend;
The ragged babe no more she'll kiss,
Or sick ones gently tend;
Where art thou gone? can peasants tell,
Loved of the hamlet, Isabel?

Her parents miss her tripping feet,
Her pensive, lovely face;
They miss her smile, her voice so sweet,
They miss her fond embrace:
Where art thou gone, dear maid, to dwell?
Why leave them weeping, Isabel?

The lover's heart is pierced with pain,
He thought no ill would sever
Their happy lots; he mourns in vain;
He misses her for ever;
Where are thou gone? the lily's bell
Droops on thy grave, sweet Isabel.

The Star-Worshipper.

HAIL! lamp of beauty burning
O'er perished daylight's bier!
To thee love's brow is turning,
The light he deems most dear:
Sparkle, thou gem, the rarest
Hewn from the mines of space;
Of all the diamonds fairest,
Night's coronet that grace.

Unclose, thou eye of brightness!
Whose lids have shut all day;
Smile through those locks of lightness—
The clouds that 'round thee stray.
How sweet to watch thee beaming,
Fair star, in yon abyss!
Thou seem'st, to fancy's dreaming,
A lovelier world than this.

Then smile, thou orb of glory!
And charm our vision here;
Sleeping on mountains hoary,
Gilding the night-flower's tear.
Sparkle, thou gem, the rarest
Hewn from the mines of space!
Of all the diamonds fairest,
Night's coronet that grace.

When most do I think of Thee.

WHEN most do I think of thee,
My brave one in distant land?
Not when sunshine is smiling on me,
And friends around me stand:
Not in bustling, noisy streets,
Nor in crowds where laughter is heard,
Where the heart no true heart meets,
And no tender emotion is stirred.

When most do I think of thee?
'Tis at evening's silent hour,
When memory's angel with me
Sits awake in her starry bower;
When she paints past blissful days,
Then I feel thee wanting, love;
O'er the wide, wide sea I gaze,
Then I weep thy absence, love.

When most do I think of thee?
'Tis when cares overcast life's skies,
And none can my comforters be,
And the heart in its bitterness sighs:
Like some bird that pines for its nest,
To thy bosom I then would flee;
There only the wife can rest;
Yes, in grief I think chiefly of thee.

Happy Memories.

HAPPY season! when a child
Flowers I plucked of gayest dyes,
And, with laugh and footstep wild,
Hunted speckled butterflies;
All my heart in reckless play,
Gleesome all the swift-winged day,
Easy conscience, careless breast—
Shall I be again so blest?

Wondering season! when I first
Saw the round moon softly shine;
When rich music on me burst,
O what ecstasy was mine!
Then to ravished ear and sight,
All things gave a fresh delight;
All things new in glory drest—
Shall I be again so blest?

Dreaming season! when I bent
Spell-bound first o'er fiction's page,
Passion's tale such witchery lent,
Charming that romantic age;
Then no dreary unbelief,
Then no real care or grief;
Fancies sweet my heart possessed—
Shall I be again so blest?

Our Beautiful World.

OUR beautiful world! Oh, wrong
To paint it in darkness and age!
Nature carols a joyous song,
And laughs at the sad-hearted sage:
The sun beams as brightly on high,
Flowers smile as sweetly around,
As when he first blazed in the sky,
As when they first scented the ground.

Our beautiful world! Still the Spring
Comes tripping in freshness and mirth;
Warm Summer shakes joy from her wing,
Rich Autumn turns golden the earth;
Nurse Winter a cradle bends o'er,
Rocking Nature to sleep for awhile,
That man may enjoy her the more,
When she wakes with a new, happy smile.

Our beautiful world! God's power
Preserves what He loveth so dear;
Had man such perfection this hour,
We should live in a paradise here.
Our beautiful world! Oh, wrong
To paint it in darkness and age!
Nature carols a joyous song,
And laughs at the sad-hearted sage.

How sweet thy Tasks, thou Fairy Flower!

HOW sweet thy tasks, thou fairy flower,
Pure, beautiful, and gay!
To deck the garden's Summer bower,
The lane's green, winding way!
Or in some lonely dell to bloom,
Or cheer the sick one's mournful room.

How sweet thy tasks, thou purple flower!
To charm each gazer's sight,
To drink dew-nectar, sun and shower
Making thy robes so bright,
No toil, no anxious thought, the breeze
Freshening thy cheeks—thy sweethearts, bees.

How sweet thy tasks, thou odorous flower,
With scents to steep the air!
To grace a queen's proud throne an hour,
To make the cottage fair;
E'en angels, stooping from the sky,
Might love thee for thy balmy sigh.

How sweet thy tasks, thou favoured flower,
With petals rich but chaste,
To make in Beauty's locks a bower,
Fragrance mid fragrance placed;
To cheer her sense in halls of pride,
And deck her bosom, when a bride.

She Faded, as a Lovely Star.

SHE faded, as a lovely star
Goes out at break of day;
The angels brought their silver car,
And bore her soul away;
But fancy sees her every night,
I know the star, her throne of light.

The angels brought their silver car,
Bright shone their locks of grace,
And glorious eyes, but lovelier far
My loved one's heavenly face;
In thought I'm with her every night,
I know the star, her throne of light.

The angels brought their silver car;
I mourned at Heaven's decree;
Oh, sad to place a cruel bar
Betwixt my love and me!
Yet fancy sees her every night,
I know the star, her throne of light.

The angels brought their silver car,
It glided up blue air;
I sighed, I wept, to think how far
Her darling soul they'd bear;
Yet fancy sees her every night,
I know the star, her throne of light.

The World of Flowers.

FLOWERS are the jewels given to gleam
On Nature's flowing, gorgeous dress!
Flowers are the artists of the beam,
Painting our world with loveliness;
Flowers, bright-eyed flowers! their breath divine
To sorrow's heart will yield a bliss;
Whate'er in loftier worlds may shine,
O give me flowers, sweet flowers in this!

Flowers are the censers breathing sweets
Back to the sun for warmth and light;
Flowers are the maidens whom he greets,
Making them blush in coy delight:
Flowers, bright-eyed flowers! their breath divine
To sorrow's heart will yield a bliss;
Whate'er in loftier worlds may shine,
O give me flowers, sweet flowers in this!

They chase our thoughts of darkest gloom,
And O, they shine so pure, so fair,
On heaven's own plains they sure might bloom,
Or deck an angel's golden hair.
Flowers, bright-eyed flowers! their breath divine
To sorrow's heart will yield a bliss;
Whate'er in loftier worlds may shine,
O give me flowers, sweet flowers in this!

Star of Glory.

STAR of glory sweetly beaming
On the azure brow of night!
Clouds across the sky are streaming,
But again it sparkles bright;
Time no dimness to it bringeth,
Nightly shining, shining there;
Sure some angel to it singeth,
Ever changeless, ever fair.

So my love, in life's wide heaven,
Glows for thee; let clouds of ill
O'er my troubled soul be driven,
Love beyond them shineth still:
Time no single ray is stealing
From its calm, enduring light;
'Tis a star of truth and feeling,
Burning on through dreariest night.

Like the distant planet yonder,
These stray feet far off may be,
But no distance that I wander,
Will make dim my love for thee:
Radiant ever, clouds of sorrow
Love shall lace with silvery gleams,
And no light it needs to borrow,
In itself a fount of beams.

The Song of the Sun Beam.

WHEN Morning's cheerful eyes unclose,
I flash, I flash from Eastern hills,
And kiss and rouse the sleeping rose,
And soon my light each flower-bell fills;
I dance and sparkle on the stream,
And all things love the gay Sun Beam.

I dart, I dart, along the fields,
And call upon the lark to rise;
To slumber he no longer yields,
But soars with anthems up the skies:
I chase wide earth's dull, heavy dream,
And all things bless the glad Sun Beam.

I light, I light the cottage room,
And up gay-hearted Labour springs;
And then I pierce soft Luxury's gloom,
With tinted splendour on my wings;
Beauty awakes, her bright eyes gleam,
For all things love the glad Sun Beam.

When Evening seeks her Western bowers,
I fall, I fall, like golden spray,
On wood and glen, and sleepy flowers;
I gild the lovers' pensive way;
My soft light wakes love's softest dream,
For all things feel the glad Sun Beam.

The Good and Fair.

LOVE thou all things good and fair,
From the mighty stars of God,
To the lark that hymns in air,
To the flower that decks the sod:
Love will make thine eyes beam bright,
As the eyes of angels shine;
Hatred, with a cloud, will blight
All things beauteous and divine.

Love the infant rill that leaps
Sparkling, laughing, from the willows;
Love old Ocean as he sweeps,
With his voice of stormy billows:
Love the valley, love the mountain
Holding converse with the sky;
Love the throstle by the fountain,
Piping evening melody.

Love mankind, and smile, and bless;
Heap no evil on thy foe;
Love is peace, is happiness,
Hate another name for woe;
Love at first from heaven descended,
Giv'n to cheer our night of ill;
'Tis with all things beauteous blended,
'Twould make earth an Eden still.

The Language of Bells.

BELLS! with your loud defiant notes,
Of victory proudly telling,
A spirit in your music floats,
Exultant, booming, swelling:
Bells! when the new year springs to birth,
Out from the steeple ringing,
Ye sound like hope's sweet voice to earth,
A happier era bringing.

Bells! through the fragrant morning air,
Sending your merry voices,
Ye murmur of a wedded pair,
While every heart rejoices;
Ye speak of bosoms bounding light—
Bells swelling, rising, pealing—
Of love's sweet hours to take no flight,
Each vow with music sealing.

Bells! from the tower so old and gray,
At evening softly swinging,
Bidding adieu to dying day,
The thrush in concert singing;
Ye summon from the tombs of years
Memories long darkly lying,
Until our eyes o'erflow with tears,
Our words are lost in sighing.

The Mystery of the Heart.

A MARVEL unsolved is the heart—
Thing of mystery, virtue, and crime,
Now scheming a dark, cruel part,
Now prompting to actions sublime:
The heart hath its raptures and sighs,
Can be bold, or fickle, or coy;
But oh, when it beats and replies
To another, 'tis fullest of joy.

The heart oft the intellect sways,
For mind is an icicle bright,
The heart sheddeth warm sunny rays,
And the ice melts away in their light:
The heart, midst the trials of life,
Will teach us to smile, and to bear;
Its pleadings will banish harsh strife,
Its tenderness soften despair.

The heart will compassionate woe,
When selfishness droppeth no tear;
Its love light and beauty will throw
On all that is desolate here:
The heart hath its raptures and sighs,
Can be bold, or fickle, or coy,
But oh, when it beats and replies
To another, 'tis fullest of joy.

POEMS,

IN MEMORIAM.

They've gone, but left a glory still behind—
Their memories and their works—great lights that shine,
Like permanent rainbows arched above their graves.

POEMS, IN MEMORIAM.

The Last Days and Funeral of David Livingstone.

[When, sinking beneath his malady, he reached Chitambo's valley, he exclaimed to his followers—"Build me a hut to die in!" They obeyed, and in that shed he expired on the 4th of May, 1873.—*Portion of Telegram.*]

"BUILD me a hut to die in!"—then he knew
His last long journey o'er;
That yearning to solve mysteries, grasp the true,
That passion to explore,
That hope to plant love, peace, where horrors grew,
Could urge his steps no more;
Closed were the arduous tasks of many a year,
The pilgrim's pilgrimage must finish here.

"Build me a hut to die in!"—See him there,
Scotia's bold, wondrous son,
Yielding to fate! a soul how grand! how rare
What deeds have heroes done,
More brave, more noble, men's applause to share,
Than thine, great Livingstone?
Conqueror of Afric's secrets! daring's child!
The bloodless Nelson of the fearful wild.

"Build me a hut to die in!"—Far away
From children, friends, and home,
The traveller laid him down, to mourn and pray;
Thought flew o'er ocean's foam;
Bright in his bosom burned affection's ray,
His heart did never roam;
He left his land, yet tenderest feelings kept,
And so he mused on home, and sighed and wept.

"Build me a hut to die in!"—It was made
By rough yet kindly hands;
The savage loved him, for his virtues swayed,
And charmed e'en savage bands;
Slow sank his frame, but soul was cheered and stayed,
Travelling to happier lands:
For Afric he had toiled, nor shrank to die,
For Afric rose his last, expiring sigh.

Long, weary months, they bore the treasured clay,
Across hot, desert plains;
The boldest, wisest, traveller of his day,
Oh, guard those loved remains!
England! receive them! from such spirit, say
The age a glory gains;
Worth, Enterprise, Discovery! drop a tear!
And Honour! wreath with bays a Livingstone's proud bier.

Abbey! made hoary by the wings of time,
And sacred by the dead!
Where rest the mighty ones, the stars sublime,
That spirit-radiance shed;
Where Fame stands watching, as the ages chime,
Many a proud sleeper's bed;
House, where the great alone admittance win,
Open your doors, and let the Traveller in!

A death-like hush—bent heads, and mournful eyes—
The coffin enters slow;
The tombs around to fancy whisper sighs;
Wails soft a chant of woe;
Solemn, funereal words! beneath the skies,
All to dumb earth must go:
The famed, obscure, the monarch and the slave,
Bow to strong death, are equals in the grave.

But hark! the strain is changed; it grandly floats,
A triumph, not a sigh,
Hope, life eternal, in the golden notes;
As if, the choir on high,
Angels had left, and poured, from love-tuned throats,
An anthem of the sky;
It thrills the listeners, stays the falling tear,
And breathes of heaven around the dead man's bier.

They lower the clay; thro' windows in rich showers,
Flash beams of gorgeous hue,
Like smiles from God; Oh, drop thick wreaths of flowers,
And sigh your last adieu!
"Dust unto dust!" Ye old Valhalla towers!
One more of glory's crew,
One whose great path mid toil and danger lay,
Keep, in your hallowed bounds, till Judgment Day!

'Tis o'er; Nile's weary searcher! pilgrim! rest!
Thou marvellous weaver boy!
Kings by thy side; and yet, to soul made blest,
Splendour may yield no joy,
The honoured tomb with fame's bright trophies drest,
Haply an idle toy,
To him who now heaven's blazing courts may see,
Yet all love grants below, we give, great shade! to thee.

Charles Dickens.

THE brain, the active, subtle brain,
Which from its secret, wondrous cells,
Sent forth a mixed and endless train
Of thoughts which, by strong spells,
Grew into beings full of burning life,
With all our frailties, all our passions, rife;
The brain that was a treasure-house of dreams,
A fountain-head of many joyous streams;
That brain is still, with fancies never more
To please, enthral; Wit's summer reign is o'er;
Relentless fate the golden thread must sever,
The curtain falls—that brain is still for ever.

Dark, undiscriminating, cruel Death!
Couldst thou not quench some star less bright?
Couldst thou not take some meaner breath,
And longer spare that sun to glad our sight?
Oh, at its setting, sorrow o'er the land
Cast deepest shade; the smile of Humour fled,
Pathos dissolved in tears, gay Fancy's band
Stayed in the dance, for *Fiction's* lord was dead!
Tell it unto the winds—"he lives no more!"
The sad winds bear the wail 'round Britain's shore;

The sad winds bear the dirge to other climes,
In Europe's cities Grief shall hear the chimes;
Australian settlers hear it; far it thrills
Along Canadian lakes, and rocky hills;
Down thro' "The States" the wail of sorrow sweeps;
As for her own lost son, Columbia weeps.

I see the peasant, bronzed by sun and gale,
Who reads and understands his vivid tale;
I see the high-bred lord, the thoughtful sage,
Charmed by the wisdom of his life-true page;
I see the maiden's lips with smiles apart;
Anon some touching scene dissolves her heart—
Scene where deep feelings mix with fancies gay,
Like weeping dews first lit by laughing day:
These mourn the great magician's sorcery o'er;
The charmer of light hours can charm no more,
The hand that penned no pen again shall hold,
The heart that others warmed must now be cold.

Dickens, thou lord of pathos and of mirth!
Thou wast in sunny moments giv'n to earth;
Thy marvel-working wand, for many years,
Hath ministered delight; in hours of sadness
Thy page hath scattered gloom, and called up gladness,
And oft unsealed the fount of sweetest tears.
Who hath not laughed o'er Pickwick, felt the spell
Of Christmas Tales, and sighed with gentle Nell?
Followed, enchained, a countless, varied train,
Breathing of life, tho' children of the brain?
Ah! what a boast is thine!
An alchemy makes golden all thy fame;
It is, that thou hast writ no line
On which doth fall the poison-drop of shame:

The young, the old, the pure in soul may read,
No blush will rise at word, or scene, or deed.

'Twas thine a pleasantness, a joy to find
Thro' all the walks of being; humblest mind
Was still thy study; like the bee, thy powers
Not only honey drew from richest flowers,
But, with a rare perception, gathered sweets
From hedge-side blooms in life's most dark retreats.
Thy genius calls up worshippers, who fain
Would catch thy spirit, but they toil in vain;
None can usurp thine own peculiar throne,
None else can bend thy bow—thou reign'st alone.

O the far, coming ages! will they sweep,
With humbler labourers, to Oblivion's deep,
Thy world-known, honoured name?
And must grow faint, more faint, until it sleep,
The music of thy fame?
No, while our tongue shall live, or charms impart,
And humour please, and pathos reach the heart,
A Dickens' name shall million bosoms thrill,
And all his bright creations ravish still.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

A BRILLIANT star in letters' sky hath set,
But not to rise like Nature's; fate's strong blast
Hath riv'n a tree which should be blooming yet;
Mind's palace to the earth by death is cast:
We sigh "he was!"—how much these words contain
Of earnest sorrow, fond regret, and pain!

Was no one near to aid with gentle skill,
Soothe his last hour, and close his dimming eyes?
He passed away as lonely and as still,
As morning dew exhaled into the skies:*
He seemed to sleep, a smile upon his brow;
Oh, Death, how calm, yet terrible art thou!

There, ceased to beat a heart as honest, good,
And noble as e'er warmed a breast of clay;
We mourn him lost to Mind's bright brotherhood,
In the full strength of manhood called away,
In the expanded bloom of mental powers,
And nursing hopes and plans for future hours.

That lip shall cease mirth's kindly, genial flow,
That eye shall flash the light of soul no more,
That breast no longer feel for wrong and woe,
The brain's world-charming visions ever o'er;
Foes now will bear no malice, and each friend,
With added love, above his tomb will bend.

* No person was with Mr. Thackeray when he died; he was found in his bed-room in the morning, his features calm, but life extinct.

Not bitter was he, though there seemed a sting
In searching, fiery words, that baseness felt;
His spirit drank at charity's pure spring;
When merit suffered, all his heart could melt:
Treading fame's lofty steep, he knew no pride,
And, guiding others, did not scorn a guide.

Not cynical—he only lashed the times,
Sworn enemy to each deceptive art,
Held up to scorn weak fashion's brilliant crimes,
And bade dishonesty and meanness smart,
Himself all kindness—sympathetic, mild,
In soul a giant—feeling, a young child.

Grave wisdom, with its calm and pensive brow,
Bland humour, with its joyous ready smile,
Taste loving to all beauteous forms to bow,
And Fancy that creates and glows the while—
For Nature's painter let their tears be shed,
Mourning a Thackeray, too early dead!

Rest, Fielding of our day! and more than he—
Thy varied characters, a populous hive;
The world respects, while weaving wreaths for thee,
And yet to laud thy name we need not strive;
Thy works will be a trumpet, which thy praise
Shall widely, sweetly sound, through future days.

And "Thinkers" to thy grave will oft repair,
And muse on thy career, and learn from thee
To smite men's hydra-follies, yet to bear
A bosom from all hate, all envy free:
Sleep, truthful, kindly heart! though wrapt in night,
Thou leavest on thy page thy spirit's light.

Lord Bulwer Lytton.

LET Genius by his bier mute, sorrowing, stand,
Taste twine a varied wreath, and eager Fame
Sound her shrill clarion, telling that his name
Goes down among the great ones of his land.
Crichton of literature in modern day,
Fiction, the drama, poetry—three streams
This Protean author poured of mental beams,
But death the luminous source hath snatched away.
The chastened beauty of the classic past,
With modern brilliance, on his page is cast;
Wide was the field his bright, sharp sickle reaped,
Rich were the sheaves the busy labourer heaped;
Working he died; his land reward shall give,
And bid a Lytton's name, among the deathless, live.

Lady Franklin.

THE Carian* mourned her lord by death laid low,
And o'er his ashes bent in blinding grief;
She reared a tomb of dazzling, gorgeous show,
But still she wept, nor found in pomp relief.

And thou didst mourn thy hero long, long years,
With love as true as hers, regret as deep;
Thy dream, thy tireless aim, amidst thy tears,
To find the bones that Polar spirits keep.

* Artemisia, queen of Caria.

Some love hath but the meteor's passing sheen,
Fiery and lustrous, soon to die in night;
Thine, fixed like yon large star in heaven's serene,
Was pure and lasting, as its rays were bright.

Traveller thro' many lands! but sunny seas,
Rich Tropic climes, the lovely palmy isle,
The raging tempest, and the odorous breeze,
The mountain's grandeur, and the valley's smile:

Nothing could chase one mem'ry; still thy dreams
Flew from the South, and, travelling Polar snows,
Pictured one object 'neath the Aurora-beams,
Where no sweet streamlet glides, no flowret blows.

But there mid gales that cutting, numbing, sweep,
Mid seals and bears, in bitter Wintry gloom,
He, thy fond heart so loved—no eye to weep—
Lay cold and lone, within his icy tomb.

Thou'lt join him now, on heaven's blest, stormless shore,
O faithful mourner thro' grief's dreary night!
No Polar snows, no gloom, but, sorrow o'er,
Thou'lt climb with him the flower-clad hills of light.

Katherine Southey.

[Miss Katherine Southey, one of the daughters of the late Robert Southey, died at Laithwaite Cottage, near Keswick, on the 8th of August, 1864, and was buried under the shadows of Mount Skiddaw.]

LOVED daughter of a bard whose honoured name
Doth shine serenely in the sky of fame!
A bard that in his wreath twined virtue's flower,
Which sweetly breathes a living fragrance still;
Whose mem'ry, like a grey and ivied tower,
Adorns, mid gathering shades, Time's sombre hill.

How strong, unwearied, is a daughter's love!
Pure as the warmth in angel-hearts above:
She watched his progress, and, in life's decay,
Smoothed his white hair, and checked the anxious sigh
She read, to charm him, history, poet's lay,
Tended his wants, and closed his dying eye.

She sleeps where Nature casts her loveliest spells,
Romance sits queen, and calm-eyed beauty dwells;
Where Greta murmurs her weird silvery song,
And Derwentwater spreads, another sky,
And Skiddaw's mighty shadow falls along
The grassy mound where low her relics lie.

Evening is fading in the yellow West,
And on her grave the parting sunbeams rest;
The speedwell turns to court the sinking ray,
The bee goes home, the bat is whirring near,
The plaintive redbreast pipes a farewell lay;
Nature doth know no death, still beauteous here.

Her father with deep passion loved this scene,
Hoar rock, wild mountain-side, and meadow green,
His music, song of birds and gush of rills,
His heart, by Nature swayed, to rapture given;
Say, doth his shade still roam these dear-loved hills,
And view entranced the "trailing clouds" of heaven?

The Daughter 'neath the flowers has laid her head;
On her low grave affection's tear be shed!
Long shall this scene recall her father's name—
Scene sweetly peaceful, beautifully wild,
Lake, glen, and mountain, linked with Southey's fame,
Its light, a halo, resting on the child.

The Funeral of a Great Man.

A SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TOLL out, thou booming bell,
Thy deepest and most solemn knell!
Grey Abbey, lo! another guest!
They bring him here to sleep
Death's slumber calm and deep,
Where Fox and Chatham from their labours rest;
And others famed in story—
King, poet, priest and sage,
Gathered from many an age,
Flash from their very dust a deathless glory.

Who are the great of earth?
Not they who draw the red, aggressive sword,
And leave upon the world a trail of gore,
Who to their fellow men no love accord,
Still casting down what others raised before.—

Who are the great of earth?
Not they who at the shrine of Mammon bend,
And dedicate their energies and years
To heaping sordid gold—their being's end,
The source of all their joys, and dreams, and fears.
The great are they who consecrate their powers
To learning, progress, and their country's weal;
Who, tho' they err as mortals, scatter flowers
Of good around, all honest in their zeal—
These are the great of earth!—

And thou wast great, around whose bier
Prince, Prelate, Noble, gather here;
The foremost senator of modern time,
Whose name thro' England, and each distant clime,
Hath echoed, proudly echoed, for long years;
Now by thy grave we meet, and shed our tears.

They bear the coffin onward slow,
In pomp becoming his estate;
The organ peals grand notes of woe,
Yet solemn as a dirge of fate;
And voices now, melodious, rich, are swelling,
Of immortality and glory telling;
The strain peals heavenward, as upborne on wings,
And touches all the heart's responsive strings;
The words of hope and cheering float around,
And all the graves that guard the clay
Of great men till the judgment day,
Are softly echoing back the sacred sound.

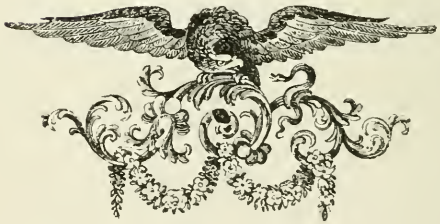
Anon the anthem, sung more sadly, seems
A wail for pomp and life—poor fleeting dreams;
Then, surging thro' the aisles, it gently dies
Among the tombs, like melancholy sighs.
They bear the honoured dead,
With measured, solemn tread;
Ye mighty ones who sleep on earth's cold breast!
In gorgeous tombs, where fame
Embalms each noble name,
Receive a worthy brother to your rest!

Lo! at the instant, thro' the painted glass,
Beams suddenly, with lambent splendour, pass!*
They crown the coffin with a nimbus bright,
As if some angel, looking from the skies,
Smiled down in love, and this, the smile of light,
Bids his soul welcome into paradise.

The loftiest mortal is but dust!
He leaves us full of years,
Yet the proud Statesman claims our tears;
Mourn for the good, the just!
In solemn quiet let him lie,
Where Britain's genius breathes a sigh
O'er Pitt, illustrious Canning's grave;
Here Fame shall greenest laurels wave,
And Glory watch the honoured three,
Resplendent stars in history!—

* A burst of sunshine, the sky having been previously gloomy, shone down through the lantern on the coffin of Lord Palmerston, as it stood before the altar-rails.

Nought to him now life's narrow hopes and fears,
And while his memory England long will keep,
With the great spirits of a thousand years,
We leave him here to sleep.



POEMS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

"A garden of mixed growth—of plants and flowers;
A wood where varied birds pipe varied song;
Confessions of a heart, not sending forth
A wail of discontent and selfish grief,
But seeing light in heav'n, and good on earth."

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Vision of War and Peace.

Part I.—War.

COME, glory! bring thy laurel crown,
To soften War's black demon-frown;
Place it upon his flashing brow,
Hail War a mighty spirit now!
Give him the keen-edged brand,
Its ray shall light the land;
The brazen trumpet blow!
Its notes are death and woe;
Beat, beat the echoing drum!
Think not of ills to come,
But send him forth to slay,
To spread despair, dismay;
His mission is to slaughter,
Till blood flows 'round like water.

Renown his deeds so gory,
Shall blazon long in story;
He comes to right man's wrong,
But smiles upon the strong;
Reason to him must yield,
His justice-court the field;
Mad passions urge him still,
Ever, with cruel skill,
Moulding new weapons that shall send
Men swiftest to their pitiless end—
In crowds, pale crowds, to Hades' gloom;
O misery's lord! great vampire of the tomb!

And thus War's demon rises from below,
Girt by unnumbered forms of ill and woe;
Half shade, half flame, those phantoms 'round him dance;
  Some, like dire Furies, toss their snaky hair,
And some with tears and bursting sighs advance,
  And some look white despair.
Havoc surveys in dreams his bleeding heaps,
Where bravery, ne'er to waken, sleeps;
He hears the groans of victims dying,
Music to him their fruitless sighing.
Ruin, exultant, gazes down
On burning village, plundered town,
Art, industry, all crushed and dead,
Beneath the war-fiend's iron tread.
Gaunt, staring Famine piteous stands,
With shrunken limb, and bony hands,
WhileDesolation sadly w alks,
And Pestilence with blue lip stalks;
Bereavement looks unto the skies
With breaking heart and tearful eyes;

She sees the mother weeping for her son,
Whose gallant course so soon is run;
She sees the wife whose days had known no gloom,
Swooning to learn her husband's bloody doom,
Laid by hard, ruthless War on earth's cold breast,
His pallid cheek unkissed, his hand unpressed,
While little ones, now orphans, hang their heads,
Weeping, because sad tears their mother sheds.—
And many a maid she sees, a broken spray,
Sobbing in bitterness her heart away:
No altar now, no wedding bells,
Dark guest of death, the loved one dwells;
No more his gay familiar voice
Shall make her fluttering heart rejoice;
The turf is crimson where he lies,
Closed, closed for ever those dear eyes:
And so she sits like some crushed, broken spray,
Sobbing in bitterness her heart away.

Such the dark shapes around thee, monster War!
As on thou dashest in thy trophied car;
All the pale miseries, tortures, form thy train,
As death makes wet thy path with crimson rain;
Yet men pursue thee, and calm reason drown,
Panting for glory, and a conqueror's crown,
Heeding not all the blood, and all the tears,
The desolation sighing down the years,
And all the crushing woes since woe began,
Which thy mad course hath heaped on suffering man.

Part II.—Peace.

She comes! she comes! descending light,
Midst circling clouds all silver-bright;
Her dove-soft wings, late arched in pride,
Closed gently by her shining side;
An olive-branch her hand doth bear,
A single lily decks her hair,
Rich tresses down her shoulders rolled,
A cataract of wavy gold.
Her eyes of tenderest blue,
Love steepeth through and through;
Her feet, all soft as snow,
Tread banks where violets blow;
She smiles out soul, that smile
Beams magic to beguile
Old earth of all its care,
Far driveth grim despair,
And brings back Eden there.

O angel Peace! well pleased we gaze on thee,
While demon War, and all his spectres flee;
Beautiful creature! come from bowers above,
With looks of mercy, and with voice of love!
A thing of light, thou trippest gaily by,
Hope, joy, and goodness, mirror'd in thine eye,
Restoring verdure to scathed hill and glade,
Healing the wounds that cruel War hath made,
Taking the widow, orphan, by the hand,
And flashing sunshine o'er the late dark land.

Thou glidest forward; crowding 'round thee soon,
Like honeyed bees round flowers in June,
Benevolent forms are seen,
Some joyous, some serene;
Some lovely as a vision,
Shining in trance Elysian:
These laughing in sweet mirth,
Those beaming radiant worth.

Up! Industry awakes,
And, at thy glance, the ploughshare takes;
No longer steeped with gory rain,
The fields shall wave with russet grain:
Above the city spread thy wings,
  And white-cheeked Famine speeds away,
And Commerce hums, and Music rings,
  And man, as Heaven designed, is gay.
Where'er thy presence, Peace, we find,
Brute force doth yield to nobler mind,
And Progress rears her banner high,
With forward step and ardent eye;
And Civilisation sows her seeds,
Uprooting Cruelty's dark weeds,
While Science, fostered by thy care,
Earth's wonders, like a god, lays bare:
Learning, too, climbs his sun-topp'd hill,
  And Justice calmly righteth wrong,
And Painting plies her magic skill,
  And Genius wakes his deathless song;
While love her arms will open wide,
Like circles on a lake's smooth tide,
And wider, till those arms embrace,
As kindred, all the human race.

O blessed Peace! when thus we see thee bring,
In thy fair train, each lovely, gladsome thing,
How can we court black War, whose direful spell
Changes awhile our beauteous world to hell?
How think by slaughtering man, man's ills to heal,
And, working others' misery, joy to feel?
And how urge Progress to perfection's goal,
By causing ruin, blasting works of soul?—
Humanity and Justice! from yon skies,
Descend! descend! and open mortals' eyes!
Kneel to dear Peace—child, too, of heavenly birth,
Build strong her throne, and hail her queen of earth!
Then savage tribe with tribe shall strive no more,
And Christians cease to water earth with gore;
Virtue, good-will, shall bid the heart rejoice,
Their heavenly speech for cannon's dreadful voice,
And mind will rule, and plenty crown the sod,
No clouds to veil the bright, near smiles of God.

The Mystery of Music.

CALL not music mere vibrations,
Pulsing, trembling, floating by,
Just to raise pleased, brief sensations,
Fruitless sounds, and born to die:
No, it is a spirit burning,
Subtile, lightning-like, in air;
Dormant it may lie, till turning,
Woke by art, a glory there.

O the power of warblings golden,
Of a soft or mighty tone!
Men bowed down in ages olden,
And still bend at music's throne:
Wild and savage though the nation,
Still sweet sounds can touch the soul!
E'en the unreasoning, brute creation
Owns their strong and strange control.

Serpents, drawn by music, listen,
Birds glad warble unto birds,
And their quick eyes brightly glisten,
Songs their rich melodious words:
What doth cheer us when we languish,
Like the gush of simple lays?
What may soothe us when in anguish,
Like the songs of happier days?

Think not music swelling, pealing,
Or soft-breathing dulcet sighs,
Making molten hardest feeling,
Lifting earth-thoughts to the skies,
Perishes when past—Oh, never!
Science tells us each sweet tone
Must sound on, sweep on for ever,
E'en to God's high, distant throne.*

* Science declares that sounds, though they may no longer affect the human sense, must agitate our atmosphere to its utmost limits, and then the subtile vibrations will be communicated to the ether beyond. Hence, however slight those vibrations may become, they must continue their journey through unlimited space. This idea of our philosophers is a beautiful one, and if thoughtfully considered, it will be found neither extravagant, nor to involve an impossibility.

The Season of Youth.

YOUTH, sweet maiden youth!
When time flies with angel-wings,
And gush purely life's clear springs;
Jubilant hour of body's health,
Strength and freshness passing wealth;
When the step is fairy lightness,
And the eyes are dewy brightness—
Eyes, the gay soul's starry dwelling,
Smiling, sparkling,
Never darkling,
Still of hope and pleasure telling.
When the brow no care discloses,
And the cheeks are softest roses,
Where sad tears will wander never,
But the dimple play for ever;
When the lip, so wreathed and merry,
In its redness mocks the cherry,
And the hair, so glossy, bright,
Shineth like a crown of light;
When, dark colouring all unknown,
Life-scenes take their richest tone,

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And the breast will melt to woe,
Or with warmest rapture glow;
And all pastimes yield a joy,
Nought to weary, nought to cloy.
Oh, delightful, maiden youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich golden store,
Happy, buoyant, envied youth!

Beautiful season of glad dreams!
When the far-beckoning future seems
Not dark and lowering, but with sky
Softly cerulean, while a bow
Spans every cloud, and still on high
Gleam suns with summer glow:
When, in the opening path of life,
Bristles no thorn of woe or strife,
But roses strew the way,
Each vista green and gay,
With music of hope's birds for every ringing,
And fancy's fairies sweetly singing,
While Pleasures on each side, with radiant eyes,
Promise a lasting paradise.

Youth, delighted, ardent youth!
All-to-gold transmuting youth!
Likening that precious stone the sages
Have vainly sought through darkling ages;
For all that youth's glad eyes behold,
By sweetest magic, turns to gold.
No discords find their jarring way
To mar in youth life's dulcet lay:
No thoughts of coming weary years,
Of trials, hard experience, tears,

Enter the palace of the brain,
That airy, happy, gay domain.
Being's dear spring-time crowned with bloom,
Youth heeds not distant Winter's gloom,
Sporting 'mid half-blown odorous flowers,
That deck life's green luxurious bowers!
Youth, warm, gleesome, bounding youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich priceless store,
Oh, happy, blessèd youth!

Maiden with the beaming face,
Laughing eyes, and form of grace,
On whose lip no sigh is heard,
Blithesome as an April bird,
Weaving garden-flowers at morn,
When the wild bee blows his horn,
And thy dog, with frolic bound,
Pleased as thou, doth gambol round:
Or thou movest in the dance,
Like a white cloud, to and fro,
With good temper in each glance,
With thy young cheeks all a-glow.
I do blame thee not, fair creature!
When I view each lovely feature,
When I see the joys that rise,
Sparkling in thy violet eyes,
Heightening all thy budding charms,
Leaning thus in pleasure's arms,
I but think of that young day,
When my soul, like thine, was gay;
I but blessings breathe upon thee;
May Time's hand rest lightly on thee!

May no grief heart's blossoms blight!
Mayst thou draw from love delight!—
Joyous season, hopeful youth!
Time to return no more,
With its rich golden store,
Happy, buoyant, envied youth!

The Emigrant Ship on Fire.

BRAVELY she walks the tranquil ocean,
With steady and majestic motion,
Gliding in beauty tow'rd the glowing West;
The yellow beams are softly burning
On wide-spread sails, and ever turning
To glossy gold each little billow's breast;
Gaily the polished deck they throng,
Some chase the hour with mirth and song;
They seek another home—Columbia's strand;
Lovers on bashful maidens glance,
And now in joyous groups they dance,
Deeming that sea as safe as flowery land.

Go down, thou sleepy sun, with burnished brow,
To light some distant shore!
Glad eyes that greet thy beams of splendour now,
May view those beams no more.
See that thin smoke—a tiny cloud,
Near where young maids are laughing loud,
They heed not—pipe the merry lay,
Nor, dancers, mid your frolic, stay!

Forth from the cabin now it curls
In darker spires, and wider whirls!
Then low is heard a crackling sound;
With sudden glare, and eager bound,
Up springs a col umn, redder, higher—
O cease your songs—'tis fire! 'tis fire!

The seamen to and fro are rushing,
And torrents o'er the deck are gushing:
"Put out the fire! more water, more!"
Still goes the cry,
But red on high
Ascend the flames with hiss and roar.
The emigrants are white,
And shivering with affright;
Their instruments are mute,
The viol, horn, and flute,
Cast wildly on the deck,
Where all is maddening wreck:
"Put out the fire! more water, more!"
Still goes the cry,
But red on high
Leap up the flames with fiercer roar.

Around the masts, like snakes, those flames are curling;
The sails are all a-blaze,
They look as dyed with blood, to winds unfurling;
Demons, well pleased, might gaze.
Up the tarr'd ropes the fire's dread fury flies,
Quick messengers of fear,
To bear the tale of horror to the skies—
What sounds appal the ear?

Strong men's wild shouts that die along the wave,
The shrieks of women praying God to save:
Will no good angel come to snatch from doom?
Or must that ship go down, a fiery tomb?

The boats are launched; some rush, some leap;
A tithe of that great throng,
Hurrying the decks along,
Would whelm those boats beneath the deep;
Burdened they heel, but safe their freights they bear;
Hearts bleed to leave behind
Dear friends a grave to find
In that hot furnace of despair.—
Alas for the remaining crowd!
Hark on the gale, their wailings loud!
Poor helpless wretches, near the bow,
Like trembling sheep, they gather now,
As if by grouping they could fly
Their doom of fear and agony.
And so that late gay ship on fire
Burns like a lofty funeral pyre;
She drifts along the shimmering, blood-red waves,
The heaving, glossy, fire-reflecting waves,
Like burnished tomb-stones for their coming graves.

Piteous, heart-rending scene! some mutely there
Stand shivering, paralysed, in white despair;
And some, heroic spirits, front grim death,
With hands firm-clenched, raised brow, and bated breath;
While others on the heated deck are kneeling,
Praying to God, their eyes calm light revealing:
A mother here strains wildly to her breast
The unconscious infant, nestling into rest,

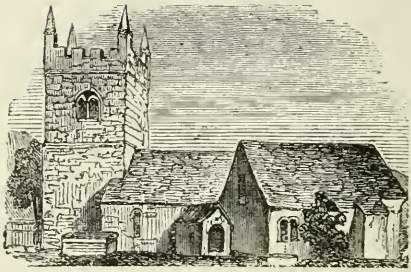
Casts off the sparks that 'round in showers are thrown,
And, in its danger, half forgets her own.
Husbands clasp wives whose moans all bosoms wring,
And lovers madly to each other cling,
Viewing the raging fire, the pitiless main,
And weeping floods of tears, how vain! how vain!

The emigrants, hemmed in, and scorching now,
Behold the flames approach the bow;
They come, creep, creep,
Devouring as they sweep;
Cross fire-jets fiercely flashing,
Prone fall the masts, loud crashing;
Creep, creep—the burnt yards hiss,
Hot seems the very abyss;
Through flames the ship is reeling,
Smoke her black hull concealing;
With mirrored fire each wave is crowned,
Fire here, fire there, fire all around.

A ship! a ship! on ocean's hazy brim
It rises, grows—it flashes through the dim:
A ship! a ship! she steams across the wave,
Swift as morn's sea-bird darting from her cave.
She comes! all eyes are tow'rd that vision cast,
The shrieks of rapture swelling down the blast.
She comes! the white foam feathering at her bow,
Her colours streaming high, to hail them now.
Ye flames, a moment, hold! Heaven, hear their prayer!
They hang 'twixt life and death, 'twixt hope, despair.

Dash on, thou gallant vessel! urge thy way!
Defraud the flames, and snatch from death its prey.

The emigrants, with straining eyes, look out,
And toss their arms, their souls in each glad shout.
She comes with rushing bow, and whirring wheel,
And her good, urgent mission seems to feel.
She nears the bark; the wide-spread fire she'll brave;
Her boats are lower'd, and hurrying on to save:
The emigrants fast crowd them, maiden fair,
Small child, and feeble age, the strong man's care;
And still boats haste away, approach again,
Saving, like angels, those joy-maddened men.
Now all in safety placed, they watch afar
The burning ship like some huge fiery star;
The fallen masts still redden in the deep,
Forth from her sides fresh fire-streams dart and leap;
She labours, heels, ere plunging to her grave,
A cone of flame, a furnace on the wave.
More flashes rise—thick sparks—the heavens a-glow,
One boiling hiss—she sinks in gulfs below.
Oh, how the saved ones bless their saviours now,
Shake hands, embrace, joy brightening every brow;
Till pent-up feelings burst in one wild cry,
And long, long shouts of rapture mount the sky.



The Old Church Porch.

THE old church porch—encircling ivy seems,
Like sanctity, to shut out worldly dreams,
While from the West eve's slanting glory streams.

Each patch of moss, the arch so worn and gray,
Entered by generations passed away,
The rude stone bench—all catch the hallowing ray.

The dial, through the ages, fixed on high,
Tells thoughtful gazers how poor moments fly,
Time's finger pointing to eternity.

The dead sleep near, unheeding sun or shower,
The last bee hums around the churchyard flower,
The clamorous daw slow seeks the mouldering tower

How many passed this porch in ancient day,
Called by the bell from moorlands far away,
Good, simple hearts, to worship God and pray!

I see, borne tenderly, the infant child,
I see the rough, pleased father, mother mild,
Offering that babe a Christian undefiled.

He, once the babe, now enters with his bride,
His face all smiles, and flushed in manhood's pride,
And soon the marriage-bells peal far and wide.

Hush! there is wailing! from each cottage-door,
Sedate and sad, the humble inmates pour,
To lay tired age where mortals toil no more.

They bear him through the porch; the rustic weeps;
Infant and bridegroom, now the patriarch sleeps,
And the sad bell o'er hill and valley sweeps.

Thus through the porch hath time's calm, slow career
Sent generations, once beloved and dear;
Now, o'er their dust few living shed a tear.

But still the ivy trails its solemn green,
The red-rimmed daisy at the porch is seen,
And, friend of death, the yew-tree spreads serene.

And still mild evening shoots its slanting ray,
Warming the moss, the buttress old and gray,
As if an angel bent to earth its way,

And smiled on this old porch, and kissed the flowers;
And hark! a linnet drops soft music-showers,
Adding a charm to evening's sainted hours.

Oh, ancient porch! we dream small histories here
Of joys, of woes, thro' many a changeful year,
Each mouldered stone to thoughtful memory dear.

The Fountain of Sweet and Bitter Love.

THERE flows a fountain in this world of ours,
Radiant, alluring, sweet unto the lip,
Dancing in sunshine, fringed by honeyed flowers—
Fountain where youth still deems it bliss to sip,
Gladdening earth's scenes, and mirroring scenes above;
'Tis the smooth, lucid stream of happy love.

And yet this fountain gushes oft in gloom,
And bears a bitterness within its tide;
For myrtle and for roses' fragrant bloom,
Dark plants of pain o'erhang its mournful side;
Taste not, shun carefully the dangerous brink:
Yet eager votaries oft will stoop and drink.

Flow on, flow on, exhaustless fount of love!
Without those bitter drops, a precious stream;
Thrice happy they who bend in peace above
Thy nectarous waters, as they glide and gleam;
Lore, science, may exalt, but, wanting thee,
How dull, how barren, all life's paths would be!

Yet love! thou art a riddle, making strong,
And e'en heroic, hearts most frail before;
Now levelling pride's firm rampart, and along
Bearing resolves—weak foam on reason's shore;
Blinding the keen-eyed sage's boasted sight,
Casting down wisdom, and defying might.

Source of great bliss and grief—of happy smiles,
And tears which, like slow drops that fall on stone,
Can wear the heart away; thy sparkling wiles
Around some spirits like a summer thrown;
With all thy pains, thy sweets that can decoy,
We hail thee still, a blessing and a joy.

Then fountain, bright-waved fountain! sweep and flow
Adown the ages, cheering human hearts!
Few pilgrims, journeying through this world of woe,
But taste thy waters ere life's day departs;
They ne'er will fail; souls live though bodies die;
Love's stream shall murmur through eternity.

Woman in the East.

ALL objects, fair, luxurious, seemed to shine
In the small round of that delicious room;
Her lord had searched the Koran's glowing line,
Wandering in thought through Allah's bowers of bloom;
And so he hoped to rival gorgeous skies,
And for the dear one build a paradise.

His loved Circassian looked high Beauty's vision,
Full formed, yet light as Peri of the air;
The soul that riots in a dream Elysian,
Might, waking, find that dream made real there;
She seemed a being born in sunniest hours,
To cast 'round captive hearts her chain of flowers.

And matchless was she in her lord's fond view,
Nor needed sheen of diamonds or of pearls
To make her charms omnipotent: Love threw
His own soft splendour o'er her glossy curls,
Shaped the fine oval of her languid face,
And in cheek-dimples made his hiding-place.

That cheek glowed richly as the sky at even;
That breast a high-born feeling never knew;
Deep, deep for stars we gaze into night's heaven,
So for the soul you looked her large eyes through,
But, wondering at their light, with magic fraught,
You found not, in their lustre, mind or thought.

There shines at Florence woman carved in stone,
A marvel and a glory*—limbs of grace,
An air of burning beauty round her thrown;
A challenge to the world that form and face.
This living creature, Beauty's type no less,
Half matched the marble's world-famed loveliness.

She reigned within the harem, envied there,
Perfumes, and slaves, and melting music round her;
All gifts the East can give, she seemed to share,
The spells of some good genius brightly bound her;
The joyous present held her, no keen dart
Thoughts of a future launched into her heart.

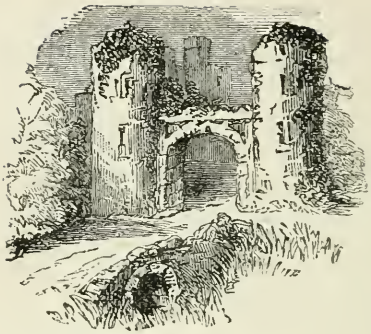
* The Venus de' Medici.

And was that favourite happy? yes, an hour
To bursts of intense bliss her soul would yield,
A peerless queen in Love's luxurious bower,
The fairest plant in Pleasure's smiling field;
Prized by her lord, and gay in Orient dress,
She deemed her life all sunny blessedness.

Alas! ye envious, beauty-darkening years!
Ye slowly rob the butterfly of bloom;
Now gleeful laughter yields to sullen tears,
And each warm joy descends into its tomb.
The eye hath lost its fire; no moony light
Of soul is there, to cheer the blank, dull night.

Then he, who worshipped only outward charms,
Turns to some fresher flower, some younger face;
The glittering toy, late woo'd unto his arms,
Child-like he dashes from love's fond embrace;
The once sweet favourite sits apart, and sighs;
Will she resume her reign beyond the skies?

Nay, e'en this prospect is denied her woe;
Houris await her lord in bowers above—
Immortal maids that dim all forms below,
Poor woman cast aside, unrecked her love.—
Such the belief the Koran's page demands,
Such woman's ill-starr'd life in Orient lands.



The Spirit of Ruin.

WHEN man was banished Eden's bowers,
I sprang to dark and dreaded birth;
The sparkling springs, the new-born flowers,
I dimmed, I crushed in mocking mirth:
I shook the glittering crystal walls,
And where bright birds, with starry wings,
Sang to the diamond waterfalls,
And wandered gentlest, loveliest things,
I brought the vulture, tiger, snake,
To prey and rend, to howl and hiss;
Poisons I planted in each brake—
Sweet to mine eyes a scene like this.
Ay, revel on, and proudly shine,
Exulting earth! thou'rt mine, thou'rt mine!

O'er Babylon I spread my plume;
Her brazen gates, her gardens fair,
Her sceptred kings, received their doom—
A voiceless waste now darkens there.

I sped to Salem's sacred tower,
Smiled on the stubborn, haughty Jew;
Her blazing Temple owned my power,
My trumpet on her walls I blew.
Memphis that shone by Nile's broad wave,
And Tadmor making deserts gay,
Carthage that laws to nations gave—
I stretched my wand, and where were they?
Yes, revel on, and proudly shine,
Cities of earth! you're mine, you're mine!

To Europe next I wing'd my flight;
On Græcia's shore, 'neath sunny skies,
I saw, in marble beauty bright,
The statue smile, the pillar rise:
By Pallas' shrine I took my stand,
And viewed the column'd plain below;
Ne'er was a scene more proud and grand,
Ne'er did more beauty burn and glow.
I raised my phial, slowly poured
Its poison-drops on Athens' head;
Those drops were ages, flood and sword—
Her temples sank, her glory fled;
All, all, except the poet's line,
Yielded to time's dark spell, and mine!

My home is now by Tiber's tide;
I watch the seven-hilled city fall;
Daily I crush some arch of pride,
And chant my song in Cæsar's hall.
And from that site of fallen power,
Northward at times I speed my way,
To robe with moss some feudal tower,
And in young cities plant decay.

And when wars fail, with ages slow,
To bow their pride, I waste with fire;
I laugh mid shrieks of human woe,
And clap my hands o'er each red pyre;
My joy, my strength, shall ne'er decline,
All, save man's soul, is mine, is mine!

Hymn to the Rising Sun.

HAIL! bridegroom of creation, never old!
Shake off thy sleep, thy curtained brow unfold,
Put on thy vests of purple and of gold.

Rise from thy couch, while silver dews distil,
Shoot thy beam-shafts, and heaven with splendour fill,
A god, a god, in power and beauty still!

Ocean beholds thee, and affrighted Night
Flies the blue waves, the sands turn jewels bright,
The billows sparkling, leaping in delight.

The vales and mountains, welcome! welcome! cry,
To see thee like a giant climb the sky,
Vigour and life wide-flashing from thine eye.

Man's sense rejoices, and his frame acquires
New freshness, strength, with thy rekindled fires,
And grateful soul in sympathy aspires.

All Nature feels thy influence, king of light!
Each beam a blessing, whether flashed in might,
Or gently stealing through the infinite.

The pensile flower that all the night had kept
Its petals closed, and in cold shadow slept,
Moist with the tears its eyes of beauty wept:

Thrilled by the ardour of thy piercing ray,
Expands its bosom, shakes grief-drops away,
And laughs in joy to front the jocund day.

Thy beams reach tenderly the lark's low nest,
Where 'neath the stars soft mosses he had prest;
Opening his diamond eye, he starts from rest.

Up, like a mounting thought, or arrow's flight,
He shoots in glowing air, till lost to sight,
But rains down music from that blinding height.

O sun! there's nothing in wide earth or sky
But blesses thee; thou wakest, far and nigh,
Great Nature's chords of sweet-link'd harmony.

Hail! world-reviving, all-embracing sphere!
Burning but unconsumed, thy great career
Passing in splendour all things splendid here.

How terrible yet beautiful art thou,
Power throned on thy unchanging, mighty brow,
To which the circling worlds obedient bow!

Great minister of God! mysterious sun!
Will e'er thy beams die out, thy mission done?
Will the worlds need thee when Time's course is run?

Nay, who to darkness would thy glory doom?
For, reft of thee, yon skies were endless gloom,
And Death would turn quick nature to a tomb.*

Then hail, thrice hail! thou eldest born of Time!
Walking the heavens as in thy joyous prime,
Fountain of life! God's emblem most sublime!

Dispensing good, still in our centre blaze!
Let glad Creation, basking in thy rays,
Clap her exulting hands, and hymn thy praise.

The Spirit of Painting.

(Suggested by a Visit to the Royal Academy.)

PAINTING! thou camest from the sky,
With thought and passion in thine eye,
Thy robes all purple flowing;
Thou camest like a thing of flame,
Angel or muse, whate'er thy name,
When western suns were glowing,
Sprinkling rich colours on the air,
Making the beauteous still more fair,
A grace on grace bestowing.

* See the Poem further on, entitled "The Sun to the Earth and Planets," for an argument in defence of the opinion that the sun's heat and light suffer no diminution through the lapse of ages.

Maiden, of origin divine!
So lovely thou didst move and shine,
Men hailed thee a bright glory;
Thy brush thou gavest unto Taste,
With grand design and fancy chaste,
Illuming ages hoary;
Oh, what a gift thou didst bestow,
Till pencil, with its radiant show,
Outdazzled song and story!

From Italy, from Flemish shore,
The years have borne thee jubilant o'er
The waves 'round England dashing;
And British genius owns thy spell;
Thou com'st among our rocks to dwell,
With light and colour flashing:
Thou sittest mid thy tasteful crew,
Who their calm, noble toil, pursue,
Nor heed life's thunder-crashing.

And now on these broad walls there shine
Thy fruits, O Painting! proud, divine,
The life thine art bestoweth!
The soul's high visions, thought severe,
Through magic hues, are burning here,
And starry genius gloweth:
Another world before us spreads,
Where Fancy all her sunlight sheds,
And beauty's cup o'erfloweth.

Then Painting! thanks, deep thanks to thee!
Thy precious gifts shall treasured be,

Heirlooms through all the ages;
Thou canst past dreams and scenes restore,
Thou makest hearts love Nature more,
Charming e'en coldest sages,
Filling with rapture, too, untold,
Thy votary's breast, and, more than gold,
Granting him fame's proud wages.

The Mystery of Dreams.

DREAMS, wonderful, mysterious dreams!
That come to us like angels in the night,
When lying in brief death the spirit seems,
Fast closed the doors of hearing and of sight.
Sweet, beatific dreams!
Flashing like momentary heavenly gleams.
Soul-land! in which we ofttimes live
Another life more bright than this,
And fancy richest views will give,
And joys surpassing common bliss:
We fly across the gulf of years,
And all the past again appears;
Old scenes we visit, friends we meet,
And hear the voices, soft and sweet,
Of those long mouldered in the tomb,
Kissing their cheeks of freshest bloom,
Then waking, as Morn paints the skies,
With tears of rapture in our eyes.—

Dreams, melancholy dreams!
  Visions of woe!
When all that's dark and hopeless seems,
  Like some great wave's wild flow,
To drown the soul in sadness,
To stir the brain to madness;
And we seem bitter vigil keeping,
Wandering and wildly weeping,
Now among dismal graves,
Now by the tumbling, hoarse sea-waves;
And in our restless slumber feeling
A chilly dread beyond revealing,
As some wan ghost appears to rise,
With face familiar and remembered eyes;
And yet we strive to fly in vain,
Bound by some iron, cramping chain,
Until with beaded brow and limbs that quake,
We toss and moan, and, moaning, start and wake.

Oh, who can pierce, by wisdom's beams,
The thick strange mists infolding dreams?
The body for an hour is still,
Not so the soul, the burning will;
While the weak clay is senseless, thought
And fancy with strong life are fraught.

The shipboy, rocked on moon-lit deeps,
Thinks of his native hills and weeps,
Till, worn by grief, he droops and sleeps.
Quick as light's flash, weird fancy flies,
Borne on a dream, to Northern skies:
The storm, the ocean's dismal roar,
Sadden his mind, are heard no more;

He gambols on the green, and sees
Old comrades 'neath the village-trees;
Plainly he hears their merry voices,
And his young bounding heart rejoices.
He enters then the reed-roofed cot,
And sees home-objects ne'er forgot—
The clicking clock, the picture dull with age,
The spinning-wheel, the blackbird in his cage,
And her, a mother's tender love endears,
Who folds him to her heart, and wipes his happy tears.

The maid with eyes that stream, and lips that rave,
Mourning her lover in a warrior's grave,
Will yield at last to slumber's balmy sway,
And sorrow's sable clouds all melt away.
She sees no gaping wound, no suffering now,
But smiling eyes, and victory on his brow;
She hails him home with rapture; sweet, sweet vision!
Kind fancy, hold her in that trance Elysian,
Chase the dark real, bid sharp anguish flee,
And flood her cheek with tears of ecstasy!

Oh, mystic, reason-baffling dreams!
In which fantastic light on spirit streams;
Transported are we, for a feverish hour,
Out of the real—slaves to fancy's power;
Whether ye be a sorrow, or a joy,
A fairy world which Morn's glad beams destroy;
Whether mere phantoms of the brain, or given
As warnings and kind messages from heaven;
Ye mock our comprehension, mid the gleams
Lighting your realms, O wonder-working dreams!

The Mysteries around Us.

COUNTLESS the marvels that perplex us here,
From the small atom to the mighty sphere;
How little Wisdom sees with vision clear!

Tell me what feeds yon fount of solar rays,
Light, heat, and colour, in that dazzling blaze,
Unchanged, undimmed, through everlasting days?

Say, what the power which in all substance hides,
Attraction called, that lifts the ponderous tides,
Rounds the bright rain-drop, and each planet guides?

What are those fearful comets, whose pale flame
Drives through the sky, and what their use and aim,
Back hurrying to the depths from which they came?

Why shoot those colours from the midnight pole,
A painted glory owning no control,
Like earth's released, and sky-ascending soul?

How darts, an Ariel swift, along the chain,
Invisible fire, o'er hills, and 'neath the main,
Till language girds the world, and space seems vain?

Oh, wonderous power the small poised needle shows!
The North's great mystery it detects and knows,
Pointing, as bound and charmed, to Polar snows.

How, for a million years, hath unquenched fire
Wrapt the world's centre, dread volcanic ire
Earth's safety-valve, the breath she must respire?

O life! quick life! still deeper mystery thou,
Flashing from primal darkness! man must bow,
Nor hope to pierce the mists that veil thy brow!

As great a wonder as yon King of day,
Holding o'er distant worlds his giant sway,
Nods the small flower that decks spring's jocund way.

It lives, but what is life?—It grows, expands,
All tricked with velvet bloom, by Nature's hands;
Wisdom looks, thinks, but still astonished stands.

Life, spirit-life! the burning, prison'd soul,
For which Time's funeral bell shall never toll,
Beyond earth, star, the wonder of the whole!

Whence sprang we? whither go we? this poor sod
Nurses the short-lived frame, a moving clod;
The mind, the mind, is lit with fire from God!

Yes, marvels and deep mysteries 'round us lie,
Some dark and fearful, bidding wisdom sigh,
Some full of glory, brightening earth and sky.

Time our Foe yet Friend.

TIME, a dread giant, with his scythe and glass,
Dark, wrinkled brow, and locks of grey,
Speeds onward, onward; let him pass;
No arm his course can stay.
Through the full city he will stride,
Mowing down victims on each side;
All, all, his nod obey.

He never rests; his lifted hand lays low
Palace and granite tower;
He sees—Ah! ruthless monster!—sweetly blow
Beauty's gay-petall'd flower;
He steals the magic of her eye,
He bids her roseate freshness fly,
And tramples on her bower.

A mighty warrior, Time! his heavy balls
That dash the world along,
Sweep man's proud works to ruin; grandeur falls,
As sounds his battle-song:
All power is weakness, as he waves
Old thrones to dust, and men to graves;
Time, only Time is strong.

Is this great devastator then a foe,
The anointed King of ill?
Scourging the world in ire, and scattering woe,
Loving but tombs to fill?
Ah! no; Time doth not all destroy;
Hills, seas, defy him, and a joy
Laughs wide through Nature still.

He lendeth beauty to the ruin's face,
Softening with ivy grim decay;
He gives bowed, mossy trees a stately grace,
And mellows bells in old cathedrals gray;
When nothing else can heal the heart,
Time will its balmy spells impart,
And smile grief's night away.

The Mummy Cave.

EGYPT! mysterious land! when earth was young,
Rome, polished Greece, unborn,
Ere Israel's prophets spake, or Homer sung,
Thy sun had burst from Morn:
Land ever fertile! luxury on thee flung
Flowers from her plenteous horn;
Land where Art reared, to baffle Time's dread curse,
The stony wonders of the universe.

Egypt, proud home of Ramses!* King of Kings!
We gaze upon thee now;
We hear the flap of Ruin's vulture-wings—
What change hath dimmed thy brow!
Power's mighty harp hath lost its sounding strings,
Pillar and temple bow;
Long lines of monarchs on their thrones of glory,
History forgets—stones, dust, their only story.

A mummy cave, ere searching robbers tore
The dead from cells of gloom:
Enter the vaults; no foot hath trod this floor,
Since formed the last dark tomb.
Raise high the torch; the spot seems Hades' door
Opening to halls of doom;
As slow we move along with bated breath,
Our eyes behold in fancy dread King Death.

A whirr that stirs the thick and dusky air—
Out flit the bats in fear;
Then all is still—the hushed and dumb despair
Of countless sleepers here.
See! on the walls those figures, quaint and fair,
With colours richly-clear;
O Artist of gone ages! proud thy skill;
Time, that tombs races, spares thy pictures still.

Softly advance—what meet the curious gaze?
Seared mummies, row on row;
Thus have they lain since grand primeval days,
Deaf to the ages' flow.

* Ramses or Rameses the Great, the Sesostris of the Greeks.

Grim mockery of life! the searching rays
All vainly on them glow;
From mouldering mystic walls they come not down,
Though here they seem to smile, there darkly frown.

Within its case, how wasted, stark the dead!
Yet each poor mummy burned
To grasp all life could yield in days long fled;
They feasted, loved, or learned:
A melancholy fills us; in earth's bed
Had they to dust returned,
We less had felt, but here 'tis sad to trace,
And meet the dead of ages, face to face.

We see a larger shape in that dark nook,
Its covering tricked with gold;
So star-beams faintly fleck a wintry brook;
Was he a warrior bold?
Did those lean hands, while foes with terror shook,
The ponderous falchion hold?
Did the deep-socketed, unlustred eye
Blaze as he charged, loud-shouting victory?

A Mother's is that pictured, anxious face;
Ah, me! her shrivelled arms
Did fondly once her little ones embrace,
And guard their budding charms:
Affection fired that bosom, now a place
Which nothing, nothing warms;
The night-moth 'round it flits, secure from day,
The owl mopes there, and dreams the years away.

But mark yon slender mummy, half unbound
The swathings of her head;
The hair is ebon black, coiled round and round;
That brow once lustre shed;
Perchance she moved a beauty, flatter'd, crown'd,
Who Egypt's fashions led,
Who danced, and sang, and laughed, the Court's bright pride,
And at whose feet gay youths enamoured sighed.

Or that shrunk heart itself breathed passion's sigh,
Dear love's most burning seat;
Tears might have filled her now unfountained eye,
Tears rapturous and most sweet:
Those arms, the centuries crumble and make dry,
Had stretched her love to greet,
And those cold lips had kissed him—gaze ye here,
How sad, how charmless now, this thing of fear!

And shall, when time is slain, thro' this dim cave
The Archangel's trumpet sound?
Shall chief and statesman, beauty, prince and slave,
Mummies now mouldering 'round,
Start from their frigid sleep, their fronts to lave
In life and light new found?
He who once breathed in clay life's burning breath,
Can strike its fire again, from steely death!

Dreaming of Paradise.

DREAMING, dreaming through the noon-day hours,
Thinking where that far, blissful region lies,
Region of living streams and fadeless flowers—
Dreaming of paradise;
Where they who lately trod
This weary, darkened sod,
In vales of beauty stray,
Dashing all tears away.

Dreaming, dreaming at the sunset time,
Watching the ocean arched by mellowed skies,
That burn with opal gates, and towers sublime—
Dreaming of paradise;
Thinking if that rich road
Leads to the bright abode—
Those ruby walls the bound
Of heaven's wide dazzling ground.

Dreaming, dreaming, gazing through the night,
While swiftly upwards trembling fancy flies,
Hailing the stars as finger-posts of light,
Pointing to paradise:

DREAMING OF PARADISE.—P. 244

Asking if Hope may view
God's heaven in that deep blue—
Some golden, hallowed sphere,
Above woe, darkness, here.

Dreaming, dreaming, pondering on the hours
When Eden bloomed on earth, and angel-eyes
Smiled on the dwellers of those radiant bowers—
Mourning for paradise;
Yet pleased to think at last,
When mortal ills are past,
Again we shall be blest
With bowers of endless rest.

Dreaming, dreaming, fancying what may be
The employment of the happy in yon skies;
Will they hive knowledge through eternity,
Or love in paradise?
View glories near and far,
Journey from star to star,
Or join the seraph-throng,
Filling heaven's halls with song?

Dreaming, dreaming, thinking how the soul,
Freed from Earth's chains, to higher life will rise;
How it will pass the glory-clouds that roll,
Infolding paradise;
Of meetings there; delight
That naught will dim or blight;
No grave, no sighs, no tears,
Through blest eternal years.

The Sun to the Earth and Planets.

MUST OUR LUMINARY'S GLORY EXPIRE?

[Two momentous as well as interesting questions are associated with the sun's heat and light: Are they gradually diminishing? Or are they derived from sources which insure to them perpetual duration? The opinion held by some modern astronomers is that, the sun's heat and light being the result of condensation, friction, and chemical action, they are slowly but surely lessening, so that the great luminary, in the course of ages, must cool down, and at length become an opaque body. The other opinion is the one partly embraced by Sir William Herschell, on the conclusion that the sun's heat and light are mainly attributable to the agency of electricity. Electric clouds encompass the entire orb, the electric currents producing a heat passing human comprehension. Since Sir William's time, it has been argued that these currents maintain the various gases in a state of constant ignition, and the numerous metals, found in the sun's outer atmosphere, in a condition of torrid vapour. Now, electricity, viewed as a simple uncompounded element, can never waste, or lose its force by ceaseless repetition: consequently the heat and light produced by it may be said to be everlasting. Hence, if the electric theory be correct, there need exist no gloomy apprehension of the sun's heat and light ever dying out.]

I BLAZE unchanged; I send forth heat and light,
That cast grim death and darkness from their throne;
The flaming angel of the infinite,
All life, all beauty, my wide empire own.

And yet I burned not always in the sky;
I rose from fire-mist when God whispered—"be!"
In heaven's vast space I shine next God's own eye,
E'en to myself an awful mystery.

My fires might fill each circling orb with fears,
Lest I should wither worlds, all life destroy;
But I am doomed, through everlasting years,
To form a source of good, and life, and joy.

And so my warm, far-stretching arms I throw
About the planets, as they flash along;
I melt their seas, I bid their rivers flow,
Their course around me one harmonious song.

I launch beam-shafts a million, million miles,
Yet stay to embrace a grain, to gild a shower;
I clothe earth's hills with forests, and my smiles
Dance in the eyes of every tiny flower.

Nothing I overlook; I hold the spheres,
I bind vast comets wandering far away;
And little meteors, like Creation's tears,
I woo them 'round me, sparkling in my ray.

I lift soft mists from oceans, watering lands;
Oh, rains are silver gifts from Mercy's store!
I gather lightning with my burning hands,
Till bursts o'er startled worlds the thunder's roar.

If cooled my heat, thick gloom and endless cold,
Silence and chaos, would through Nature spread;
While round me useless globes dark paths would hold,
Like mournful ghosts of worlds, forlorn and dead.

Blind mortals once believed my ceaseless fires
A place of vengeance—suffering's fearful seat—
A hell for guilty spirits—seraph-choirs
Approach my globe, unharmed by outward heat.

Yes, they hang wondering o'er my dazzling sphere—
Wondering at all their God hath wrought in me;
They view no world of horror, home of fear,
But laud, admire, and only wisdom see.

And thus I blaze with ne'er-decreasing beam,
Not doomed to fade beneath the Almighty's curse;
He loves His works; then let no mortal deem
Ruin and death will wrap the universe.

My flames have self-support; the electric might,
That girds my globe, doth waste, doth alter never;
The worlds shall ne'er grow dark, but drink my light,
And, on their golden paths, rejoice for ever.

Progress.

PROGRESS! progress! all things cry;
Progress, Nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
Learn in Nature's wondrous school:
Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow;
Insects, labouring, build in time
Mighty islands from below:
Press we on thro' good and ill,
Progress be our watchword still!

Rough and steep the winding road
Leading to the heights of Mind;
Climb, and reach Truth's bright abode,
Dull the souls that grope behind.
Science, learning, yield their prize,
Faint not in the noble chase;
He who aims not to be wise,
Sinks unworthy of his race:
He who fights shall vanquish ill,
Progress be our watchword still!

Broad the tract that lies before us,
Never mourn the days of old,
Sighs will not tombed years restore us,
Past is iron—future gold!
Savage! learn till civilised;
Slave! your fetters shake till free;
Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
Work your own high destiny:
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still!

Onward! Orient nations know
Nothing of that magic word;
'Tis the trump that giants blow,
'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!
'Tis the electric, mystic fire
Which should flash around the earth,
Making every heart a wire—
'Tis a word of heavenly birth:
Onward! at the sound we thrill;
Progress be our watchword still.

Past and Future.

WHAT is gone time?—a bodiless dream, a thought,
Our hopes, our wishes, it will claim no more;
The future lures us, with strong magic fraught,
The soul still looks before.

What is gone time?—a flash of lightning spent,
And quenched within the ocean deep and drear,
But lingering thunders still to earth are sent—
So men's deeds echo here.

What is gone time?—a wind that did caress
Our brows like balm—that summer odours bore,
Now swept away to some far wilderness,
To soothe our sense no more.

What is gone time?—the gorgeous crimson light,
Late trailing beauty down the evening sky;
'Tis fled we know not where, as falls the night,
Leaving us but to sigh.

What is the future?—a great book, whose leaves,
Clasped by the fates, are opened but by God;
A sea's deep bottom; the near surface heaves;
That bottom never trod.

O past! O future! while we live between
The two eternities, let grief be given
For wasted years; we'll sail the present scene,
Anchoring our hopes in heaven.

The Mystery of Success.

SUCCESS—all strive to climb that radiant hill,
To snatch that jewelled crown;
But some seem doomed to every cross and ill,
Meeting but fortune's frown.

Success—the word is like a trumpet sounding,
Urging us to the fight;
To win life's battle every heart is bounding,
Mind's swords are flashing bright.

Forward! in that great conflict thousands fall,
But some their heads rear high;
Faint hearts soon yield, proud courage sweeps o'er all,
And seizes victory.

Success—though long the clouds of failure lower,
Wide-darkening life's chill air,
And tempests rage, and beats the blinding shower,
Ne'er let us hug despair.

E'en as we journey, sadden'd by the gloom,
The clouds, the storms, grow less;
Now shine the beams that all our path illume,
From the bright sun—success!

Some power acquire, some wealth, some win the praise
Of crowds that round them press
Some wreath their brows with green Parnassian bays;
And this they call success.

Oh, Perseverance! write that word in gold,
Born of the lofty will!
Of all the conquerors mid the great and bold,
The noblest conqueror still.

She levels mountains to achieve success,
Ploughs seas, o'erleaps each bar;
Than meteor-genius she may dazzle less,
Her light a steady star.

Then blame not fate, ye souls that sigh in vain,
Nor mourn hopes, chances gone;
Success crowns those resolved her heights to gain,
Unwearied climbing on.

To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW—short the vista to it leading,
And ofttimes fair;
But trust it not, the present rather heeding,
Be that thy care.

To-morrow—stand not idly waiting, ever
Work, work, to-day!
Improve the hour, the past returneth never:
Madness delay.

The God-giv'n present we can boast of only,
The morrows lie
Beyond those mountains, shadowy, dark, and lonely—
Doubt, mystery.

To-morrow—some disaster may o'ertake us,
Blighting life's flowers;
With one rude shock dear fortune may forsake us,
Want, ruin, ours.

Kind Heaven the future from man's wisdom veileth,
Curtained each ray;
But hope's high beacon, burning, never faileth,
Lighting our way.

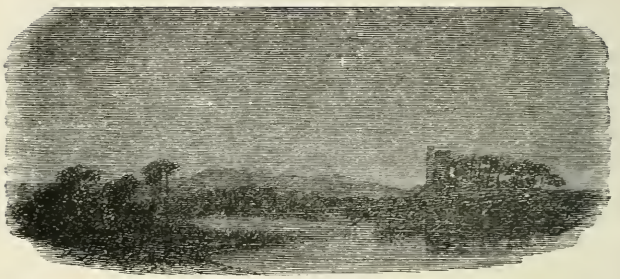
To-morrow—ne'er put off thy present duty
To dark to-morrow;
Delay, a luring and Circean beauty,
Plunging in sorrow.

Pause, mortal! though to-day the red wine quaffing,
Perchance, the morrow
Will close for ever all thy feasting, laughing,
In gloom and sorrow.

Those grasping trifles, chasing the bright present,
With eager feet,
May find them all to-morrow evanescent,
Bitter the sweet.

Oh, the to-morrow! it may come, soft-creeping,
With balmiest air,
Or bring the spirit tempests, whelming, sweeping,
Wreck and despair.

Then Guilt, repent this hour, crime's cup down-dashing;
For thee, for thee,
To-morrow ne'er may dawn, upon thee flashing
Eternity.



Rest.

THE sun hath quickened earth with burning eye,
Expanding flowers and brightening seas and rills,
And now, his journey finished in the sky,
He goes to sleep behind the darkened hills;
Trees droop their leaves, each bird hath sought its nest,
Vales, mountains, call for rest.

Summer hath flushed the plains with warmth and bloom,
And tasked the ground's fertility and strength;
Autumn hath reaped her stores; the last perfume
Dies in the vale, and winter comes at length;
Nature lies down with snow-wreaths on her breast,
And asks recruiting rest.

The child is chasing butterflies, and laughs,
And pants across the meads, with cheeks a-glow;
The sweetest wine of life its spirit quaffs,
Mocking, dear reckless thing, at care and woe;
And yet the happy one, soon worn, oppressed,
Drops into smiling rest.

The rustic strains his sinews at the plough,
Content to toil, not think, the live-long day;
He hears the village clock, and wipes his brow,
And plods, in cheerful haste, his homeward way:
Amidst his babes, what makes his heart so blest?
'Tis labour's guerdon, rest.

The wealthy City merchant, passing life
In ceaseless tumult, planning, heaping gold,
Awaits the time when, ended toil and strife,
His wearied eyes shall some calm scene behold,
Some spot remote, where his long-harassed breast
Will taste the sweets of rest.

Mourn Not.

MOURN not—through Nature's wide domain,
Nought droops in hopeless woe;
The flowers in gladness prank the plain,
The streamlets dancing flow;
When cloud-winged storms have sped away,
Sweet calm doth kiss the world;
Birds blithely pour their heaven-taught lay;
Then grief's black flag be furled!
While Nature's throbbing heart is glad,
Shall godlike man alone be sad?

Mourn not when first the infant's eyes
On earthly scenes unclose;
A stranger come to breathe life's sighs,
And wrestle with its woes;

The world is full of glorious things
For opening eyes to view;
The child, an eaglet, claps its wings,
Charmed by the strange, the new;
Joy seems its heart, its limbs to fold,
The skies all light, earth's paths all gold.

Mourn not for manhood doomed to spend
Hard years in toil and strife,
That nightshade with hope's flowers must blend—
Rough, rough the road of life:
Trials but make more pure the heart,
By woe are lessons taught;
Up! what were valour's boasted part,
No battle to be fought?
Did lightnings flash not, storms ne'er rave,
Disease would brood on land and wave.

Mourn not that time will take no rest,
With feathered feet on-sweeping,
That life's sun seeks so soon the West,
Dim twilight round us creeping;
Honour shall crown the head of snow,
Old age still rev'rence claim;
The soul more strong, more wise shall grow,
As feebler bends the frame,
And hope will see, with keener eyes,
Joy's fadeless bowers in yonder skies.

The Present Hour.

THE present hour—small fragment, speck of time!
What human joy, what agony, what crime,
It doth condense!—thought terrible, sublime!

This hour to us how brief! yet, while 'tis flying,
Earthquakes may shake far cities, ruins lying;
Thousands to life are springing, thousands dying.

What multitudes this moment feast and drink,
Or lightly tread the dance, nor pause to think!
What multitudes shed tears, or, starving, sink!

On couches soft, while lamps above them shine,
How many in luxurious rooms recline,
Listening to love's sweet voice, and airs divine!

How many the same instant on the wave
Are tost by storms! they shriek, but none can save,
And, vainly struggling, sink in ocean's grave.

What virtuous spirits sorrow, wrong'd, oppress'd!
What hearts, long parted, meet, supremely blest!
What bitter, sad farewells wring many a breast!

E'en as these pulses beat, how many a sigh
Of pity melts around! how many an eye
Looks up, in meek devotion, to the sky!

E'en as these pulses beat, the murderer steals
On his hushed way—his deadly thought conceals—
He crouches, springs, the stroke of horror deals!

Ring out, this hour, a thousand marriage-bells,
Joy's revelry for thousand christenings swells,
Toll mournfully a thousand funeral knells.

What countless lovers whisper, 'neath the shade,
Eternal truth—alas! for many a maid!
What countless hearts are breaking, love-betrayed!

What floods and fires are raging, as we lean
In calmness here! while, startling heaven's serene,
War's thunder now may burst on many a scene!

O'er desert moors what houseless wretches wend!
From beds of anguish what sad groans ascend!
What mothers o'er their dying offspring bend!

All this, all this, while short-lived moments fly—
Fate-bearing moments unto heaven that cry,
Charged with dire crime, with bliss and misery!

We talk, feast, laugh, enjoy the sun's glad light,
But little dream what scenes, the dark, the bright,
Are crowded in one hour's eventful flight.

ETHEL'S MORNING HYMN OF PRAISE.—P. 261

Ethel's Morning Hymn of Praise.

THE Pastor's Daughter early woke,
As morn o'er freshening ocean broke:
Tow'rd the white cliffs she sauntered slow,
And gazed on broad, glass'd plains below:
And then her Hymn, to some old tune,
On that sweet morn of odorous June,
She softly sang, till rocks around
Returned moré soft the enchanting sound.

Thou sun, upspringing in thy car of light,
Whose wheels are opal rays,
Chasing the spectral shadows of the night,
Life in thy burning gaze!
Shout o'er the sea, while blessing human sight,
Thy glorious Maker's praise!

Ye rivers in the beam that flash and bound!
Cascades deep voices given!
Ocean that roll'st the mighty world around,
Thy waves by tempests driven,
Pealing their organ with exalting sound—
Each raise a song to heaven!

Ye flowers that open dewy, joyous eyes,
Past the deep sleep of night!
For richer sweets, for fresher, lovelier dyes,
Tints, Nature's blushes bright,
Breathe forth your thanks in odours to the skies,
Sing praise with lips of light!

Thou lark, spire upwards from thy heathy bed,
Shaking thy wings of brown!
For beauty on the earth, and light o'erhead,
Pour thy glad song-shower down!
Trill thanks to Him who glory's feast has spread,
Smiling off Nature's frown.

Mountains, and seas, and dells, and silver springs,
Rejoice in morn's warm blaze!
Health, gladness, beauty, spread your rosy wings—
All sounds be turned to lays!
Oh, man, while Nature thus her anthem sings,
Chant, too, thy Maker's praise!

England from the Sea.

SHALL HER POWER DECREASE?

ENGLAND at length looms faintly o'er the deep;
Ah, me! that tiny cloud,
A little blot where hazy billows sweep—
Is it an empire proud?
A Titan country, whose strong arm can reap
Power's harvest, while aloud
The giant crieth to the listening world,
His mighty flag in every clime unfurled?

The cloud grows wider, and grey rocks appear—
The land's vast rampart-wall;
"Home!" bursts from many a heart, a joyous tear
Down many a cheek doth fall;
For ever to brave spirits will be dear
Home-scenes, and home's sweet thrall,
The great round world, its beauty and its worth,
Naught to strong love, like one small nook of earth.

We see the forts dark-bristling, while deep thunder
Rolls from the cannon's lips;
Our bark all dwarfed and frail, we pass in wonder
The huge, black iron ships;
Each looks a sledge, power's doors to burst asunder,
And all, into eclipse,
Throw other argosies; O waves! ye well
Around those iron keels may proudly swell.

Yes, England! here thy strength, thy safety, lie;
Grand castles of the sea,
Those floating terrors might each land defy;
No lord shall lord o'er thee;
In war's dread hour, still Nelsons to the sky
Will thunder, victory!
Great in thyself, thou'rt calm, what'er befalls,
Thy proud palladium—those strong iron walls.

Vain prophecy! an idle, groundless fear,
That thy bright star will fade!
That some strong Conqueror, in a future year,
Shall these fair shores invade,
And trample 'neath his heel all proud things here,
Free Britons bondmen made!
Vain prophecy, that Time will sap the tower
Thy strength has built, and crush thy wide-spread power.

The lot of Carthage, Tyre, not thine shall be,
O favoured, glorious land!
Trust thy proud guard—the thunderers of the sea—
Trust thy shore's hero-band!
Wealth, science, too, are lasting life to thee,
While Freedom holds thy hand;
Mind, bravery, honour, pillar thee, and make
Thy throne a rock, no earthly force shall shake.

Then land of power, of justice, and of light!
Stand firm, the world illume!
Stretch wide thine arms in love, secure in might,
And fear no threatened doom!
Let dangers rise, thou'lt put them still to flight;
Thy future hath no gloom;
Earth's travellers own, tho' famous lands they see,
The noblest countries are but shades of thee.

LONDON IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

LONDON,

City of palaces and squalid homes,
City of eager, restless, burning life,
And huger growing with each lapsing year.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The Author would offer a remark in reference to the Poems descriptive of scenes and character in London, and to which, in this volume, he has added many original pieces. —So much having been written on the subject of "marvellous London," can he hope to make any new observations, or present any new views of humanity?—It is true that the Metropolis, with its wonders and its people, has been described by numerous writers, both in prose and verse, from the time of Stow to the present day; yet the field will always produce some plants and flowers asking to be studied or culled. As years roll on, Science and Art will develop further improvements, and give rise to further manifestations of splendour, while new causes of crime and misery will exist.

The subject, then, "London and its people," may be considered exhaustless.

Impressed with this truth, the Author offers his passing contribution of poetic descriptions. He would view

London in its grandeur and wealth, also in its squalor and poverty. He would paint the smiles on the cheek of Pleasure, and the sorrows of the lost. The theme will be perpetuated. Writers, yet unborn, will find something more to clothe in poetic garb; and this must continue, so long as progress and change mark the course of mankind, and human passions and miseries shall exhibit varied aspects in the great Babylon of the North.

LONDON IN LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

The Great Metropolis.

CROWDS, crowds; they haste along this bustling street,
With anxious hearts, their business to be fleet,
Their souls as eager as their hurrying feet.

Crowds, crowds; where'er we turn, we ever see
Life's restless billows, now and still to be,
O mighty whirlpool of humanity!

The mid-day sky, a voiceless arch, is spread,
A few dun clouds move silently o'erhead,
Here, only here, is tumult's tossing bed.

London, thy wealth we see in gorgeous square,
In carriages that dash, in marts that glare,
In rich attire that Fashion's votaries wear.

London, thy lean, pinched poverty we meet,
In many an alley dark, and noisome street,
Where want, vice, suffering, make their hideous seat.

O from this world of hearts what secret cries,
What varied sounds, contrasted, mount the skies,
From mirth's loud laugh to grief's despairing sighs!

We leave the abodes of splendour, moving slow,
Pass domed St. Paul's, that, piercing heaven's warm glow,
Looks mountain-like on men and streets below.

The bell in thunder smites the quivering air,
And cries, "Another hour! reflect! prepare!"
But for Time's preaching naught those hurriers care.

We gaze upon a forest—not of trees
Filled with gay birds, that pipe to Summer's breeze
Sweet idyl-songs, and fairy melodies;

But a wide wood of ships from every land,
Wafting earth's treasures to our northern strand—
Ships in their vast array how proud, how grand!

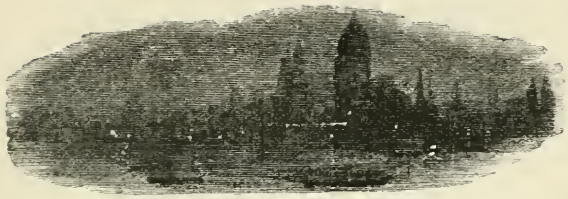
We wander east, and pass the hoary Tower,
Where flit the shades, at evening's glimmering hour,
Of valour, beauty, slain by ruthless power.

A maze of houses stretches, darkens still,
Mixed with foul dens which squalor's children fill,
Battling with churlish need and direful ill.

O London! where its end? the pilgrim cries;
Monster of life! great sun that dazzles eyes!
Home of all joys, all woes, beneath the skies!

O London! giant Intellect's strong tower,
Where Progress climbs, where Pleasure gilds the hour,
And vice and virtue curse and blessing shower!

Yes, this small isle, to other lands a span,
Savage, despised, when Rome led glory's van,
Now boasts the mightiest city known to man!



London Asleep.

SLEEP, weary city, sleep!
Let the wide hum of busy life,
The shout of mirth, the jar of strife,
And all the noisy passions' play,
In murmurs sink away.

Sleep, weary city, sleep!
Let Commerce rest upon his oar,
Let strong-limbed Labour toil no more,
Peace, stealing from her heavenly bowers,
Cradling the midnight hours.

Rich merchant, on thy bed,
Forget awhile thy ships, thy gain!
Poor starving child of want and pain,
Bask in kind fancy's golden beams,
Possess the world in dreams!

Ye haunts of pleasure, now
Shut up your doors, and, on the stage,
Where actors mirror'd back the age,
And dance and music blent their thrall,
Let stillness, darkness fall!

Scholar, with study worn!
Close now thy book, put out thy light,
Nor longer tire thy brain, thy sight,
But rest awhile, if thou wouldst save
Frail nature from the grave.

Go, drunkard, stagger home,
And gain in sleep lost reason's power;
Virtue, enjoy rest's balmy hour;
Imprison'd wretch, thy sighs give o'er,
Free, free in dreams once more!

Poor needle-toiler, pause!
Stay thy lean fingers, drop thy thread,
Creep, heart-sick, wearied, to thy bed,
Let visions of green fields arise,
And charm thine aching eyes!

St. Paul's great clock strikes one;
And as the solemn-booming sound
Lingers, as loth to die around,
It seems a voice that calm imparts
To million anxious hearts.

Then sleep, wide city, sleep!
The stars above thee coldly gleam,
And, still as they, thou now dost seem
No more life's monster, but a thing
Hushed 'neath an angel's wing.

Early Morning in Regent's Park.

LONDON still lieth in a dumb repose,
Sleep laps its feverish joys, its many woes,
Labour's great hammer strikes not yet its blows.

The myriad chimneys have not yet begun
Sending forth household smoke to veil the sun,
And skies are blue where all will soon be dun.

Autumn's soft rays shine golden o'er the trees,
The yellowing leaves yield crisply to the breeze,
And o'er the grass low hum the tawny bees.

Warmth to the flow'ret's cheek the beams are bringing,
Gay butterflies across the Park are winging,
Larks, earlier up than man, are blithely singing.

With paddling feet, and arching neck of snow,
The swan her sail commences, graceful, slow,
The water with her beauty all a-glow.

And glittering fish are darting, sporting there,
Woo'd upwards by the sun and freshening air,
Glad life to them one morn, without a care.

I scent from yon enclosure* rich perfume,
Where foreign flowers, of every hue and bloom,
Weave robes for peris in bright Nature's loom.

* The Botanical Gardens.

There palms lift high their heads to catch the beam,
And oranges on trees, red blushes, gleam,
Till they who gaze, in Orient countries seem.

Hark! wakened by the early, cheerful ray,
Barr'd in their countless cages far away,*
I hear strange birds—the scream and softened lay.

I hear the eagle that again would soar
To yon proud sun, though doomed to mount no more;
Low bays the wolf, deep booms the tiger's roar.

Thus drinking morn's sweet breath, and looking through
The quivering boughs on heaven's pure crystal blue,
Gladness and health where'er I turn my view:

I scarce can think that just a mile away
A populous city lies, which soon will sway
With wildering tumult, ushering in the day.

That soon thro' sultry streets will press the throng,
The wagon creak, the horseman dash along,
And lusty life sing loud its deafening song.

I seem as much alone on this green sod,
With Nature's loving spirit and her God,
As if some desert isle, or waste I trod.

Heaven speaks in gentlest whispers from on high,
I see dew-beaded grass, the flowers, the sky,
And from warm Nature's heart there breathes a sigh;

The sigh of half-suppressed, half-thankful bliss,
That she is free the varied earth to kiss,
Blooming, near dust-dark cities, fair as this.

* The Zoological Gardens.

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.—P. 275

The Country Girl in London.

SHE left the willow'd valleys,
The streams that babbled mirth;
She left the garden's alleys,
And flowers, bright stars of earth:
She left the old church peeping,
Gray, moss'd, above the trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted love's wild dreaming,
And hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
Winds bitter as her woe:
She wandered hungry, weary,
The long streets to and fro:
Spurned and disowned for ever,
No friend, no helper nigh—
Return in shame? Ah! never—
Here better sink and die.

And so she wept and wandered,
Through London's wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
God help that breaking heart!

The wintry rain was falling,
No house would shelter give;
Then to a door-step crawling—
For e'en despair would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
Till sobs that name would drown:
Yes, he was dear, though cruel;
Though false, she loved him still;
Suffering to love was fuel,
Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
Sleet driving through the night;
Within, warm fires were glowing,
And laughter echoed light;
She drew her limbs up shivering,
Folding her icy hands,
Her lips with anguish quivering:
A form beside her stands;
He bade her cease her sobbing,
And harshly cried, "be gone!"
Her heart with fear quick-throbbing,
She moaned and hurried on.

To beg for Nature's needing,
Struggling, she bowed her pride;
Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
But tears she strove to hide:

The great shops now were closing,
Closing on longed-for bread;
Soon honest Toil, reposing,
Would press his welcome bed;
A workhouse-gate was near her—
Entrance she begged in vain:
"Too late"—they would not hear her—
So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary creeping,
On, on, more hopeless, sad;
Feeling the cold blast sweeping,
In her thin garments clad;
She reached an archway lonely,
Beneath the iron road;
There would she hide; God only
Knew her grief's bitter load.
There would she, unmolested,
Crouch till kind morning rose,
Till her tired limbs were rested;
There think on all her woes.

Against the rough stones leaning,
Dragging the slow, slow hours,
The arch but badly screening
From driving, drenching showers,
She spent the time, now weeping,
Now gazing through the dim,
Her tattered dress close-keeping,
To warm her numbing limb:
Deep shame and misery feeling,
Thought filled her sadden'd breast;
Heart's wounds were past all healing,
She would, but could not, rest.

A torpor now oppressed her,
Feebly she drew her breath ;
It was not sleep which blessed her;
Was it slow-coming death?
And yet her lip was smiling ;
Heart's light on darkness stole :
Dear fancy was beguiling
The dying maiden's soul.
O fancy ! thy swift pinion
Can pass the gulf of pain,
And, 'neath thy bright dominion,
Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw, mid roses hiding,
A cot in Evening's glow,
A rushy streamlet gliding,
And willows nodding low;
She saw the dear green garden
She played in when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden ;
She felt the zephyrs mild ;
And jubilant birds were singing,
Spring-lilies blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
Her sisters are at play,
And mid them she rejoices,
Light-soul'd and glad as they ;
And on one breast she's leaning;
A mother's arms embrace ;
She reads a tender meaning
In that forgiving face—

'Twas gone—the maiden started—
The arch, dark arch of stone—
The picture had departed;
Alone—again alone!

Alone—and she was dying;
Her cheek grew white and cold;
To God she now was sighing,
To Him her sins were told:
Her little feet were chilling,
Her eyes had lost their ray,
With life's last tears now filling;
She closed them as to pray:
"God pardon!" slowly drooping,
The wronged, lost maiden sighed,
And then, her forehead stooping,
She hid her face and died.

The Great Clock-Tower at Westminster

[The clock in the great Tower at Westminster is a stupendous piece of workmanship. The circumference of the face is 71 feet, the minute-hand is above 11 feet long, weighing 1¼ cwt. It takes five hours twice a-week to wind up the striking-train; the weight of the pendulum is 700 lb., while the hour-bell weighs 13½ tons; and this immense machine seldom varies, it is said, more than a second in a month.]

THE mighty bell strikes out; the solemn sound
Goes booming forth, and vibrates miles around;
O warning bell! O preacher most profound!

It strikes—another wave has reached Time's shore,
And burst in foam, its fret and sparkle o'er;
And on life's road we've journeyed one step more.

It strikes—it tells the idler he can never
Drag back the past, whate'er his strong endeavour,
The wasted moments fled for ever, ever!

It strikes—it tells the improver of his hours
That he alone binds up unfading flowers,
And grows more rich as Time the "now" devours.

It strikes—it tells the beautiful, the gay,
Her eye, though radiant still, hath lost a ray,
Her raven hair is nearer to its gray.

It strikes—it tells the miser that his hold
Is one hour less upon his treasured gold,
For in the grave his wealth he cannot fold.

It strikes—the great ones in yon Abbey sleeping—
Ah! do they hear it, their long vigil keeping,
And know that Judgment-day is nearer sweeping?

It strikes—how precious once the span of time,
Now joined eternal years, with that deep chime—
Oh, was it bright with good, or dark with crime?

Yes, as it strikes, the notes from that grand bell
Weighty and solemn truths in thunder tell—
Sermons in sound—the present's funeral knell.

Then, as it strikes, the moments let us prize,
See in each hour a golden ladder rise,
By which soul climbs to wisdom and the skies.

The London Flower-Seller.

MORN after morn, in sunshine or in rain,
They saw her in the bustling crowded street,
Offering her flowers, and offering oft in vain,
But walking still with sore and weary feet;
Though sad the story told by her young eyes,
Her woes more numerous than her years,
None heard the wandering flower-girl's sighs,
None ever saw her tears.

Not ragged, though in bitter want she seemed,
Her dress was neat, bound neatly her light hair;
Her once round cheek was thin, and brightly gleamed
The small pink spot that told consumption there:
But still her flowers she offered morn and eve;
None marked death's hue, or cared if woe
Crushed her young heart, why should they grieve
For one so poor, so low?

Brief time elapsed; she ceased to move among
The busy crowds; no more she held her flowers;
Her pale, sweet face had vanished from the throng,
Unseen as falls a bud mid summer bowers;

A narrow, dingy court, a squalid room—
Children below at noisy play—
Want, wretchedness, and shrouding gloom—
There the sick flower-girl lay.

Low on a tattered bed, her form reclined,
The seal of death upon her shrunken face;
Her long light hair no more she sought to bind,
Yet weakness had not quenched her youthful grace.
Her eye was bright, her thin hand seemed of snow;
It feebly held a book of prayer,
And o'er her features stole at times a glow,
Making pain beauteous there.

Her old blind father sat beside her bed;
Her mother slept the sleep that knows no waking;
Each lowly friend, once seeming kind, had fled,
And for that aged man her heart was breaking;
She stretched her arms—one kiss ere life be past;
Upon his shoulder fainting now she lay,
Now half revived, while tears were trickling fast;
"Farewell!" she strove to say.

Blithe in its cage the bead-eyed linnet sings,
Once her poor joy—whose hand will feed it now?
The court with shouts of ragged children rings,
Grief only marks the father's furrowed brow;
The busy city hums, and countless cries
Thrill the dusk air—his tears alone are shed;
His little one is gone—none heed his sighs,
Or mourn the Flower-girl dead.

The Vagrant's Child.

THOU little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
Sullen, moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
O'er the pavement creeping,
Asking alms of passers-by,
Tears for ever in thine eye?

Thou little child in rags—
Pattering on with naked feet,
Hungry, wretched, shivering,
Like a blot upon the street,
Little red lip quivering;
Looking through the shop's bright pane,
At delicious food in vain.

Thou little child in rags—
With thy uncut jetty hair,
To thy shoulders streaming,
With thy forehead bold and fair,
With thy great eyes beaming,
With thy mind like some small star
Hidden by thick clouds afar.

Thou little child in rags—
I do follow thee with sighs,
  By thy half-inebriate mother,
Fearing her stern-flashing eyes,
  Trying sobs to smother—
Beaten, chid—come good or ill,
Clinging to her garments still.

Thou little child in rags—
This is destiny, or fate;
  Dark enigma! wondrous heaven!
Wert thou born in other state,
  What to thee perchance were given?
Gayest dress, and fond caresses,
All that charms, delights, and blesses.

Thou little child in rags—
Yes, thou mightst have been the heir
  To some dukedom great and old,
Or one day been doomed to wear
  A royal crown of gold;
Or a general thou mightst be,
Shouting freedom, victory!

Thou little child in rags—
Fortune might have placed thee near
  Learning's shrine, thy tutor'd mind
Destined, in some future year,
  Grand, immortal truths to find;
Like a Newton, worlds exploring,
Or a Milton, heavenward soaring.

Thou little child in rags—
Now, I fear me, thou wilt grow

To a lawless, reckless man,
Stealing, working others' woe,
Punished, ever under ban;
But I pray thou ne'er mayst be
Led unto the gallows-tree.

Thou little child in rags—
Hanging at thy mother's side,
Sullen, moping, weeping,
What to thee all London's pride,
O'er the pavement creeping?
Still in penury thou wilt roam,
Through the world without a home.

Cleopatra's Needle in London.

COLUMN, that Time hath wrapt in mystic haze!
Thou stony hist'ry of long-vanished days!
Art's early triumph, charming now our gaze!

Column, when Egypt's sons, in skill and pride,
Raised thy grand form, and bore thee down Nile's tide,
And traced strange writing on thy rosy side:

What then was Britain—land where Science, Taste,
Now rear their throne?—a dark and howling waste,
Where painted savages the wild beast chased.

O eloquent stone! thou tell'st how empire dies,
How change rules earth, how glory prostrate lies
'Neath Southern stars, to flash in Northern skies.

What solemn interest crowns thy hoary brow!
The Pharaohs on thee gazed—poor mummies now;
And Priests of On before thee wont to bow.

Thy shaft of beauty, too, met Joseph's eyes,
And at its base, communing with the skies,
Grey Israel leant, and breathed for Canaan sighs.

In holy musings, pausing on the sand,
The great deliverer of the Hebrew band,
Moses thy sculptured front may oft have scanned.

Rise, ancient Pillar! lift thy storied head!
O loud-voiced preacher of long ages fled!
The ground about thee reverent let us tread.

Thy very stone appears to think; to speak
Of earth's far youth, while, 'round thy tinted peak,
Light from gone days of splendour seems to break.

And now, lone stranger of the desert! borne
O'er tossing waves, and proud although forlorn,
Thou com'st a Northern city to adorn.*

* Among those who promoted and effected the removal from Alexandria to these shores, of our invaluable relic of Egyptian antiquity, we would avoid naming any one person in particular, many individuals being entitled to our gratitude for the parts which they severally performed. We cannot, however, forbear inscribing on this page the name of Mr. John Dixon, who, by his skill and energy, contributed so much to the success obtained; also that of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, whose great liberality in defraying the expenses incurred, merits the warmest thanks, not only of antiquarians and men of taste, but of the British Nation at large. The noble act will cause him for ever to be remembered in connexion with the famed Cleopatra's Needle.

Thou lookest not on sands, but busy crowds,
Not on blue, taintless skies, but mists and clouds,
And still thy form, majestic sadness shrouds.

Millions of curious eyes will gaze on thee;
Some will be blind, and some thy beauty see,
And some be awed by thy great history.

Then, column of the mighty ages! stand
Long years amongst us, teaching lessons grand!
Egypt may change, but not our favoured land.

Decay and Ruin sigh on Nile's old shore,
But Mind, Power, Freedom, stretch their ægis o'er
This happy Isle—great, prosperous evermore.

A Walk through Westminster Abbey.

HUSH! for the very air is sacred here,
Where Death, that ne'er grows old, in grandeur dwells;
Sobered and sad we feel, yet drop no tear,
Made calm by thought's deep spells.

The dust of men renowned in days gone by,
Giants in mind, hath filled this pile with fame,
Till all the pillars, shrines, to fancy's eye
Rise heavenward, clothed with flame.

Oh, mighty crowd of kings, of priests, of sages!
Warriors that shook their foemen's hearts with fear!
And poets, dulcet-singing through the ages,—
How low, how silent here!

The beams fall mellowing through the pictured glass,
Crowning with purple glory each white tomb;
Methinks before me those great spirits pass,
Now shining, now in gloom.

Some melancholy, with low drooping faces,
And some with eyes that flash, and lips that smile;
All bear, though long departed, earthly traces,
As slow they sweep the aisle.

Again they vanish—poets with their bays,
And monarchs with their crowns; the arches bend,
The statues rise, the gorgeous chapels blaze;
Richness and beauty blend.

And here they sleep—the famous of their day,
Mid all the pomp that great renown inherits;
Men would immortal make their treasured clay,
As fame hath made their spirits.

And pilgrims come to gaze, and think, and sigh,
And some will envy their proud honour'd rest,
But others feel they'd rather lowly lie,
Pillowed on earth's green breast.

Where for man's art that decks this column'd ground,
God's sweet creations, simple flowers would blow,
And for the mighty organ's billowy sound,
Birds trill their anthems low.

Where for the fretted roof, and pillar tall,
The sky would spread its ceiling, azure-bright,
And where for panes' rich tints, would softly fall
Eve's tremulous, golden light.

Abbey! proud work of eld, that still man's eye
Will scan in awe when this poor breath has fled;
Stone's grand, harmonious, solemn poetry!
Home of the deathless dead!

I cannot view thee, hoary in our days,
But gathering majesty as ages roll,
Without deep reverence, sighing as I gaze,
Without heaven-lifted soul.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

DREAM of a mighty mind!—The sleeper woke,
Recalled that dream, and built it up in stone;
Pleased was the shade of Angelo, whose cloak
Of gorgeous genius on our Wren was thrown;
Old Architecture gazed with wondering eyes,
As domed St. Paul's flashed upwards to the skies.

Come from the idle bustle of the street,
The noise, the glitter of life's little "now!"
Enter the hall of thought, Religion's seat,
Feel God is near, and reverent bare the brow;
Look round, and lift thy meditations high,
Grandeur a wing to waft them to the sky.

All is colossal; the dumb gazer seems
Lost, overwhelmed, 'neath yon stupendous dome,
A being borne to giant-land in dreams,
A creeping pigmy in a Titan's home,
Half disbelieving that frail man could rear,
With puny skill, the glory blazing here.

Grand are the pyramids, but wildly rude;
Here beauty weds magnificence; O Art!
What hast thou done for mortals?—Man, imbued
With thy great soul, achieves a wondrous part,
Builds like a god, and leaves impressed behind,
On works of splendour, his proud master-mind.

Marble, cold, shining marble, all around—
Glow marble statues, marble floors we tread,
Where every footfall gives an echoing sound;
Sublimity begets a sense of dread:
Could nobler temple rise from earth's dark sod,
Where soul, in holiest calm, might worship God?

Here, from the throng, the whirl of life, apart,
A loftier life awhile we seem to lead:
A still small voice is whispering to the heart,
Why grovelling cares and trifles should we heed?
Why are our thoughts to briefest visions given?
Why ceaseless think of earth, forgetting heaven?

Hark! do I hear the cannon's deepening boom,
Such as at Waterloo convulsed the sky?
See I a sword bright-flashing through the gloom?
Do the vast walls faint echo victory?
These thrilling fancies in the heart will glow,
Musing on Valour sepulchred below.

He rises yonder with the "eagle eye,"
Full-plumed, and harnessed for his last great fight;
Heroes are children of eternity,
And grand are souls when battling for the right;
Thou mighty shade! why still? Dash on! dash on!
Conqueror of conquerors! hail great Wellington!

Sleep, England's famous captain! such a pile
A worthy tomb for thee; proud hero, sleep!
Glory on thy sarcophagus shall smile,
And stainless honour thy prized relics keep;
St. Paul's, from age to age, will stand sublime,
And, like thy world-spread fame, will mock at Time.

Condemned to Death.

A LAMP faint lit the cell;
Palely upon her coarse, hard bed,
Palely upon her drooping head,
Its sickly quiverings fell;
The silent watchers sat apart,
What passed in that poor bleeding heart,
Nought their cold hearts could tell.

She looked, how pallid there!
Not starting, sighing, weeping now,
That quiet anguish on her brow,
Was written by despair.
Ah, me! despite a governed breast,
Seeming awhile in placid rest,
What torture soul may bear!

Kind hope no longer shone;
Relieving tears refused to flow,
All frozen by her wintry woe;
She seemed transformed to stone;
Save that at times her white lips quivered,
And her limbs feebly, coldly shivered,
And burst a low, sad moan.

Condemned to death—how near
The fatal, terrible to-morrow!
'Twould end her agony and sorrow,
Yet, oh! how fraught with fear!
She counted—mind's foretorturing hell—
Hours, minutes, till the awful bell
Deep sounded in her ear.

Condemned to death—dear Heaven!
Thou know'st she fondly loved her child;
With bitter shame, with anguish wild,
Her breaking heart had striven:
By woman's pride, by woman's love,
A tigress, yet a tender dove,
To frenzy was she driven.

Condemned to death—Oh, dread
Her coming doom!—The scaffold there
Seems black to stand in Morning's air;
Horror bows low her head:
They lead her up, and she must die,
None there to breathe a pitying sigh,
The prison-stones her bed.

Thus on her end to think,
Well may the dews of anguish now
Hang bead-like on her troubled brow—
Well may her spirit shrink:
'Tis hard in youth to yield our breath;
To die in thought is double death,
Shivering on fate's dread brink.

What hears she?—a slight sound;
They open slow the cell's dark door—
Bright eyes—a word, and nothing more—
Quickly she gazes 'round,
Then wildly flings her arms on high,
And, with a sharp, a rapturous cry,
Falls swooning to the ground.

Life! life!—thank Heaven for this!
To walk abroad, sweet pardon won,
To gaze again on God's bright sun,
And feel the wind's soft kiss;
To meet loved eyes where pity glows,
And hear kinds words to soothe her woes—
Life! life! O bliss of bliss!

Town and Country Beauties.

ALL the morn she lounges, dreaming
Over fiction's witching page;
Interest in her dark eyes beaming,
Fancied woes her heart engage.

Then abroad when fashion streameth,
In gay marts she shines an hour,
Choosing what rich garb beseemeth
That young form, to aid its power.

In the Park where steeds are prancing,
See her curb her own so bold;
Habit sweeping, eyes bright-glancing,
Hat on locks of sunny gold.

Now where voices sweet are gushing,
As if seraphs dropped below,
Charmed she listens, cheek soft-flushing,
And her jewels all a-glow.

There they act the scenes ideal,
Bidding ravished bosoms swell;
Life seems golden, all the real
Banished by sweet fancy's spell.

Now in halls of pride and splendour,
Slow she moves, and lights the scene;
Dazzling lamps more dazzling render
Beauty's stately, peerless queen.

Then she dances, graceful, swimming,
Every movement charms the sight;
Sure her heart with bliss is brimming,
Maid so envied, star so bright.

Past that ball-joy, on her pillow,
Wan and wearied, now she sinks,
But her bosom—restless billow—
Knows not sleep; she sighs and thinks.

Country Beauty—freshly blowing,
Morning's roses prank clear skies;
Up—her cheek as fresh is glowing,
And as clear are those blue eyes.

With gay step and sun-lit tresses,
Out she trips where flowrets shine;
And earth's loveliness she blesses,
Drinking fragrance—Nature's wine.

Now she stays where boughs are sighing,
Near the dashing waterfall;
Birds around are chirping, flying,
Gathering at her well-known call.

Noon upon the hamlet sleepeth;
There she cheers the poor man's lot,
Soothing many a heart that weepeth,
Like a sunbeam in each cot.

Eve in crimson drapes the mountain,
Warms the rose-decked, ancient pile,
Turns to gold the garden fountain,
Earth and sky one peaceful smile.

Hark! she pours her song of feeling,
Each entrancing, liquid note
Sweet thro' mellow twilight stealing—
Sounds that up, like incense, float.

Virtue forms her robe of splendour,
Jewels—see her sparkling eyes!
Fancy scarce might lovelier render
New-born Eve in paradise.

Spirits kind, to earth descending,
From each harm that maiden keep,
And, above her pillow bending,
Kiss her into balmy sleep.

The Dying Painter.

AN Artist laboured through long summer days,
Sorrowing when set the sun,
Adding bright hue to hue, his heart a-blaze;
His task was nearly done;
Yet health now failed; his eyes shed glistening rays,
Consumption's fire begun;
His noble piece more beautiful became,
As slow he sank, and feebler grew his frame.

But what shall bow indomitable soul?
Not the frail body's ills;
Seek rather wave and tempest to control;
Mind triumphs while it kills;
Though it may read its doom, as death-clouds roll,
Mind with more ardour thrills.
Yet, yet to live, the enthusiast breathed a prayer,
Throw art's last spell, and close his labours there!

'Twas wonderful, yet piteous to behold
That Artist toiling ever,
White, trembling hand, that scarce the brush could hold,
Nerved to a strong endeavour;
His bosom throbbing with a joy untold;
Would he despair? Oh never!
His master-piece complete, his lowly name,
In life or death, might yet be voiced by fame.

Morning on murky London oped her eyes,
Not to hear blithe birds singing,
Not to kiss clouds to blushes up the skies,
Or butterflies set winging;
Not to paint dewy flowers with rainbow dyes,
The winds rich censers swinging;
Not to bring heaven in glory down to earth,
Fresh health to mortals, and to Nature mirth.

But Morning dawned 'midst smoke—a dingy sheet,
And dust for breath of flowers;
Turmoil roared wide, creaked waggons down each street,
For lays of greenwood bowers;
The dark long crowd poured on with busy feet,
For streams 'neath sunbeam-showers;
And work! work! work! seemed man's harsh, general call,
For village bells, and echoing waterfall.

Where old black houses tower'd, Morn's rays were shed,
Lighting a small, quaint room;
A pale form lay upon a humble bed,
Slow sickening for the tomb;
Each cheek revealed a patch of quivering red,
Telling of coming doom:
And the eyes sparkled, as if feverish life
Were struggling hard with death—a final strife.

The skeleton hand was still, the coal-black hair
Circled a noble brow;
Young were the features, and a light glowed there
Undimmed by sickness now;
They spoke unconquered vigour, not despair;
Blossom clothed death's dark bough:
Ye gathering, thick night-shadows of the tomb!
The star of soul is brighter for your gloom.

The Artist lay in thought, with half-closed eyes,
A Mother watching near;
Not sad her tender words, for love still tries,
Though all uncheered, to cheer;
Her heart was bursting, yet she checked her sighs,
And wiped off every tear,
Moving with smiles around the bed of pain,
And hoping days of health, though hope was vain.

The Artist turned his gaze, where lines of light
On a broad painting streamed;
Then suddenly, like gems half-blinding bright,
His opened, large eyes beamed,
And his lips quivered with his feelings' might—
Blest dreams, whate'er he dreamed:
His great absorbing passion once more came,
Filled brain with force, and dying soul with flame!

There shone the "sacred painting" which so long
Had tasked his youthful powers;
The wave-rocked ark, floods rushing wild and strong,
Storm, lightning, man's crushed bowers—
Terror and beauty bore the soul along;
O grand primeval hours!
He gazed, but soon the exulting look had flown,
And with pale lips he moaned—"Unknown! unknown!

He drooped his head; it seemed as if mind passed
Into the far away,
And fancy heard fame's trumpet sound at last,
Above his senseless clay:
In those fixed eyes large drops were gathering fast,
He clasped his hands to pray:
"I ask thee, Heaven!" went up the trembling sigh;
"When dead this frame, let not my memory die!"

His features changed; dark sorrow settled there;
Some thought struck ice-like now;
"It is not finished!" and a dumb despair
Made sadder that sad brow:
The ark—destruction's angel in the air,
The dove-borne olive bough,
Want yet the painter's touch—O doom of woe!
That death, ere all be done, should lay him low!

Too late—he neareth fast the shadowy land;
Lie still, weak, dying frame!
Soon must be cold that cunning, eager hand,
And quenched the brain's fine flame:
Too late—the unfinished piece would ne'er command
All that he sighed for—fame;
And he should leave on earth no mark, no light,
Passing to silence and oblivion's night.

Too late? no, no! some voice within him spoke;
The one proud passion still,
Like a strong gladiator, dared fate's stroke,
And battled, cheered by Will;
It fought with Death whose first keen shafts it broke—
The shafts that sought to kill:
That passion on him burst, like new-lit fire,
Gave life to hope—he would not yet expire!

He leant upon his arm, and, with quick breath,
For brush and palette cried;
They wavered long; such toil might hasten death,
But still he urged and sighed.
Oh, shall pleased spirit snatch renown's green wreath,
In struggling life denied?
A brief hour's labour more in that hushed room,
And fame's enduring light may crown his tomb!

By pillows propp'd, up sat he in his bed,
The picture near him placed;
His great black eyes their old clear lustre shed,
Strong purpose weakness chased;
His brush, in steadiest hand, the colours spread,
All harmony and taste;
And, as he laboured, pains were heeded not,
Wild heart-throbs checked, and sickness, death, forgot.

The Mother soothed the young enthusiast there,
But thrilled with anxious fears;
She held his palette, now moved back his hair,
Now wiped her own hot tears.
Fond love would help him, serve him, in despair,
For death the more endears;
She mourned the zeal that scorched up life like flame,
Yet not all madness deemed the love of fame.

An hour—he paused, and, fainting, sinking fast,
To earth's great Father prayed;
"Forgive this crime! peace, brightness, 'round her cast,
When low in dust I'm laid!"
Again the hues he spread—the last, the last!
Light on the picture played;
He looked and held his breath—O welcome sun!
It told his hand was true, the task was done!

Sweet dream! his name must live, and proud renown
  Would hang with wreaths his grave;
Not sent from God's bright world in darkness down,
  He now death's gloom would brave:
Far-gazing fancy seized a fadeless crown,
  His hand he strove to wave;
His eyes, dilating, flashed with joy and pride,
He kissed his Mother's cheek, and smiled, and died.

The Young London Beggar.

RAGS hang upon a form, young, slim, and fair,
  Her arms are naked, her small feet are bare,
And down her back thick streams the matted hair.

No health-rose on her meagre cheek appears,
She sports not, laughs not, as becomes her years,
But her great violet eyes oft brim with tears.

Each morn from foulest den, her wretched home,
Two fiends, her parents, drive her forth to roam
That city glorious with grand tower and dome:

Her task to walk and beg, to pray and weep,
And still, though starving, her poor coins to keep,
That nightly the two fiends their spoil may reap.

And when she fails to touch cold hearts, and goes
Back penniless at evening's weary close,
Curses are shower'd upon her, and hard blows.

'Tis night; the maiden plods with bleeding feet,
A blur, a moving rag in that proud street;
Moans the chill wind, and falls the blinding sleet.

Her hair is wet in all its uncombed flow,
Long lashes fringed with shining specks of snow,
Hands numbed with cold, as heart is chilled by woe.

Her tears this night for pence have flowed in vain;
She stands before a shop's great dazzling pane,
There dainty food—here hunger, cold, and rain.

She moves away, while pangs her spirit thrill;
Fate, dost thou rule all earth with iron will,
Some born to plenty, bliss—some want and ill?

She gains a street where blazes Pleasure's shrine,
Men, women, onward press, eyes, jewels shine,
And coaches still draw up—a glittering line.

Large sums they give for loved theatric show;
She asks one mite—they harshly answer, "No!"
Or thrust her rags aside, and scorn her woe.

They seek the scenes where laughter glads the ear,
Paid men "sing" griefs, and flows the well-feigned tear,
Living distress and suffering recked not here.

A church—they enter slow that house of prayer;
Kind must those spirits be who worship there;
So thinks the child; they sure a coin will spare.

The trembling hand is stretched, as men pass by;
Some will not see; some look with wondering eye;
"Away! lost child!" is answered to her sigh.

Ladies quick step aside ; their hearts will cling
To Afric's heathen, but they shrink to bring
Pure hands in contact with that abject thing.

All now have passed within ; the church-doors close ;
None have relieved her, none have soothed her woes,
And ah ! her lot to-night is cruel blows.

She wanders on midst cold and sleety rain,
Folding her rags around her, warmth to gain,
And humming low, to drown her fears and pain.

And can that wretched, broken spirit sing ?
Oh, youthful Nature is a wondrous spring !
But thought returns ; the bird must stoop its wing.

Again her moans, her sobs, 'tis sad to hear ;
Do pitying angels sometimes haunt our sphere ?
Or only demons curse and torture here ?

'Tis nought to her ; all heaven is steeped in gloom,
Like the hard world ; no hopes relieve her doom,
And scarce she knows the meaning of the tomb.

Great London ! in thy dens and garrets, dwell
Countless young hearts, whose miseries few can tell,
For if thou'rt pleasure's heaven, thou'rt suffering's hell.

London Bridge.

MIDNIGHT spreads its ebon wing
O'er this bridge of wide renown,
Standing like a solemn king,
On the waters gazing down—
Waters tide-wrought, swelling, gushing,
Wealth of Nations on their breast,
Upward sweeping, downwards rushing,
As of very life possessed;
Like man's passions, troubled still,
Reason warring with the will—
Passions doomed to know no rest.

But the roar, the hum of life,
On this Bridge the livelong day,
Toil and traffic, shouts and strife,
Like a dream, have died away:
Now they lie with sleep-sealed eyes,
Crowds that lately met our view;
Towers and steeples dimly rise,
Mists their cloaks of sombre hue;
And the forests of tall masts,
Bending not to sea-born blasts,
Look as they were slumbering too.

Stillness—'tis a thing most strange
On this river-road of stone;
Yes, the eye can freely range,
And the spirit muse alone:
Like a corpse the City lies
'Neath dun heaven's outspreading pall;
Sad the night-wind o'er it sighs,
And low clouds their tears let fall;
Soon will resurrection come,
Rise once more the deafening hum,
Lusty life again for all.

Hark! a sound is deeply swinging
From where towers a dome sublime;
Throbbing answers winds are bringing;
'Tis the beating pulse of Time;
Swift he speeds—another hour
Lost for ever, like a spark
Stricken by Time's hand of power,
On his anvil hard and dark;
Or a rill-borne leaf swept by
To thy sea, Eternity!
Hour whose loss few mortals mark.

Bridge, renowned in city story!
Bridge of commerce, Bridge of woe!
Spanning now in dusky glory
Waves where star-beams strive to glow;
From these arches, weak limbs quivering,
Want hath dashed into the tide;
And the Maiden, pale and shivering,
Sought, beneath, her shame to hide;
Broken-hearted and reviled,
Round she cast her glances wild,
Thought of home, and plunged, and died.

'Tis a solemn, wondrous sight,
London with its great heart still;
Hushed and covered by the Night,
How much suffering, wrong, and ill!
These dark waves beneath me sweeping,
Tell of onward-rushing years,
Which, quick-eddying, never sleeping,
Fret against life's wasting piers!
Something like a sigh, a prayer,
Seems to swell through midnight air,
Something touches more than tears.

The Tower of London.

FORT, prison, palace! 'round thy walls we wander;
Grey pile! with interest crowned, with murder red;
O what a throng of memories while we ponder,
Bursts, ghost-like, from the graves of ages dead!

Since the proud Conqueror laid these old foundations,
What tears have drenched the ground in bitter showers!
What blood has here been spilt! what sad narrations
Have filled the history of yon prison-towers!

The Traitor's Gate—through these now silent portals,
How many victims, pale and shivering, passed!
Guilty and innocent—worst, best of mortals,
Here on the outer world have looked their last.

Now warders, up and down, are calmly walking;
Scenting the ancient stones, wild daisies blow;
Cannons are rusting, men are idly talking,
Nor care for anguish felt long years ago.

But had yon Beauchamp Tower the gift of speaking,*
Each room, each stone, a tale of grief would tell,
Of hopes for ever blasted, fond hearts breaking;
Oh, man oft makes for man an earthly hell!

Still on the darkened walls we read inscriptions,
Traced by the agonised in lonely hours—
Love—prayers for strength—but nowhere maledictions;
Brave men, fair women—long, long faded flowers!

I stand before the chapel; thought will travel
Back through the ages—what a scene is there!
The young, the beautiful†—those curls unravel;
Pause, headsman, while they shear her golden hair!

Lower her white brow stoops, her bosom sighing,
Her last warm prayer that God forgive her foes;
Now on the block her beauteous head is lying—
A flashing stroke ends all her pangs and woes!

To heaven's far gate I see her soul ascending,
For mortal crowns a brighter crown above,
And seraphs from the clouds are smiling, bending,
Whispering sweet peace and everlasting love.

* Sir Walter Raleigh was confined in the White Tower, but the greatest number of illustrious victims were imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, some of the walls of which are covered with inscriptions. From this tower many famous men and women were taken to execution, some being beheaded in front of St. Peter's Chapel, and others on Tower Hill.

† Lady Jane Grey.

But other spirits, sufferers famed and glorious,
Have here sprung upwards from their blood-stained biers
And, great as warriors falling when victorious,
They claim our reverence, while they ask our tears.

All, all is quiet now; the past's deep ocean
Rolls o'er those buried days; the wind's faint breath
Whispers to yonder flag in tremulous motion—
No cruel law gives now the just to death.

The sun, while dying west, is calmly throwing
O'er all the fortress slanting crimson beams,
And in the light each rugged tower is glowing,
Like age which smiles when sleep brings youthful dreams.

An ancient clock the fleeting hour is telling,
The stolid sentry paces, idly-slow;
The hum of London drowsily is swelling;
The spot is peace—no more a scene of woe.

Hyde Park in the Season.

HAIL, Hyde Park! when Fashion filleth
London with a living stream,
And her song sweet Pleasure trilleth,
Life one brilliant, joyous dream.

Mettled horses gallants bearing,
Prancing as if treading air;
Sweet equestrians smiling, daring,
Forms as lithe, as brows are fair.

Blazon'd chariots onward dashing,
Glittering thunderbolts that seem,
Skill alone prevents a crashing,
When two meet in Fashion's stream.

Gaze along the floor of ocean,
When morn's gorgeous beams unfold,
See a myriad waves in motion—
Sides of silver, crests of gold.

Such the restless maze and sparkle,
Made by ladies' rich attire,
Countless hues which flash or darkle—
Living sea thou must admire.

Smiling faces—eyes all pleasure,
Breasts—strong armour against care,
Joyous life a priceless treasure—
Happy, sportive spirits there!

Wealth upon them raineth blessings,
Lean-cheek'd Want mopes far away,
Rich in Fortune's dear caressings—
England's favour'd children they.

Such that Park when Fashion filleth
London with a living stream,
And her song sweet Pleasure trilleth,
Life one gay, tumultuous dream.

The Sleepers in Hyde Park.

WIDE o'er the Park dun midnight spreads her veil,
Fashion's pleased, brilliant crowd has long departed
No moon is up, and stars are glimmering pale,
As Nature were sad-hearted.

I stand mid dusky walks, but not alone,
For life is near; I catch low human sighing;
In groups beneath the trees, on benches thrown,
Dark, meagre forms are lying.*

They huddle here who know no homes beside,
And dare not in the streets lie down to slumber;
Spurn and contemn them, silken sons of Pride!
They seem the earth to cumber.

An aged man, to escape the pattering shower,
Lays his white head where matted boughs surround him
He cannot sleep, but counts the weary hour,
His rags close drawing round him.

* During the summer months many homeless, destitute persons, eluding the vigilance of the park-keepers, pass their nights in Hyde Park, sleeping on the wooden seats, or resting against the trunks of trees.

A boy in that wild prime which mocks at woe,
Health on his cheek, all tranquilly reposes,
A stone his pillow—dream-smiles come and go,
As if he slept on roses.

Propp'd on a bench, a woman sits apart,
She hears the clock's far sound, like sorrow, sweeping;
Death-still she bends, then, moving with a start,
Bursts into sobs and weeping.

And something in her arms, with tender care,
She folds and kisses, night-winds from it screening;
A pale-faced child—but, oh, how dear, how fair,
To her above it leaning!

And dearer for its sickness, and more prized;
Strong love of offspring in all bosoms springing!
A plant in woman's heart imparadised,
A music through earth ringing!

The tiny child moans faintly in its pain,
And she her sleepless watch is sadly keeping;
She strives to pray—the effort is in vain,
So she is only weeping.

God, in thy mercy, look upon the scorn'd,
Poor London outcasts in their homeless sorrow!
Hope, with sweet sunshine, has most lots adorn'd,
For them she gilds no morrow.

The Little Churchyard in the City.

[The wayfarer, passing through the City of London, especially in the neighbourhood of Cheapside and Upper Thames-street, will see numerous small burial-grounds of an ancient date. A few of these long unused places of interment contain mouldering tombs, and are occasionally planted with flowers, while some are carefully secured by walls and iron railings.]

ERE the "Great Fire" spread fear and woe,
Laying half wealthy London low,
Above these graves did tear-drops flow.

The little church is swept away,
But still a wall, railed, moss'd, and gray,
Surrounds the tombs of ancient day.

A few feet off, the passers by
Hurry along, nor turn to sigh
O'er those who now forgotten lie.

Yet when red evening floods the West,
And charms to peace the river's breast,
And jaded Labour seeks his rest:

A strange solemnity appears
To pall these graves of other years,
Making us thoughtful e'en to tears.

Around the tombs the long grass grows;
The citizens that here repose
Once knew ambitions, joys, and woes.

But they are still, like that hushed beam
Which paints the stones with golden gleam,
Their lives a myth, a vanished dream.

The rain has long defaced each name,
Obscure perchance, or known to fame;
What matters it? they rest the same.

There, may a wealthy Merchant sleep,
Or Mayor who did high revel keep,
And quaff potations long and deep.

Here a poor city-clerk may lie,
His lot to toil, in penury sigh,
Happy to drop his pen, and die.

'Tis kind to guard this place of rest,
That none the mouldering tombs molest;
Sleep, citizens, on earth's calm breast!

Children are playing near the graves,
Where still one small old yew-tree waves,
And dust, fire, ages, meekly braves.

Oh, may no hand, with ruthless sway,
This little churchyard sweep away,
Poor, pleading wreck of long-gone day!

The ancient sleepers seem to cry—
"Improvement! pass these precincts by,
And, here in quiet, let us lie!"

Spring in London and the Country.

SPLASHY London in the Spring—
Gloom upon the wind's cold wing;
When drives down the turbid rain,
And blue skies you seek in vain,
Mottled smoke up-eddying there,
Dusky fleeces in the air;
Wet the streets where mud is scattering,
And a thousand wheels are clattering,
Men and women to and fro,
Rushing in a ceaseless flow:
On the house-top no Spring bird,
Piping roundelay, is heard,
Slippery pavement, cloggy mire,
Dark fogs wrapping dome and spire—
Little joy that scene can bring,
Splashy London in the Spring.

Pure, free Country in the Spring,
When bright brooks begin to sing;
When fall softly freshening showers,
Loved by newly-opened flowers;

When the blackbird flutes his strain,
Loving too the mild, sweet rain ;
And the lambs are sporting free,
Snowballs on the cowslipp'd lea ;
While the sun doth laugh away
Meadow-vapours thin and gray,
Like a giant fresh and bright,
Looking from his azure height,
Lacing small clouds wandering by,
With white silver in the sky.
When, from Nature's rosy mouth,
Blow balm-breezes from the South,
And the buds are rounding, swelling,
Prophets, future fruitage telling.
When the rainbow spans the vale,
With its colours rich and pale—
Bridge built up by angels, meet
For their passing, shining feet.—
Oh, the scene doth look awhile
Loving Heaven's embodied smile,
Nature, in her infant hour,
Laughing in her Eden-bower,
While Health mounts on dewy wing—
Such sweet Country in the Spring.

The Public Idol at Home.

BRIGHTLY are the stage-lights shining,
Gay and gorgeous is the scene;
Groups of nymphs their arms are twining,
Dancing on a festive green:
Spectacle, each sense entrancing!
Music making bosoms swell—
Oh the magic of that dancing!
Charming with a wondrous spell.

'Neath an arch of leaves and roses,
One fair maid glides forward now;
'Tis the bride—she holds white posies,
Glows with pearls her joyous brow:
All fall back as she advances,
Bounding, graceful as the roe,
And her foot, like meteor, glances,
To and fro—and to and fro.

Matchless dancing—sure a fairy
Hath just left Titania's halls;
'Tis so gleesome, sprightly, airy,
Snow less light than those foot-falls.

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Ay, a spirit seems as burning
In that tiny foot, now slow,
Now, like lightning, crossing, turning,
To and fro—and to and fro.

Oh, the young girl's graceful springing,
Steps by last steps still surpassed!
Now applause is wildly ringing,
Bouquets round her thickly cast:
Pleased she looks, joy undissembling,
And bright smiles her thanks express,
E'en for very rapture trembling;
Sweet are plaudits, sweet success!

Wearied, mournful, see the dancer,
After midnight, in her room!
Eyes to pleasure flash no answer,
Cheeks have lost their painted bloom:
Stripp'd of all her show and glitter,
Robe of gauze, and crown of flowers,
Mute she stands, while thoughts most bitter
Crowd her heart, those silent hours.

Wreaths, admirers flung, are lying
Now despised upon the floor;
And her vacant breast is sighing,
She a fairy-nymph no more:
Ah! those wreaths but yield her sadness,
Burst the bubble of her joy;
Flattery cheats, the dance seems madness,
Fame a worthless, gilded toy.

Eyes hand-shaded, she is thinking
Of her home by Como's tide,
And she views the calm sun sinking,
And the Alps with glory dyed.
Yes, she feels more joy is dwelling
In that home fond memory keeps,
Than in plaudits loudly swelling,
And the world-praised dancer weeps.

A Walk in Bensal-Green Cemetery.

SUN, pause amid the western clouds awhile,
And from thy throne of amethyst and gold,
Look not in sorrow, but with gentlest smile,
On this wide field where Death has penn'd his fold.

Yes, sweetest beams are shining from calm skies,
And painting all the flowers, in that rich light,
With hues they might have worn in Paradise,
When angels kissed them into bloom more bright.

There is a solemn hush, a beauty here,
Which seem in holiest thought the soul to steep,
Robbing the grave of darkness and of fear;
In these calm precincts who would dread to sleep?

A city held by death around me lies,
The living city near—O life! O life!
There art thou wrestling for some envied prize,
Lured on by hope, mid smiles, and tears, and strife.

And soon the busy living, called away,
Will fold their hands in silence 'neath these flowers,
Fair monuments their proud, their last display,
Whitening like angels' wings, in these still bowers.

Walking from tomb to tomb, how many a tale
We seem to read! the merchant here is laid
In marble grandeur; nothing now avail
His ships, his gold—they will not soothe his shade.

Yonder the actor sleeps; his lip no more
Shall drop our Shakspeare's precious pearls around,
Or the full tide of swelling passion pour!
His stage—how narrow now beneath the ground!

The hero, in that vault, is deaf to praise;
Here fate's keen shears the poet's harp-strings sever,
The dancer trips no more the graceful maze,
And the sweet singer's notes are hushed for ever.

The husband hangs with wreaths the modest tomb
Of her whose memory faithful love will keep;
The youth bids freshest flowers and laurel bloom,
Where, lowly laid, his honoured parents sleep.

That spotless statue, drooping its white hands,
Symbols young Beauty with her broken spell,
Holding men's hearts no more in silken bands,
Gone from the ball in lampless gloom to dwell.

What simple flowers are breathing sweets apart,
The white-ruffed daisy, and the snowy rose?
Oh, these are tended by some loving heart,
Which thus makes beautiful its silent woes.

A mother here—I read it on the stone—
Gave from her sheltering breast to cold, cold earth,
Her precious one, that like a star had shone,
And filled her home with light, and joy, and mirth.

Methinks I see that home—how mournful now,
How desolate, the fairy ever fled!
I hear the sigh, I see the knees that bow;
But sighs and prayers will call not back the dead.

One little chair is empty; on the floor
The foot-falls cease to sound! at evening hour
The low-lisped prayer to God is heard no more;
She cannot kiss the soft curls' auburn shower;

And so she comes to sorrow and to keep
Flowers blooming here, her heart by hope beguiled;
To ponder on the past, and pray, and weep,
And clasp again in dreams her perished child.

Yet sadness, flee away! thou shalt not spread,
O'er this kind resting-place, thy wings of gloom,
Where bodies press awhile a painless bed,
To wake once more, and spurn the conquered tomb.

Earth, heaven, still sweetly smile; and fading day
Nowhere than here drops brighter, richer gold;
Nowhere the flowers more lovely hues display,
Gracing, while making fragrant, death's chill mould.

Hark! by the sepulchre the throstle sings,
His voice, though tender, hath no touch of sadness;
E'en the lone redbreast folds his russet wings,
And pipes upon the stone his notes of gladness.

O'er the calm spot methinks a figure bends:
'Tis meek Religion in her robes of white;
A benediction from the sky descends—
No darkness here, but light, soul's endless light.

Beauty, and peace, and love, have fixed their dwelling
Among these graves, and sanctified the sod;
Sweet-visioned Hope, of happier regions telling,
Breathes from the turf, and wafts our thoughts to God.

The Rose in the City Alley.

WHAT dost thou here,
Gay lover of the sun and sky,
Once drinking zephyr's odorous sigh,
Striving thy buds to rear?
The heavens put on a murky cloak,
The air is thick with dust and smoke,
The winds, that languish near,
Are noisome, stealing thy perfume,
And sicklying all thy native bloom.

What dost thou here?
Thy blushing breast should ope its sweets,
Not in these crowded, sultry streets,
But where rays purely shine,
And Morn's rich dews thy lips might steep,
While bees luxurious o'er thee creep,
And quaff their honey-wine,
And butterflies might flutter round,
By spells of fragrance gently bound.

What dost thou here,
On this old blackened window-sill?
Harsh sounds the squalid alley fill,
Loud oath, and want's sad cry;
Thy buds in some parterre should spring,
Mid fountains gushing, murmuring,
Soft as a fairy's sigh,
While birds, in answer, all day long,
Should charm thee with mellifluous song.

What dost thou here?
Thy beauty, prisoner-rose, is flown;
Thy red leaves soon will strew the stone;
Thus fading fast away,
Pining for Nature's happier scene,
Bright suns, fresh gales, and skies serene,
Consumptive Beauty! say,
Thou likenest hearts, fond, gentle, true,
Pining in this great city too.

What dost thou here?
Thou hast a task, kind task, sweet flower!
To gladden eyes each morning hour,
That seldom Nature see;
The cripple, the poor widow, bound
To dusty streets, as days go round,
Refreshed will gaze on thee;
Amidst their toils, their joys, their woes,
They watch thee, love thee, City rose!

Then bless thee here!
Oh, yes, though faded, frail thou art,
Thou callest up to many a heart
Dear country far away;

They water thee with constant care,
And still thy drooping leaves declare
A longing to be gay:
Amidst their toils, their joys, their woes,
They watch thee, love thee, City rose!

The Lost One.

POOR wandering lost one! faces once so kind
Now turn and shun her; pity she would find,
But none the wounds of hopeless grief will bind.

Lost, lost!—The mighty city, wherein dwell
All charms of life—wealth, grandeur, beauty's spell,
And rings for ever Pleasure's silver bell:

What unto her its thousand witcheries now?
Bright streets are gloom; in misery she must bow,
Burnt to the brain the plague-spot on her brow.

O Memory! on its rack she still must lie;
Dear paradise of spotless hours gone by!
They'll come no more at Sorrow's yearning cry.

Lost, lost!—Through London streets she drags her way;
She strives to smile, and struggles to be gay,
But when alone, grief claims its stricken prey.

Oft will she kneel on door-steps mid night's calm,
When the pure stars are singing their deep psalm,
And weep and pray, but nought will bring her balm.

That maid was healthful once, and fresh, and fair,
Her features now small trace of beauty bear,
Her cheek is white beneath false roses there.

Her friends are fallen sisters; some appear
To laugh at crime, and scorn to shed a tear,
Glorying in shame, and folly's dark career.

Yet thought will sting at times, and then their gladness
Their sunny smiles are turned to moping sadness;
But soon they find the cure—the draught of madness.

She too hath sought a longed-for Lethe there,
Hoping in that deep cup to drown all care,
And, by obscuring reason, crush despair.

But wild, brief visions o'er, a bitterer woe—
Memory and conscience pierce her—fires that glow
Within, within, whose miseries few may know.

Where'er she flies, thought's demon seems to chase;
No home on earth is hers, no sheltering place;
Oh, what hath sunk her in this dire disgrace?

Love to most hearts brings blessings and delight,
But her it fed with poison, dimm'd mind's light,
And wrapt her in a pall of blackest night.

Thus was she lost; the whiteness of her youth
To darkness turned; she feels but love's untruth,
And sharp remorse that bites with adder's tooth.

Lost! lost! she still must cry; black all appears,
Vain were repentance thro' the coming years,
The world would pity not, nor heed her tears.

Lost without hope! her doom more low to fall,
Bitterer each day her secret cup of gall;
When wilt thou come, O death! and finish all?

The river glides beneath the calm, starr'd night,
The great bridge spans it; in the glimmering light
Falls fluttering through the air, a form of white.

"Lost! lost!" is faintly screamed; and far below
A splash is heard—small bubbles froth and glow,
Then waves sweep on—God help that child of woe!

The Caged Blackbird in the City.

AT a dingy window, high
O'er the narrow, noisy street,
Thou dost pour blithe melody,
Singing ever wildly-sweet;
Midst the heavy trampling, rushing,
Still thy song is flute-like gushing;
Midst the smoke that blinds the day,
Pulses still thy joyous lay,
The long rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away.

Why so happy art thou, tell me,
In thy willow-prison there?
Dost thou never sorrow, tell me,
For the country bright and fair?

For green woods and leafy valleys,
Fresh blue streams, and flowery alleys
Are these scenes forgotten, say,
Pouring thus thy merry lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away?

Human discord is around,
Not the sighing of the gales;
Sickly flowers in pots abound,
Not the wild ones in the vales:
Morning bringeth smoke, dark-trailing,
Not gold clouds o'er mountains sailing,
Yet with dusky, opening day,
Gushes forth thy jocund lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away.

Blackbird, in that close street, sing!
Like man's suffering soul art thou;
Time and custom balm will bring,
What was grief, contentment now:
Yes, we learn to bear with gladness,
What once pained and caused us sadness;
So, mid smoke that blinds the day,
Bird, we hear thy joyous lay,
The long, rich note
From thy black, swelling throat,
Piping and melting soft away!

The Dream of the London Seamstress.

HEAVY and slow, and booming loud,
St. Paul's has struck the midnight hour;
A fog comes down, and in its shroud
Wraps street, and bridge, and tower;
The lamps are struggling through the gloom,
Men walk, as in a murky tomb;
While beats the chilly, drizzling rain,
Beading each pane.

High in a garret, lone and small,
Her only wealth—bed, table, chair,
Silent she works; no tear-drops fall,
For she has learnt to bear;
Has learnt to chase her griefs away,
And ceased for happier hours to pray;
Though gone her strength, and lost her bloom,
Work is her doom.

Hour after hour she plies her fingers;
Two—three, St. Paul's has sounded deep;
Her head droops low, her quick hand lingers—
She starts—she drives off sleep:

She hums a tune; again her eyes
Close, like two flowers 'neath evening's skies;
Down on her work her head is cast,
She sleeps at last.

O dreams will oft restore joy's gold
To bankrupt hearts! kind blessèd dreams!
No rain, no night, her eyes behold—
A summer morning beams;
A country cottage, blossom'd bowers,
Bees humming round rich-scented flowers,
A brawling brook, and, far away,
The cuckoo's lay.

Her sisters' voices blithely sound,
Her father, living, talks and smiles;
The Sabbath-bell now murmurs 'round,
They cross the fields and ancient stiles;
Ruff'd daisies make the pathway fair,
The clover scents the sunny air;
Her heart, like earth in beauty clad,
Is gay and glad.

She seems within the church to stand,
Sees font and pulpit's quaint-carved dove,
The white-robed pastor, and the band
Of rustic singers ranged above:
The prayer is breathed; she kneels and sighs,
And to her Maker lifts her eyes;
The choir breaks out, the old wall shakes;
She starts and wakes.

SUMMER EVENING ON THE THAMES.—P. 329

She wakes—where church, where suns that glow?
The dreary night, the drizzling rain,
The candle in its socket low—
She wakes to truth and pain.
O happy days flashed back in sleep!
Their light makes darkness now more deep;
And while she blesses earlier years,
She yields to tears.

She weeps and labours mid her sorrow,
And those she works for sleep the while:
Will better fortune bless to-morrow?
Can hope her heart beguile?
Yes, hope of that far land of peace,
Where hunger gnaws not, toil will cease,
And tears, life's bitter struggles o'er,
Shall flow no more.

A Summer Evening on the Thames.

WHEN on the canvas of the western skies,
The sun, God's painter, ere Day's spirit flies,
Spreads purple, liquid gold, and ruby dyes:

Lovely doth look Tamesis' ancient stream,
As smooth it flows, a shining, whispering dream,
Where Eton, Richmond, softly-mirrored, gleam.

And further down, where yellowing willow-spray
Stoops low to drink, and bright-scaled fishes play,
Like burnished ingots in the rich warm ray.

Where, too, 'round sedgy isles, with wide-puffed wing,
Sails the large swan—a queenly, lovely thing,
Her neck high-arched, her proud self worshipping.

London's dun smoke the breezes fail to bear,
But scents from flower-banks steep the drowsy air,
Peace, with spread pinions, brooding dove-like there.

Yon wherry moves, a spirit, on the stream,
So noiselessly it glides; the oar-drops seem,
While falling quick, small rubies in the beam.

The shadow prints the water's glistening face,
And mirror'd villas, trees, the eye can trace;
The swan unto its shadow adds a grace.

The skiff a floor of amber seems to skim;
Light plays the paddle; hark! amid the dim,
The leaf-veiled throstle flutes his evening hymn.

That rower heeds not banks with poplars crown'd,
Nor trill of birds, nor silver troutlet's bound,
Nor the sweet sunset Eden smiling round.

His eye is resting on a young, sweet face,
And wandering o'er a form of witching grace,
A water sprite, a "genie" of the place.

She sitteth in the stern; white lilies grow
Marging the tide, till waves are all a-glow;
A lily she, with brow of purer snow.

Age of bright dreams! when all things charm and bless;
Her features peace, content, and love express;
Oh, happy mood! voluptuous idleness!

She marks the glossy stream, the wooded strand;
Her cheek is flushed, by warm-lipped breezes fanned;
She knows not which is loveliest—wave or land.

And now she talks with sparkling smile, that shows
Rowed teeth of pearl, while each soft feature glows,
E'en as the wave which sunset makes a rose.

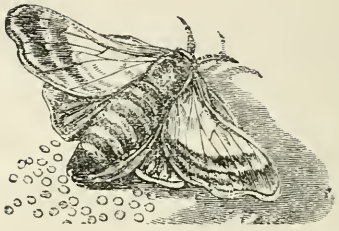
Two plighted hearts—O sweet Elysian hour,
The mildew of no care on hope's fresh flower,
All bloom and beauty love's delicious bower.

Now in the stream she bathes her finger-tip,
And now a song breaks from her ruddy lip,
In time to those green oars that dip and dip.

The joyous song across the water floats,
The birds to listen hush their own wild notes,
And now the strain is caught by far-off boats.

And, mingling with the song, steal evening bells
From yon grey tower, their tremulous falls and swells
Reaching the heart and opening memory's cells.

Thusnear great London's wildering streets and noise,
Where the hard real oft sweet taste destroys,
Life hath its rural charm, and quiet joys.



The Weaver of Bethnal-Green.

[Many of the weavers of Bethnal-Green are descendants of those Huguenots, who fled to England shortly after the massacre of St. Bartholomew; thus, for nearly three centuries, in this crowded district, have these French artisans exercised their peculiar art. Their children at a very tender age begin to assist them at the loom, and their general poverty but great industry are well known.]

THE shuttle speeds, the fingers play,
The costly silk before him glows;
'Twill deck proud Beauty's form one day;
Of toil and suffering nought she knows:
The bony hands are flying,
The secret heart is sighing;
She'll boast her many conquests won,
Made gay by poor starvation's son.

A tiny mournful face is near:
Thoughtful she looks beyond her age;
No joyous prattle meets the ear—
Duties that woman-child engage:
She works long weary hours;
No curls, in flaxen showers,
Fall on her neck; her hair is shorn;
'Twould hinder work were tresses worn.

Six years, not springs, that child has seen,
For here they never mention spring;
Trees, daisies, streamlets, herbage green,
Their names to her no meaning bring:
Her home this dingy room,
Her world that street of gloom;
God's brighter world, 'neath azure skies,
Never unfolded to her eyes.

No dimpled hand, or peachy cheek,
But worn, and thin, and sickly white;
Children the healthful fields should seek,
Their tongues all glee, their eyes all light.
But her face mirrors sadness,
Her eye ne'er flashes gladness;
She does not play as children play—
Work, work has chased all sport away.

She toils, yet sobs not, closely keeping
Her sorrows in her gentle breast;
Labour allows no time for weeping,
No time to think, or mourn, or rest:
So still his task he plies,
Swiftly the shuttle flies,
Whirr—whirr, in that small wretched room,
Scant food—foul air—a living tomb.

But see, the wearied child now lingers,
Confused and dim each object grows;
She droops—she stays her meagre fingers,
At length her eyes' long lashes close;
And now, some dream beguiling,
Her young wreathed lips are smiling;
Her fancy with some angel flies
From these dark walls to paradise.

Yes, be it fancy, be it true,
A moment, on heaven's crystal shore,
She's with the angels, happy too,
Labour and hunger felt no more:
Such spirit, who shall say,
May not be caught away?
Child-souls so like to angels are,
As rose to rose—as star to star.

The father turns to her his gaze,
Thus wearied, dreaming 'mid the dim;
He pauses now, though rare he stays
The labour which is life to him:
Ah! seldom smiles shed brightness
On that small face of whiteness;
The poor man charmed and lost appears,
Stoops, kisses her, and yields to tears.

But tears will earn not bread; he plies
Again the swift and clattering loom;
The child hath left bright paradise,
To work once more in that dull room:
The gaunt, worn form is bending
At tasks which seem unending,
And little hands toil out the day,
To keep starvation's fiend away.

A London Fire.

A WAVY, flickering glow
Reddens a room below;
It widens, brightens, quickly mounting higher;
A cry is in the street—'tis fire! 'tis fire!
That cry, a startling sound,
On swift wings spreads around;
It tingles in the ears;
It stirs the blood of men, and rouses woman's fears;
It saddens, while it maddens,
But Havoc's heart it gladdens;
For Havoc loveth fire,
And all things wild and dire;
Her lean arms tossing high,
While night now palls the sky,
She aids the thrilling cry,
The awful cry of fire!

The great, tumultuous, eager throng
Rushes and sweeps, like stormy waves, along;
For men still feel a breathless, fierce delight,
In witnessing some dreadful sight.

With beating hearts and rapid feet,
The crowds pour down each neighbouring street;
And soon, a closed-wedged mass,
Through which no more can pass,
They gaze upon the fire!
Oh, spectacle exciting,
Their upraised faces lighting,
They watch the hissing fire!

The engines speed; the brave men fix their eyes,
Anxious and eager, on the deepening glow;
Behind them shouts of—fire! more loudly rise;
Time's preciousness the well-trained horses know;
They tear along with clattering heels,
Scarce seen the spokes of those quick-turning wheels;
Smooth streets they pass, then o'er the stones they rattle
Intent with yon dread foe to battle—
The strengthening, raging fire—
The foe whose fierce artillery
Hath wind for an auxiliary;
Whose swords are flames outspringing,
Dire flames destruction bringing,
Far-gleaming, wasting, sweeping,
Their hot course onward keeping—
O fire! terrific fire!

High thro' the air the water-jets are thrown,
And men are labouring as for life,
Striving in honourable strife,
To dash the fire-god from his throne.
But vain their efforts, vain their skill,
The flames shoot out, rush upwards still,

Like serpents hissing, darting,
'Round rafter and thick beam,
Their crimson tongues fierce-starting
From throats that redly gleam;
Thro' shivered windows pouring,
Surging and under-roaring,
In columns high aspiring,
With energy untiring,
While sparks around are flying,
Like mockery and defying,
O furious, dreadful fire!
With a blaze that lights the city,
Waking wonder, terror, pity;
Edging towers with crimson gloss,
Glistening on St. Paul's high cross;
Light for many a league out-throwing,
Setting heaven's high clouds a-glowing.

A sudden cry of pain and fear,
Sharp and piteous, thrills the ear!
A woman at a window high above—
Save her in mercy and in love!
Thickly the rolling smoke has bound her,
Thickly the flames are wreathing 'round her;
She shrieks, she faints, she falls!
The sight each heart appals;
Then up a bold man springs,
Resolve hath lent him wings—
Up the thin ladder's height,
He bounds with arrow's flight,
And passes from their view;
Oh, must he perish too?
See! amid dust and flame,
He comes—they shout his name;

He comes—he brings the maid,
On his strong shoulder laid:
Down, down, with panting breath,
Her bears her swift from death.
Then plaudits, cheers, arise
  Above the flames' wild roaring,
  The flames that now are soaring,
Like death-pyres to the skies:—
Wide splashing, hissing, rushing,
Water in cataracts gushing,
But makes them blaze the more,
With madder, fiercer roar;
But makes them leap the higher,
O fearful, deadly fire!
No agent Nature keepeth
To quicker ruin sweepeth;
No element hath ire,
Like thee, O furious fire!

The Gambler's Last Stake.

THE honest citizens were sunk in sleep,
  Dreaming of honest gains,
For the good genii smile on those who reap
  Fair wealth through honest pains:
Each street was silent; e'en gay Vice must creep,
  Foot-sore, with all her stains,
To misery's home, no luring, bright smiles there,
But weary sobs, and tears of vain despair.

The doors were shut; the ear could catch no din;
Caution close-watched the room;
The very lamps, in that hushed place of sin,
Seemed loth to light the gloom.
Some sat, some stood in groups; on all within
There pressed a heavy doom;
As though they longed to fly, but could not burst
Their fettering chains—O hearts undone, accursed!

The rattle of the dice, the click of balls,
Are the sole sounds we hear,
Save when, from lips compressed, some faint word falls,
Telling of hope or fear;
Or disappointment's oath, along the walls,
Dies with the comrade's jeer:
Oh, 'round the table what a circle now!
What flashing eyes, what gloom on many a brow!

But follow that young form—a quiet grace
Once marked the noble mien:
Now one hot passion hath deep-lined the face,
And withered is youth's green;
Lands, fortune lost, dishonoured a proud race,
Gone all his life's serene,
Soul is a fearful whirlpool, which draws in,
And wrecks the virtues, in its gulf of sin.

Yet hope doth glimmer still; one great stake more!
Chance may repair the past;
O Fortune! your blest sunshine on him pour!
Smile, goddess, smile at last!
His all—the stake is laid; heart brimmeth o'er;
Not yet the dice are cast;
Full swells his bosom, burns his starting eye,
And on flushed brows excitement's big drops lie.

'Tis lost—Ah, cruel fortune! churlish fate!
He stands a beggar there;
The fiends of want, shame, misery, on him wait:
Sad, ghastly is that stare;
Counsel was spurned, and truth arrives too late;
Soul folly's scourge must bear:
He locks his hands, and bows his body low,
No hope to cheer him in his crushing woe.

A man is wandering through the wintry night,
To none his grief is told;
From his own dreadful thoughts he taketh flight,
But firm their jealous hold:
He cannot shake them off; those adders bite,
And 'round his heart are rolled;
He hastens wildly on, but doth not tire,
Frost numbs without, but all within is fire!

Through alley, street, and 'round the silent squares,
He walks with madden'd brain;
He envies those who sleep, unracked by cares,
He'll sleep but once again;
Conscience, a vulture, at his bosom tears;
Remorse, and rage, and pain,
Are Furies following him, dire wrath to wreak,
As once they chased the guilty, suffering Greek.

Not yet light tints the East; he passes slow
A church's shadowy door;
Would he could pray and die—black ruin, woe,
Forgotten evermore!
He stands before a mansion—proud its show,
And owned by rank of yore;
Last morn 'twas his, but now another claims
His home of grandeur, and historic names.

That was the stake he laid—all lost save her,
And a young helpless child:
His eyes are fixed, his limbs refuse to stir,
His look is strange and wild;
Must he forsake them—hearts that did not err,
All miseries on them piled?
He trembles, half turns 'round, and veils his eyes,
While late fierce oaths give place to softened sighs.

Fancy beholds his child asleep this hour;
Sure angels round her stand;
A vermil rose-bud in its fairy bower—
One of heaven's cherub band;
Her locks soft, golden, like a sunbeam-shower,
Round cheek on dimpled hand,
Her coral mouth all smiles, her features bright
With happy dreams—a thing of joy and light.

O picture blest!—her, too, his soul doth see,
Whom wifely love endears!
Base, cruel, from her gentle side to flee!
Who will assuage her tears?
He loves them both—ay, madly, tenderly;
But a dread gulf appears
'Twixt them and him; Ah! shall he, if forgiven,
And life still be, embrace their souls in heaven?

He feels nor rain, nor cold, but lifteth slow
His trembling hands on high,
And breathes a faint farewell, his last below—
Farewell, with many a sigh:
He dares not meet them; it were best to go,
Not live in shame—but die;
The world's contempt the proud man cannot brave,
The world may half forgive him in the grave.

"My wife! my all! I fain would kiss thy cheek,
And press thee to my heart,
But that I feel 'twould agonise and break;
Now calmly I can part.—
Bless thee, my child! and when my grave you seek,
Do not in horror start,
But think one slumbers there who loved thee well,
Though ruined, lost his soul—farewell! farewell!"

He ceased to whisper, and his head bowed low
O'er his grief-shaken breast;
Those whom he clung to—nought else dear below—
Still in mute prayer he blest:
Pierced heart, too late repentant, steeped in woe,
That only sighed for rest—
Burst on it full the mem'ries of past years,
And the lost man gave way to bitterest tears.

A London Park—snow on the leafless trees,
And cold the clear, grey skies;
The stars were fading, and the sharp-edged breeze
Sobbed like faint human sighs:
The moon sailed slowly, as her orb would freeze,
Not yet Morn oped her eyes,
But in the East, like walls of jet, or crowds
Of flying fiends, spread massy, sable clouds.

A sickly glow, then up the great, broad sun
Arrowed thin shafts of light;
He shrank to view that sphere; life's course was run;
Welcome, death's dreamless night!
Earth, men, were nothing now; the orb begun
To climb that cloudy height:
He looked to heaven—"Forgive me! God," he cried;
A shot rang loud—the gamester moaned and died.

A Call to the Sea-Shore.

FROM lips of spray, with Summer voice,
The wild, free ocean loudly calleth;
Dwellers in England's Babylon,
Where Toil's hard hammer ever falleth;
Where dust, heat, noise, oppress the brain,
And soul too often blindly crawleth—
Oh, quit your busy haunts awhile,
Drink Ocean's balm, and hail his smile!

Votaries of Pleasure! jaded, worn,
In crowded halls by nightly dances;
Or dazzled with the glittering stage,
The too long play of beauty's glances;
Or tired of fashion's blinding world,
Its irksome laws, and countless fancies—
Oh, quit your brilliant haunts awhile,
Drink Ocean's balm, and hail his smile!

Weak age, whose blood runs cold and slow,
Find strength beside the wave's fresh dashing!
Children, go, sport on golden sands,
Amidst the silver bubbles splashing!
Heart-stricken ones, eyes dim with tears,
Those eyes shall there regain their flashing;
Oh, quit home's mournful scenes awhile,
Drink Ocean's balm, and hail his smile!

Ye Beauties, delicate and fair,
Your cheeks too much the lily showing!
Haste to the sea, quaff briny gales,
And soon love's roses shall be blowing
That crystal bath is pure and cool,
Vigour on languor still bestowing;
Ye'll swim the wave and tread the shore
Laughter and loveliness once more.

Philosophers and students pale!
Awhile your troubled thoughts forgetting,
Go, wander by the calming deep,
At breezy morn and sweet sun-setting:
Ocean to you will dream and talk,
His waves against the pebbles fretting;
Or he will dash, by strong winds driven,
To lift your fancies up to heaven.

All to the Summer billows go,
An hour unvexed by life's dull story;
Ocean doth humble human pride,
More grand than vales or mountains hoary:
Though seeming fearful, earth he loves,
Bearing young Health, and crown'd with glory:
Then toilers! thinkers! haste awhile,
And drink his balm, and hail his smile.

The Old Bailey Prison by Night.

PURE maiden moon, veil close your gentle light!
Stars, smile not down sweet beams through holy night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.

Blackness and melancholy, grief and gloom,
Sit on this ancient building as a tomb,
Each stone a chronicle of death and doom.

Since thou wert raised, O pile of mournful fame!
The mass of crime, the world of sin and shame,
These walls have held, e'en fiends might shrink to name.

What curses have defiled the burdened air,
From harden'd vice! how oft have mounted there
The cry of woe, the wailings of despair!

What gentle sighings, too, of contrite hearts,
Pierced at the last by conscience' searching darts,
When kind religion comes, and balm imparts!

What wrestlings of the soul yon cells have seen,
What passion-storms no soothings made serene,
What tears, hot tears of anguish deep and keen!

What sad, long lingerings at the prison-door,
What bitter scenes within, hope ever o'er,
Partings of breaking hearts to meet no more!

The mother wailing for her son; dismay
Crushing the sister's soul that last dark day;
The shrieking wife, in mercy borne away.

How many a time the deep sepulchral bell
Hath sounded through the courts its awful knell,
Muttering, in sin's hard ear, of coming hell!

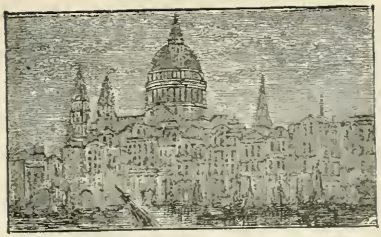
How many a wretch, with ghastly, straining eye,
And quivering limb, death's moment drawing nigh,
Hath looked his anguished last on earth and sky!

Pile of black guilt! of fierce remorse and woe!
Still must thou frown, while Justice reigns below,
And in man's breast the plants of evil grow.

As now I wander near thy sombre walls,
Quick life goes on; the gas-light round me falls,
And children play; his wares the vendor calls.

None view that human den with troubled breast,
They toil, laugh, feast, nor heed "the house unblest,"
Where crime may mock, but woe is still a guest.

Pure maiden moon, veil close your gentle light!
Stars, smile not down sweet beams through holy night!
Hidden be all things beautiful and bright.



London of To-day.

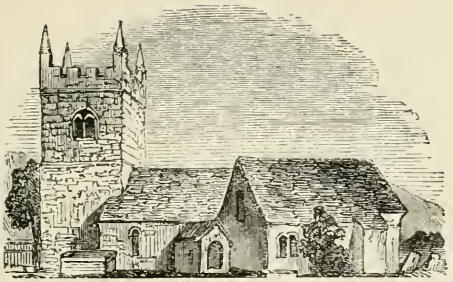
WHAT is London in our day?
Monster city spreading still,
Stage where all the passions play,
Bright with good, and dark with ill;
Mazy streets perplexing, winding,
Alleys, courts, past stangers' finding;
Square on square, and tower on tower,
Speaking wealth, religion, power;
When they seem at length to end,
On, like Alps, they still extend.
City growing, daily growing,
Thy great mission never done,
Arms around thee wider throwing,
Carthage, Nineveh, in one!

What is London in our day?
People-masses, like the waves,
Surge immense, but laws obey,
Yet, obeying, are not slaves!
Throngs fill ever mart and street,
Varying aims sway all ye meet!
Good men mourn for crime and woe,
Rich men strive more rich to grow,

Needy starveling hoping still
Fortune his poor purse may fill;
While adventurers, keen and wise,
Work mid fraud, and seize their prize,
And Ambition, heart on flame,
Struggles, climbs, and burns for fame.

What is London in our day?
Luxury's gorgeous opened flower;
Mighty lens that draws each ray
Shed by science, art, and power;
Queen of commerce, at whose feet
All the Nations bowing meet.
Wealthiest city known on earth!
Did rich Genii give it birth?
City of the mighty Mind,
Some may grope untaught, and blind,
But how many catch the glow,
Truth and Wisdom flash below!

What is London in our day?
Home of fashion, throne of rank,
Pleasure chasing thought away,
Tripping on life's flowery bank!
Countless bosoms thrill, each night,
With refined, or coarse delight;
Thousands feast, while, to and fro,
Thousands roam in want and woe.
These press warm and downy beds,
Those on door-steps lay their heads.
Some are clothed in purple sheen,
Others loathsome rags display;
Oh, the varied, wondrous scene!
This is London in our day.



City and Country Bells.

HARK! a peal of London bells,
Where brain-working Commerce dwells—
Sounds that pierce the dusty air,
And the smoke thick-rising there—
Smoke o'er myriad chimneys curling,
Like a huge black flag unfurling,
Blotting God's blue open sky,
Till the sun doth look on high
Dullest globe of sickly brown,
Shooting no beam-glory down.
And still it swells,
That peal of drowsy bells,
O'er a maze of houses swinging,
In close alleys echoing, ringing,
Mingling with the sea-like hum
Of crowd-masses never dumb:
Sounds, like some slow memory, creeping,
Sounds, strong whirlpools, eddying, sweeping,
Rolling harshly from the spire,
Lifted there like some grand lyre,
Sending forth its clangorous ditty
As to cheer the fog-bound city.

Still is swells,
That peal of jangling bells,
All along the ship-full river,
With a heavy muffled quiver,
Lingering, echoing dully back,
From bridge-arches old and black;
Hoarsely clanging as in pain,
Discord in the wild refrain.
But those strong and brazen notes,
As the crashing music floats,
Cannot drown the shouts of men,
Labouring in life's busy den;
Nor the waggon's heavy creaking,
Nor the frequent shrilly shrieking,
Where the carriage, onward rushing,
Passes some poor victim o'er—
Cannot, spite of all their gushing,
Charm to quiet that mad crushing,
That wide, endless, city-roar.

A peal of Country bells
In liquid softness swells,
From some ancient ivied tower,
At the purple Evening hour,
Through the air of sweetest balm,
Like sky-music gliding, swinging,
Like a deep-voiced seraph singing
Like a holy-murmured psalm.
Faint it rises, floats, and falls,
To the near hills gently calls,
Whispering its melodious chime,
Giving airy feet to time.

Sweet and solemn as the peal
O'er the thoughtful heart will steal,
Memory's door it opens wide—
Door through which high musings glide,
And bright hours, long past away,
Flash again their faded ray,
While the dear ones death has taken,
Seem at fancy's call to waken,
And the love of other years
Warms our hearts, and melts to tears.

That peal of Country bells
A wave of silver swells;
It sweeps the woods, till branchy trees,
As they pulsate in the breeze,
Pierced by bell-notes through and through,
Seem as breathing music too.
Past the hamlet it is stealing,
And the maidens listening there,
Show upon their faces fair,
Sobered thought and melted feeling:
Children look into the sky,
For that peal which murmurs by,
Thinking, all so soft the ringing,
Angels in the clouds are singing;
And old age that totters slow,
Faintly smiles upon his way,
As his musings backward flow,
To sweet peals that long ago
Rang upon his marriage-day.

The Young Toiler.

FASHION was lounging in the street,
A busy, brilliant place,
Where glided forms of grace,
And laughing faces did bright faces meet.
Chariots were dashing to and fro;
What cared those hearts for others' woe?
The insect's shining, gauzy wing,
Roses and tulips in the Spring,
Likened the dresses, rich and rare,
Of gay-soul'd Beauty flaunting there.

The hum spread far, the hum rose high,
And reached a casement small,
Pierced in the lofty wall;
Hark to that murmur! 'tis a maiden's sigh:
A warm-breath'd, lovely afternoon;
What doth she here in busy June,
When she should toil the live-long day,
Work, work, till Eve chase light away,
For smiling beauties in that street,
Or when in glittering halls they meet?

THE YOUNG TOILER.—P. 352

A pallet in the garret stands,
A maiden lieth there,
How fragile and how fair,
Poor faded roses in her shrunken hands!
Her large eyes with consumption bright,
Shedding a sad, prophetic light;
Her cheeks pale, wasted, 'mid whose snow
Small spots of quivering crimson glow—
O pitiless death! to send youth's bloom
So early to the cruel tomb!

Sweet wreck of girlhood! she who late
With village children played,
Singing beneath the shade,
Blithe as a bird in Spring, beside his mate;
Gathering at Morning's rosy hours,
Rosy as they, wild dewy flowers,
And tossing, through the Summer day,
With merry laugh, the fragrant hay,
Then dancing gaily, tripping fleet,
Mirth, music, in her nimble feet.

Poor stricken one! how sadly now
She lies on that small bed,
Death's pallor o'er her spread,
Powerless her form, and marble-white her brow.
They leave her lonely there for hours,
Her only friends these mute, sweet flowers;
Mournful the vigil thus she keeps,
At times she reads, and often weeps;
Now gazes 'round her cheerless room,
Now thinks of the approaching tomb:

And then she looks, where open lies
The small rude casement tow'rd the skies,
And catches glimpses far away
Of tall church-tower, and building gay;
Then listens, with a faint-drawn sigh,
The rush of chariots rolling by,
The hum of crowds—Ah, what that maid
To those in dazzling pride arrayed?
She dies that Beauty, shining there,
May conquests make, and look more fair.

A fluttering, feeble smile now plays
Across her wan, thin face,
Lighting up former grace;
So fall on snow-banks Winter's sickly rays.
The flowers she holds wake pleasing dreams
Of village-life, of hills and streams;
Oh, how small things can raise a train
Of sweetest mem'ries chasing pain!
Toils, woes, are all forgotten now,
And smiles her lip, and glows her brow.

Home to the dying far away—
How blest the vision shines!
Thus toilers in deep mines
Look up, and drink in thought the golden day.
Kissing those faded flowers again,
She treads in fancy mead and glen,
Sings with the larks in merry May,
Tosses once more the fragrant hay;
The street's dull noise no more she hears,
And down white cheeks flow happy tears.

Come quietly to that small room,
Come quietly, O death!
And steal her gentle breath,
And place the martyr in her early tomb.
Dear, weary one! thy tasks are done,
Close thy tired eyes upon the sun;
Dear, weary one! sink back to rest,
No work-shop earth's green, tranquil breast;
Toil cannot reach that peaceful spot,
Thy griefs, thy needle, there forgot.

Morning in Cheapside.

POURING as if exhaustless, onward pressing,
This channel of quick being rare is dry,
Each drop a human creature, soul possessing—
What waves at morn sweep by!

Thinking and planning, hoping, fearing, dreaming,
A little world in every busy heart,
Each from his fellow hides his secret scheming,
Forms close, but souls apart.

What lines are written on those passing faces
Of earnest meaning—anxious, sad, or gay!
Here disappointment its dark furrow traces,
Plans cross'd, hopes swept away.

There the wild sparkle of success is glowing
In boldly opened eyes, while brows, close-knit,
Tell of a brain still busy, thought-waves flowing,
Features with passions lit.

That worn and sickly frame declares a story
Of toil for bread—the industrious, virtuous slave,
Working ambitionless, till, frail and hoary,
He seeks his nameless grave.

And thus they pass each morn to varied duties,
Spending in close brain-labour life's few hours;
What care their souls for Nature's countless beauties—
Blue skies, streams, hills, or flowers?

Nay, there are hearts immured in darksome alleys,
That pant, while bowed by fate, to burst their chain,
That sigh for breezy hills, green woods, and valleys,
White shore and bounding main.

Oft will they flee away, on fancy's pinion,
To verdant haunts in some sequestered dell,
Where only pensive Thought should claim dominion,
And Beauty weave her spell.

But no, 'tis theirs to struggle, and to mingle
In that vast throng; yet mourn not, or complain;
Heaven hath their tasks assigned; they toil not single,
Nor is their labour vain.

These multitudes, before my vision sweeping,
A lesson teach—no hermit man should be;
They ply the sickle, wealth's wide harvest reaping—
This mighty city, see!

Thro' them 'tis great, earth's envy, and earth's wonder!
Commerce is London's heart—her life's true flame;
Such workers—England, sound the truth in thunder!
Have made thy power, thy fame.

The Good London Clergyman.

THE dens of London—there thick darkness lies,
And misery spreads a pall;
Above the "now" men's thoughts but rarely rise,
Mind nought, the senses all.

He preached to masses vicious, blind, and rude;
He sought no lofty name,
Yet gave to starving souls more heavenly food,
Than many of proudest fame.

His lips dropped no speech-pearls, or words of fire;
When rose his earnest hand,
Grace guided not; his voice did seem no lyre,
Melodious, rich, and bland.

But, standing in his pulpit, bold and calm,
He won men's hearts by love,
Not like a trumpet, but a holy psalm,
Lifting those hearts above.

Tho' strong his mind, tho' knowledge steeped his soul,
Plain words he spoke to all;
The humble understood; his preaching stole,
Not rushed, as cataracts fall.

Where Want, in rags and squalor, passed sad days,
Oft was the Preacher found;
Like some kind light which strives to shed its rays
Brightest on darkest ground.

Where crime spread blackness, there he still was seen;
And though vice mocked at first,
Won by his solemn words, his gentle mien,
Men wept where once they cursed.

The house of sickness that good Pastor sought,
Prayed by the poor man's bed;
Where to find rest the restless sufferer taught,
And dews of comfort shed.

Thus he pursued his quiet, virtuous way,
Noble, unselfish, kind;
He asked not wealth, he made no proud display,
To earthly honours blind.

His name unknown to fashion's brilliant crowd,
None lauded, sought his side;
No flatterers gave him "testimonial" proud,
Obscure he toiled and died.

But in the memories of the poor and low,
The good man long shall live;
And dear his cherished name to want and woe,
Grief all they now can give.

The eloquent lip-thunderer wins renown,
And dazzles on his way,
In scorn on such dim labourer looking down,
So bright his own large ray.

But glittering meteors flash along the sky,
Then fade in empty night;
The little star, tho' scarcely marked on high,
Shines with enduring light.

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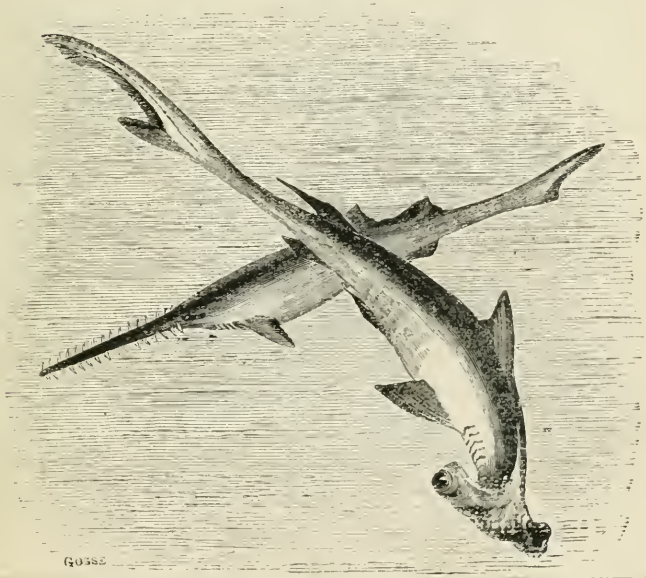

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